Vol 75 #22

7522

Clemson Agricultural College
of South Carolina
Library

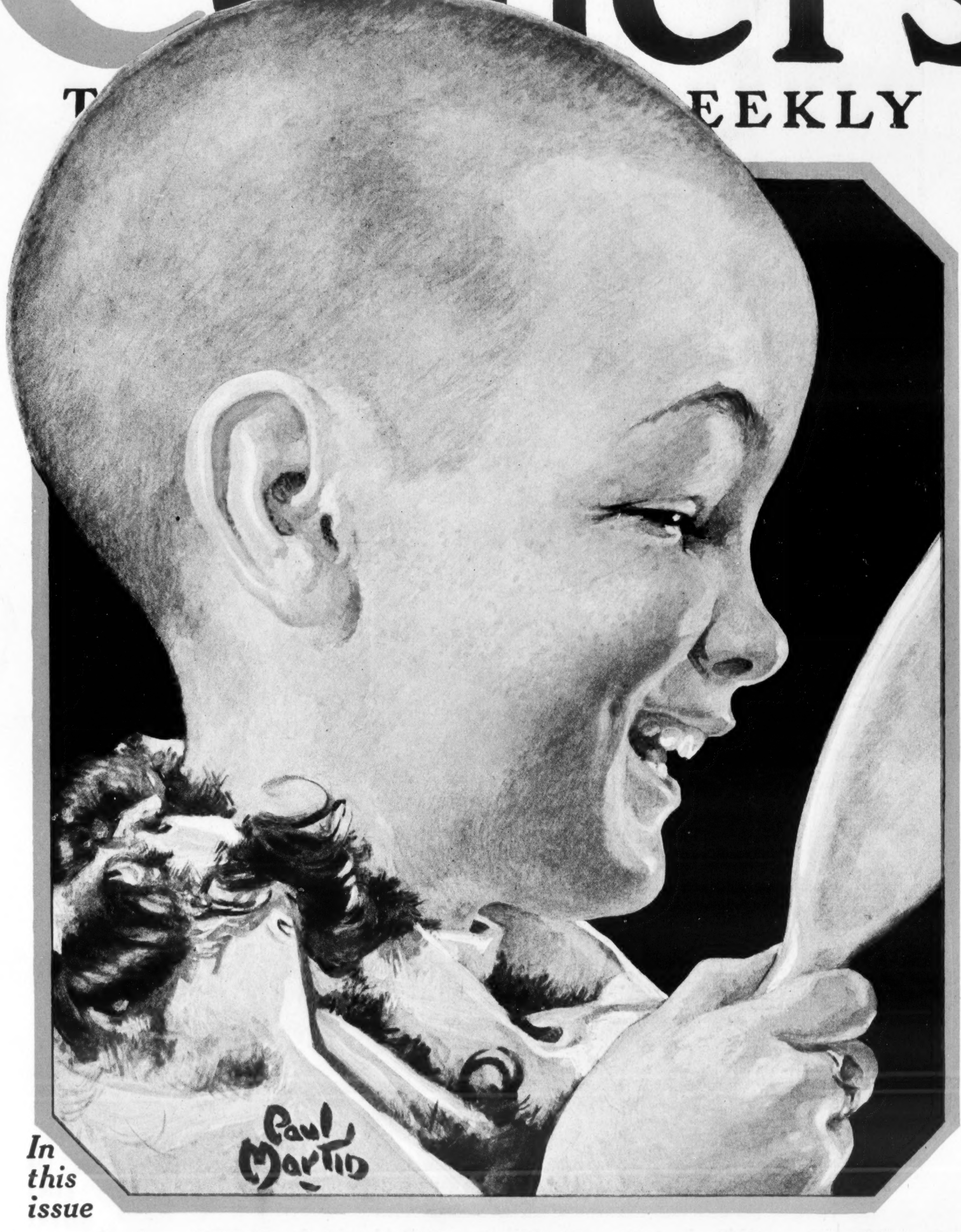
Col O. M. B.

5¢ a copy

May 30, 1925

Collier's

T EEKLY



In this issue

Zona Gale—W. B. Maxwell—J. N. Darling—Wm. C. Sh

Stephen Leacock—E. Phillips Oppenheim—Sa

CLEMSON COLLEGE SO CAR
CLEMSON COLLEGE LIBRAR
A 161235 CN

What this extra "rubber on the road" means to you-in safety and in dollars

THE Hood Flat Tread gives you the maximum of rubber where it means the most to you—in safety and comfort—in dollars and cents.

Balloon tires built on the Hood principle will give long service. The Hood tread distributes the load for even wear and minimizes destructive side-wall flexure.

More rubber on the road means greater safety, a quicker get-away, a steadier, smoother moving car. Steep hills, sudden stops, wet pavements bring no thought of danger.

These are plain facts. There is no need for you to experiment with Balloon Tires. Go to the Hood Dealer and let him demonstrate the Hood Flat Tread principle.

HOOD

Look for the Hood White Arrow

The Hood White Arrow is a time tested guarantee of design, materials, and workmanship. Look for this identifying mark—for safety, economy and dependability.

HOOD RUBBER PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc.
Watertown, Massachusetts

HOOD RUBBER PRODUCTS

BETTER RUBBER PRODUCTS SINCE 1896

Pneumatic and Solid Tires - Rubber Footwear - Canvas Footwear - Rubber Heels and Soles - Rubber Specialties

Stamp out Typhoid!

"IF only we had known!" Over and over again these words of helpless self-reproach echo in the hearts of those whose loved ones were taken from them by diseases now known to be preventable.

Perhaps in your own circle some one was stricken with typhoid fever—that sinister disease which comes without warning and strikes with deadly force, which spares neither rich nor poor, high nor low, young nor old, which so often leaves its victims physically bankrupt and subject to other ailments.

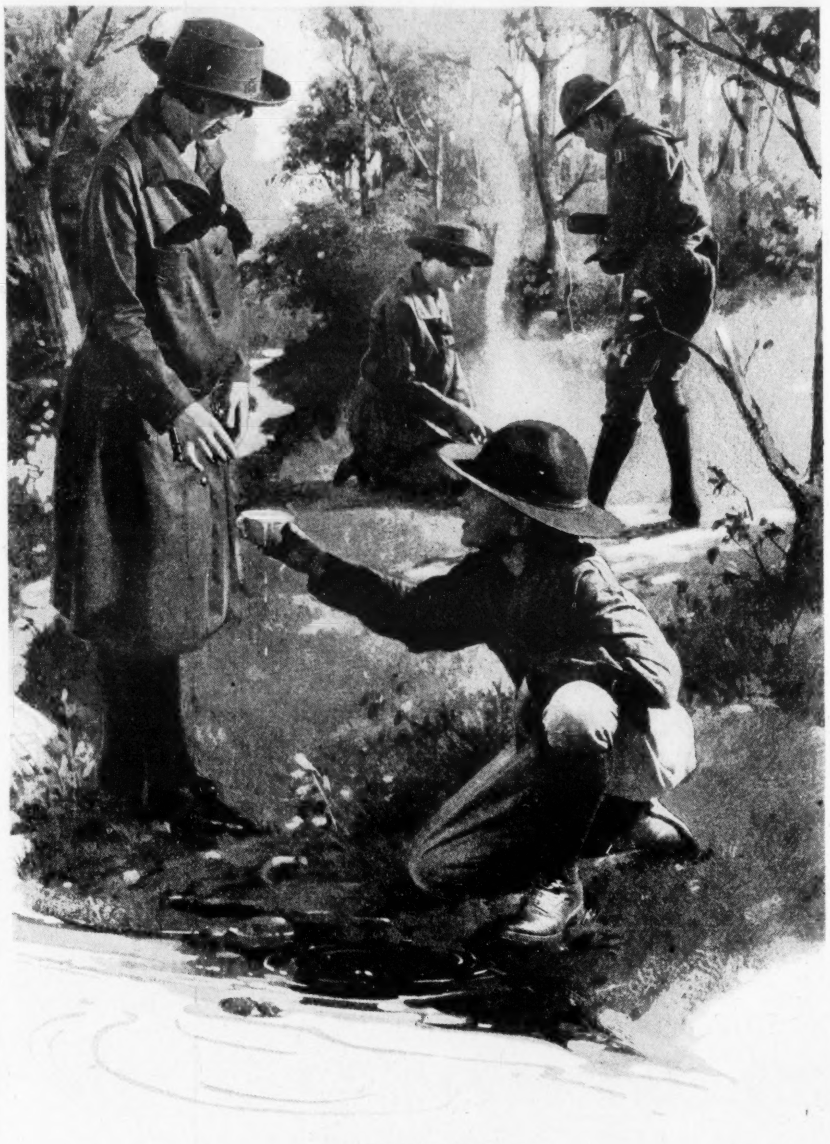
Typhoid fever is a disease of filth caused by a germ that is taken into the body through the mouth. The germ is conveyed into the intestines where it rapidly multiplies, sets up inflammation and creates a poison that floods the body. Sewage-contaminated water, unclean milk, shell-fish from polluted water, uncooked vegetables, house flies—all of these may carry typhoid. That is why it is so important that rigid supervision of water, milk and food supplies be maintained in every section of our country.

There Need Never Be Another Epidemic of Typhoid Fever

Science has bestowed a wonderful blessing in offering protection from typhoid. This merciless disease can be made as rare as yellow fever. Inoculation by means of a simple injection of vaccine under the skin will in most cases prevent typhoid. The injection is repeated at intervals of a week until three treatments have been given. No scar is left. In the rare cases where typhoid is contracted, even after inoculation, this protection makes the siege much less severe.

Campers, hikers, vacationists and all persons who are traveling, as well as those who regularly eat in public places should be the first to be inoculated against typhoid.

It is true that at times people who are exposed to typhoid do not contract it. They are temporarily immune. But it is *never* safe to take immunity for granted.



DANGER!

THIS is the sort of thing that may mean typhoid fever for the whole family—a satisfying drink of cold, sparkling water that came from no-one-knows-where!

It is never safe to drink from any wayside streams or strange wells. Typhoid inoculation offers immunity to most people for two or three years, but to be absolutely safe, unknown water must be boiled.

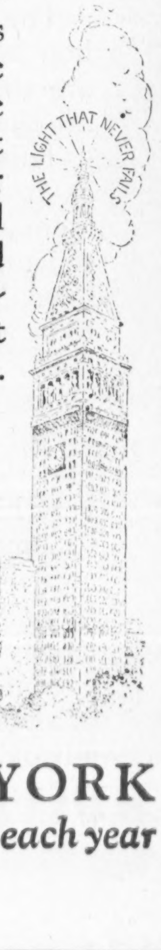
Inoculation also tends to protect you from the danger of contracting typhoid right in your own home. In many cities the Health Department gives such inoculations free.

Household helpers who are "typhoid carriers" have been known to infect entire families.

Inoculation against typhoid has no relation to vaccinations for smallpox and diphtheria. It is an added health protection.

Be Inoculated and Advise Others to Protect Themselves

Could you ever excuse yourself had you advised a friend against inoculation who subsequently contracted the disease? Would you ever cease to reproach yourself should this dread disease strike your home? Make an appointment with your doctor for yourself and all your family. Avoid danger so far as possible regarding what you eat and drink.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Typhoid fever kills one out of every ten persons who have it. Those who recover are left in such a weakened condition that for three years following an attack, the death-rate among such persons is twice the normal rate.

Wherever cities protect their supply of drinking water from sewage or purify the water by chlorination the death-rate from typhoid drops. A marked reduction also takes place in communities where milk and food supplies are carefully protected and food handlers thoroughly inspected.

The value of typhoid inoculation was proved during the World War. Inoculation of our four million men was compulsory. In France and in our training camps at home there was practically no typhoid in our ranks.

Contrast this with the records of the Spanish-American War. There our men—100,000 of them—went into typhoid-producing districts. *One* out of every *five* contracted the disease. Typhoid killed more than twice as many as were killed by bullets.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever" to all who are interested in stamping out this disease.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

The Longest Step *in Selling*

Where most customers are lost is between the first sale and the second sale

THE most important question after a first sale to a new customer is, "Will it repeat?"

In other words, does the customer know what he has bought?

The first sale is a sort of trial. But how are your goods to be tried? How are their merits to be judged? What are the conditions of the trial?

This is as important to your customer as it is to you. A customer pays money to know more about your goods, to learn of any advantages they might have. Most men and women are willing to be as fair as they know how.

Do you know that some manufacturers put a postcard in their package for the customer to sign and return, and that the returns from some of these are very high?

Sometimes this customer who returns a card receives helpful bulletins or booklets by mail.

Sometimes instead of a postcard there is a booklet or circular in the package. Sometimes the merchant incloses a printed insert when the goods are wrapped.

The custom varies, as it should. The dentifrice manufacturer uses one method. The automobile manufacturer uses another.

Too many manufacturers do nothing at all to bridge that long gap between the first sale and the second—between the trial buyer and the regular customer.

But that is not because they don't see the need. They don't know what to do. A good printer can help on this.

To merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing

For several years S. D. Warren Company has made careful study of the subject of helping people to sell with printing. Some constructive information on the use of printing by both consumer and manufacturer may be secured from a series of books on commercial printing we will issue during the year 1925. Copies of these books, as issued, may be obtained without charge from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or by writing direct to us. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

{ better paper
better printing }

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, 202-298 West High St., Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Copyright, 1925, by P. F. Collier & Son Company,
in the United States and Great Britain.

Volume Seventy-five
Number Twenty-two

May 30, 1925

Price: 5 cents a copy, $2.00 a year
10 cents a copy, $4.00 a year in Canada and foreign countries

The MOTHER of the unknown Soldier

By ZONA GALE

EARLY this Memorial Day morning, before it was light, I went to the Unknown Soldier's grave. I stood by the amphitheatre, looking down at the river, getting white as the sky got white. No color—just gray and a queer white, with the dark left in it.

I looked below me, to the crypt, where the Unknown Soldier lay. I looked down on that grave that might be the grave of the one I had loved best in the world. I thought, "My boy, my boy!" At first I couldn't think it out any better than that. He might be lying there, so near me. Or he might be three thousand miles away, in another grave of the unknown. I stood there, thinking back. It is queer how you can think of them just as clear as when they were alive—queer how you can see them move and go about your mind smiling.

He was big and gentle. Everyone liked him. He did well in school. He was going to be a doctor, but he had to stop study and earn his living. He was twenty-two when he enlisted.

At first he had said: "I'd like to help, if it's the way. I'd like mighty well to leave my job too—I've always hated it. And I'd like to get to Europe—I may not have another chance for years. The excitement I'd like too, Mother. But I'd feel foolish enlisting till I know what it's all about."

He might be lying there, so near me. Or he might be three thousand miles away, in another grave of the unknown

That sounded strange, with the papers filled with information. I told him so. He said: "Mother, do you want me to enlist?" There were two of me, one saying "yes" and one saying "no." He came to me again and asked me: "Mother, do you want me to enlist?" Still there were two of me. I answered: "Do as your conscience tells you." He said: "I'd like to get at the story of the whole mess—back and back and back. This thing involves Europe and Asia for hundreds of years. *We don't understand.*" I couldn't see what he meant. What had that to do with the Lusitania? One day I asked him to tell me. He said: "That's war, Mother. Do you want me to enlist?" I had seen a photograph of the sinking of the Lusitania—made on the spot, it was. That time I said "yes."

SOMETIMES I've wished that he had been one of the majority; that he had been one of those who were drafted. That was the way most of the boys went out. Sometimes I'd like him to have been one of the majority.

I worked at the Red Cross rooms in our town. I made hundreds of sponges to sop up blood with. I cut, folded, packed; cut, folded, packed. While the women talked, I imagined. Some of these things might be used for him. But I tried hard to think of the other mothers.

Most of all I tried to think of the day that my boy had gone out to help bring in peace forever. All Europe at peace; the world safe; all the nations friends; no more war. No hungry and frightened children; no women with nothing to feed their babies. No men bitter and hating and marching and killing. No danger of any other war. Peace forever, in all the world. And my boy had gone to help bring that time in. After a while, as I cut and folded and packed, I didn't think of the hospitals at all. The work was mechanical now. The words "to sop up blood with" did not bother me so much any more. Sometimes at night it would be different—but then I thought of the great good for the whole world. Neither my boy nor I had ever had a chance before to do anything that was for the whole world.

There were patriotic meetings at the armory, and all the mothers sat together in front. After a while there were so many of us that the speaker couldn't shake hands with all of us. But he always said that we were the backbone of the nation, that the safety that came to the world would be due to us.

I WENT to the courthouse and helped pin bouquets on the boys that were starting for camp. Every noon when the whistle blew I stood still for one minute in the house or in the middle of the street or wherever I happened to be, just like everybody else in our town, and prayed for the success of our army. On Easter day the minister preached on the movements of the troops on the western front, and he prayed for them. I sat facing our Easter stained-glass window, and the design on it, of Christ rising from the tomb, showed right through the United States flag they had hung over it. It looked pretty. And the minister said we mothers were helping to raise peace from the tomb of war.

Tod Chandler, who lives next door to us, had gone out with my boy, and his father didn't feel the same about all this. He said it was a disgrace for the leaders to say that this war would end war—it wouldn't. He said they'd be talking "the next war" within ten years. He said that wars were all the same—all made by capital. He even gave out that he didn't believe God liked war. I was almost afraid to go there.

Queer things happened. Men were going around tacking up yellow signs on the houses of them that said they couldn't take any more bonds. One man they made sign a check for more bonds though he told them he didn't have any money in the bank—they said he was to date the check three days ahead and deposit the money by that time. A Lutheran minister and his wife they put in a cage in the middle of the town one night, and lit a bonfire in front of them because they said they couldn't buy any more bonds. I couldn't understand it—so I just kept thinking about the glorious day for the whole world that would come when the war was over—and my boy was helping that.

Eleven months and sixteen days went by. The whole time my boy's letters were cheerful and even funny. They sounded as if everything was all right. Sometimes I wondered if he was just making me think so, but I thought it had happened that everything was all right with him most of the time, because his letters were always so cheerful and even funny. Then there was a month without any letter from him. A month, you understand, without any letter from him. And when it did come the writing on it was queer and shaky. He'd been wounded; he was writing to me from his cot; and his words looked as they had when he was a little boy and I used to hold his hand to write in his copy book. Twice I heard from him in that queer writing, and both times he was cheerful and even funny.

The last letter came. My boy's captain wrote that one. . . .

That letter came about noon. I had just begun to get dinner. There's nobody else in our family. When I'd read the typewriting I turned off the stove that I'd just lit, and I sat down by the table. I don't remember any more till it was night. Then I went out on the street to try to find somebody to talk to. It seemed as if I had to talk about him; and there's nobody else in our family.

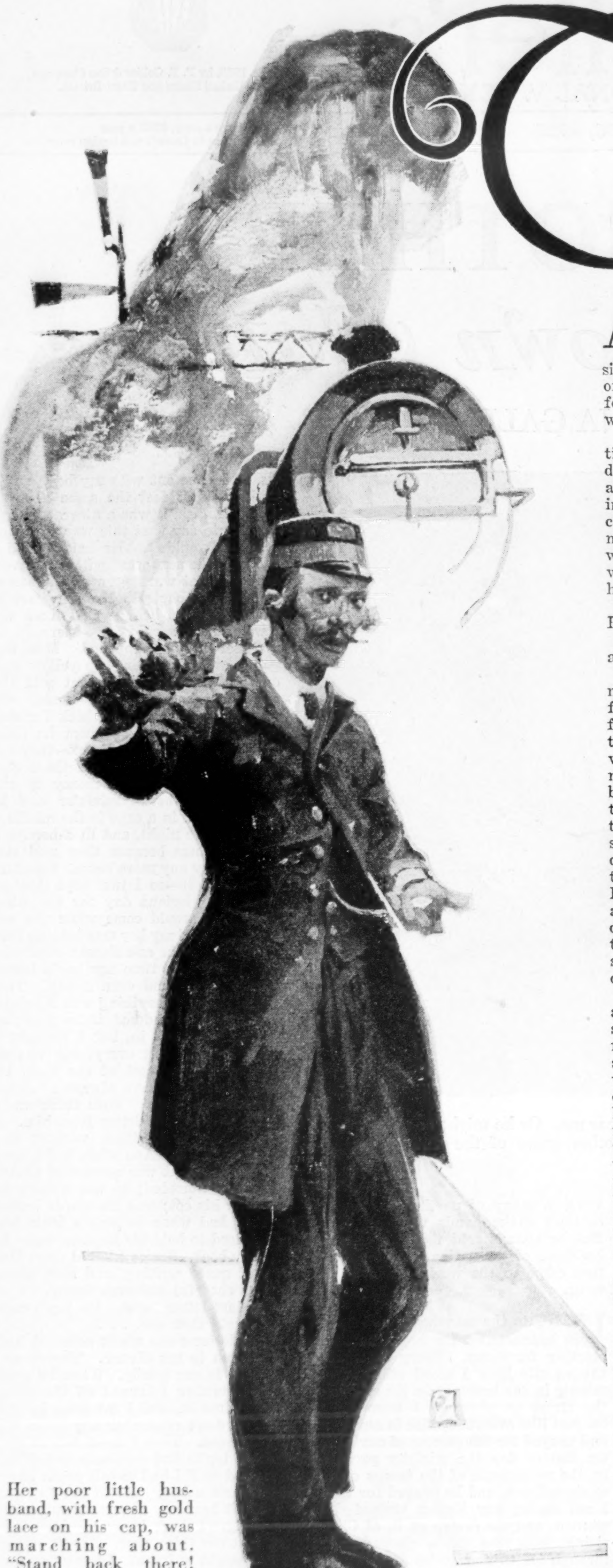
I didn't hear any more than just that one thing. I don't know anything but just that one thing now. And it seems as if I ought to know. I know how he was born and it seems as if I ought to know how he died.

In a few weeks they brought Tod Chandler home. He was shell-shocked and blind. The (*Continued on page 44*)

The LONG

By
W B. MAXWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET



Her poor little husband, with fresh gold lace on his cap, was marching about. "Stand back there! Stand back!"

AT THAT time the Tudor Green station master was a Mr. Read. Not long since promoted to this position, he seemed a rather insignificant although businesslike sort of person, but internally he often suffered with acuteness even while outwardly calm.

Perhaps conscious of his own essential incompetence, he was always wondering how he had risen so high and always fearing a fall. He dreaded making mistakes. Sometimes he woke all cold with fear in the middle of the night, and lay quaking beside his young wife after a dream of a terrible railway accident that had been caused by him.

"Anything wrong?" murmured Mrs. Read, roused by his restless movements.

"No, dear, nothing. Go to sleep again. Sorry I disturbed you."

As in the case of many successful men, he had often the bitter taste of failure in the midst of his success. He felt the want of solid strength behind the grand external show. He felt it while going his rounds in the early morning. Men were shunting a truck by hand, and he bustled them feebly; then he hurried away, to avoid hearing their grumblings. Hankinson, his chief staff officer, yawned and answered him curtly; and Mr. Read for a moment intended to reprove him, and then did not. Instead he left the platform, walked along by the metals past the little gardens of the porters, and went up into the signal cabin. He saw something slightly wrong there, but never spoke of it. He would speak next time.

This often happened—little things about the station not quite as they should be. Or so it seemed to him. A railway station ought to be entirely spick and span, and that is how he wished his station to be. But people did not support him as they should have done. They were careless, not malevolent, he told himself. Want of thought, not want of heart. They wouldn't see, as he did, that an important place like Tudor Green ought to have not only a busy, well-conducted station, but a *popular* station. And he felt, in the whole surrounding atmosphere, that it was not really popular.

Then the authorities told him so. He was summoned to the offices at the great terminus and hauled over the coals about it.

He offered such excuses as he could—hundreds of trains in and out, both electric and steam, none too large a staff, natural impatience of city gentlemen as a race. "I have a good deal to contend against, sir." This was a favorite expression of his, and as he used it he rubbed his sandy side whiskers and blinked his mild blue eyes.

They asked him if he was properly served. "Come, spit it out. If any of your staff are inefficient, say so."

For a moment then he thought of smashing Hankinson with a word, but the next moment he had a mental vision of fat Mrs. Hankinson and the four Hankinson children. Moreover, with the vision there came a queer, unexpected thought that old Hankinson, although stupid, dilatory, and sometimes impudent, was really rather fond of him.

"No, sir. No complaints," he said stoutly. "If there's blame, I take it on myself."

And he went back to Tudor Green rubbing his right-hand whiskers and feeling sad and dejected.

After this he made feeble little efforts to popularize the place without losing the ideal of spick-and-spanness. As, for instance, he procured a large black dog with a slung money box to go about the platforms wagging its tail and collecting pennies for the railway orphanage; he arranged for the opening of a flower stall as a thing apart and distinct from the fruiterer's shop; and at Christmas he persuaded the people of W. H. Smith & Son to decorate all three bookstalls with holly and colored paper.

NOT only for meals but during spare minutes he used to run up into the station master's house—a sham Gothic erection that dominated the whole station—and cheer his wife by telling her the station news. Thus, toward noon on a foggy March morning, he opened their sitting-room door and saw her seated near the window with her hands folded in her lap in the listless, almost forlorn attitude that of late had become habitual with her.

"Well, how's the world treating you?" she asked, turning her head languidly.

She was a dark-haired and unquestionably pretty woman of about twenty-eight; and when he first saw her, a hundred miles from here, she had a glowing bright complexion, with eyes that seemed to have flames of health in them, but now her cheeks were pale and the flash of her glance had gone. Looking at her he felt an inward stab of discomfort, if not actual pain, as he thought that perhaps, after all, the air of Tudor Green and the Thames Valley did not really suit her.

"Well," he said cheeringly, "we had a little unpleasantness just now. Yes, Nellie, Berry's clerk gave short change again, and the gentleman was very indignant. But I smoothed him down all right. There'll be no report made. . . . The girl at Abbot's flower stall has a sore throat, and has wrapped a piece of flannel round it. It's very unsightly. . . . The eleven-twenty loop was shockingly late. Too bad of them. But of course I knew they had a lot to contend against—fog all along the river, held up at Tide-End crossover, and a horse box put on to them at Staines. . . . Hark!"

Down below an electric train had come in with its once strange but now well-known clatter, and up here in the living-room it was as though a very slight earthquake had happened. Two cheap and terribly unattractive vases on the mantelshelf were set tinkling by the vibration, and they continued to tinkle while Mr. Read went on talking.

"It's the eleven-fifty-seven down! They don't need me for that. Hankin-

DISTANCE *train*

son can— Oh, by the by, I thought you were going for a walk with Mrs. Hankinson."

"In this fog. No, thank you."

"The fog's cleared up. Yes, the fog's cleared up nicely." Mr. Read said this very cheerfully, as if it was a piece of news to make anybody happy. "The sun'll break through too. I assure you, it's a regular spring day."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mrs. Read fretfully. "I shouldn't have known it otherwise. All the days here seem pretty much the same—and the seasons too, if it comes to that."

"Ah," said Mr. Read, wincing but maintaining his cheerful smile, "you're a country girl, aren't you? And when I say spring you begin to think of the primroses on the banks, or the vi'lets beginning to show themselves in the woods."

"Oh, don't, *please*."

"I understand, dear," said Mr. Read gently, and he rubbed his hands together in a deprecating manner. "The country's a grand place. But you'll admit that the town has some compensations to offer in exchange. All the life and gayety."

"All the *what?*" said Mrs. Read.

"Well—I meant, if only the shops."

"The shops make one gay—don't they?—when you can't ever afford to go in and buy anything."

Mr. Read scratched his chin as a change from his side whiskers.

"I am aware you feel the loneliness," he said slowly and dully. "But that's why I wished you to make friends." Then he resumed his cheerful aspect. "Now, look here. I want you to go out straightaway, to oblige me. Yes, I want you to, for a particular purpose." And, pointing to the mantelpiece, he said he wished her at once to buy the porcelain ornament about which they recently had had a discussion.

"I don't want it. It was hateful of me to ask for it."

"No, not a bit. So natural. Pretty people like you ought to have pretty things about them." He had brought a leather purse from the inside pocket of his frock coat, and he laid a treasury note on the table. "There, run out and buy it. Then you can throw those vases in the dustbin, as you said—or give them as a present to somebody less fortunate than us."

HAVING put on his gold-laced cap he was going, but she came to him and kissed him.

"Oh, how good you are to me! Only, take back the money. I don't want the thing—not any more—honor bright." And, clinging to him, she burst into tears. "I'm hateful to you—and you're too good to me, oh, much too good."

"There, there," said Mr. Read huskily, "don't cry. Nothing to cry about;" and he drew her closer, and himself kissed her. But as he held her in his arms, enfolding her with this intimate embrace, and feeling his heart melt in tenderness and pity, he had a sudden dreadful sensation that, instead of her being his longed-for comrade, his girl that he had wooed and won, his wife, she was a complete stranger. "It's all right. Let's make the best of things, not the worst."

"You must forgive me and make allowances," she sobbed. "I'm sorry—but I don't know how it is. My spirits are like your trains. They seem to go up and down forty times a day."

"Nellie, I know well you aren't quite yourself." Still holding her, he looked at her face anxiously. "I've noticed the ups and downs. Your health, dear—this last month especially. It has not been what it should be." And as he said this he flushed and his whole face seemed to lighten. His pale eyes glowed with the brightness of hope. "D'you think your upsets mean— Do you think the real reason may be only just what we desire?"

But Mrs. Read shook her head negatively, and said it didn't mean that.

They had no children. That was his supreme failure, altogether the worst thing he had to contend against and perhaps because of it or out of it there had came all this paralyzing, deadening sense of secret incompetence.

"Ta-ta," he said. "Wanted now. That's the twelve-three."

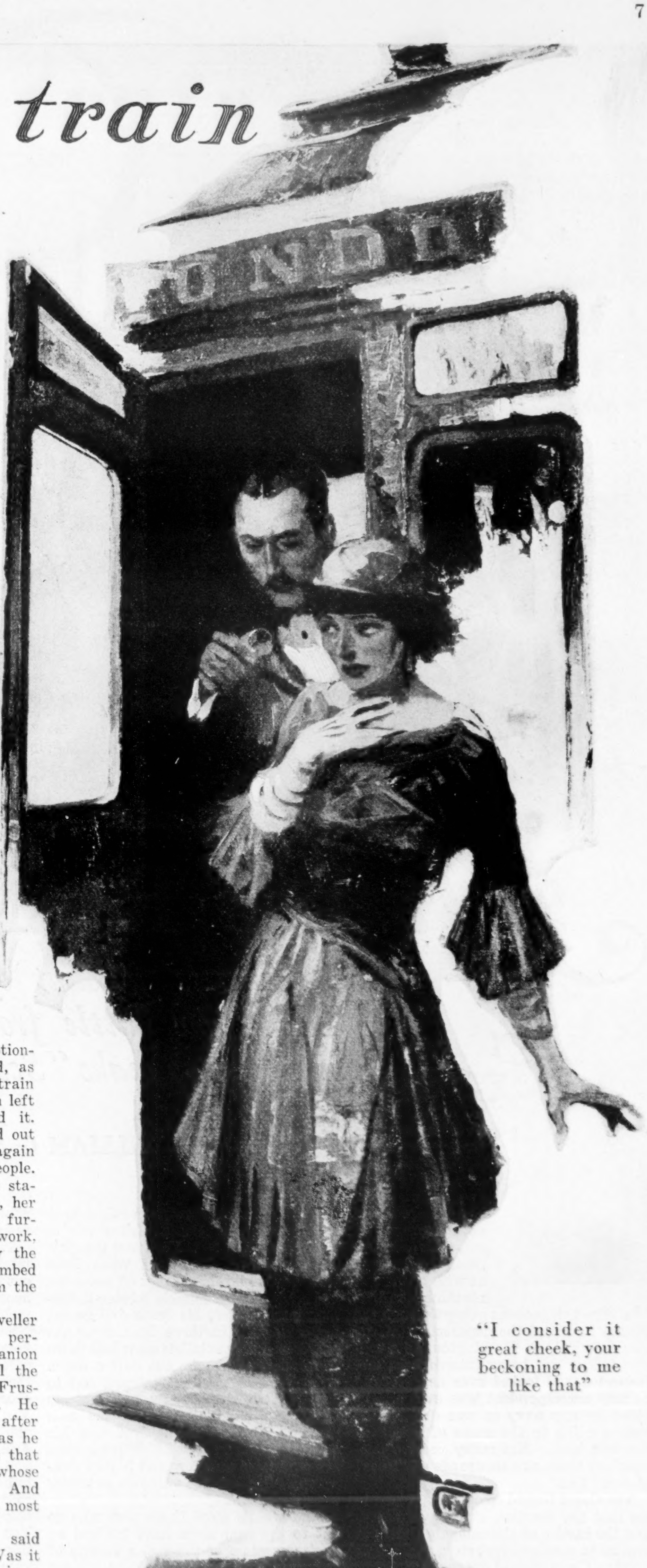
There was a nearer and rather bigger earthquake in the room. A steam train had come up. Mr. Read hurried away.

THEIR household consisted of three persons, themselves and a stupid but honest old woman called Emma who acted as servant. But, although with a servant to wait upon her, Mrs. Read herself worked too. She rose early, went out to do the marketing, and then was active for a few hours, cleaning the rooms, sometimes with wild ardor; cooking a little, preparing the midday meal to be cooked by Emma. And all this time the station was throbbing and shaking beneath her feet; a thousand footsteps sounded in the booking hall; if she looked out of a window she saw a flat lead-covered roof with fifty yards of platform below it densely thronged with black city toilers all standing there silent, motionless, a white newspaper in hand, as they waited for their train. The train came in, hiding them all, and then left with an empty platform behind it. Three minutes later, if she looked out once more, the platform was full again apparently with just the same people.

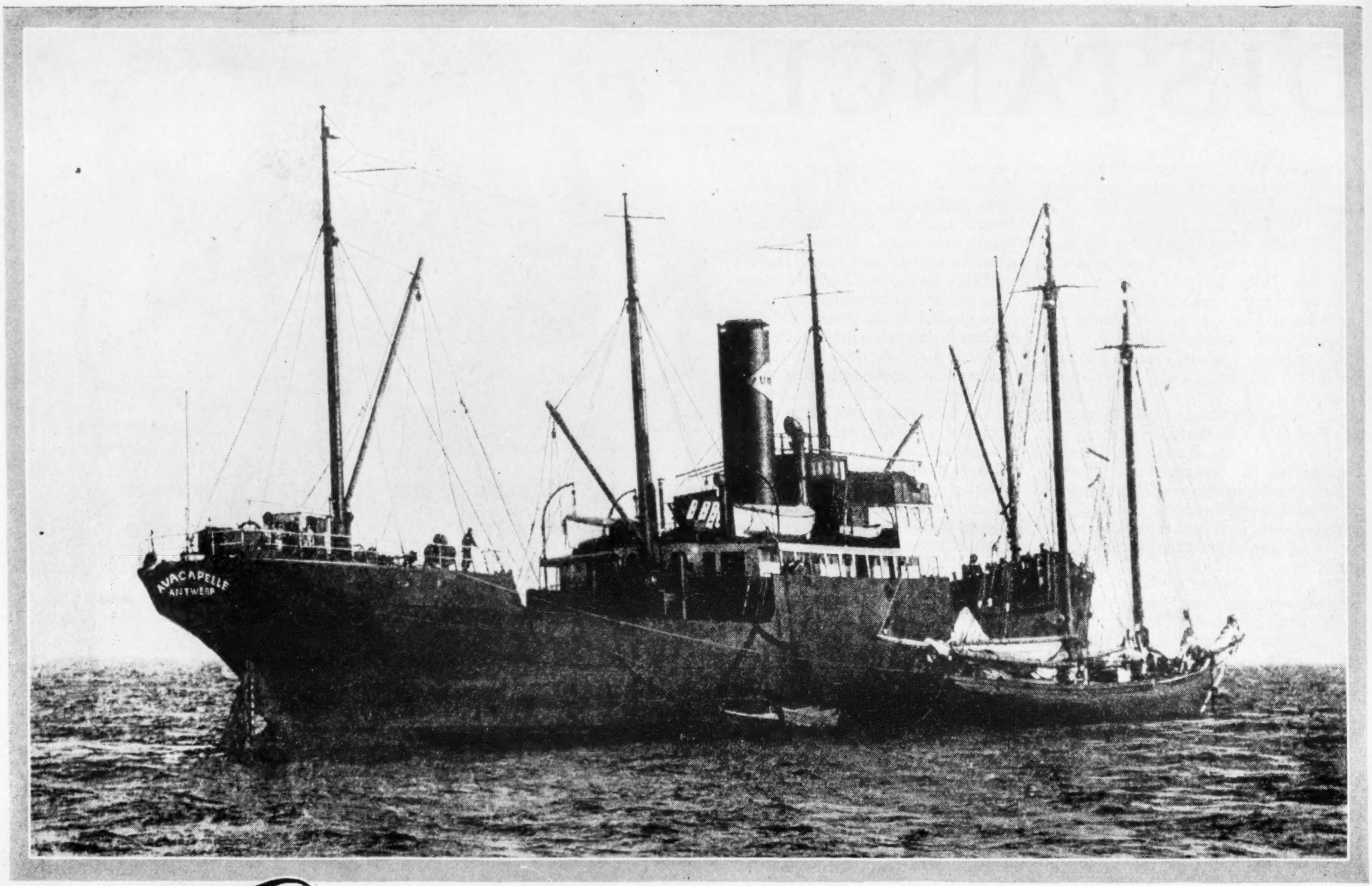
But by about half past ten the station became quiet, and, moreover, her work was finished. There was no further work to do, unless she made work, invented work. She sat down by the window of the living-room or climbed the stairs and took a survey from the top floor.

And it was then that the fourth dweller in the house made his presence perceptible. This was the dread companion of men and women that we call the Giant Ennui, or Emptiness, or Frustration, as the case may suggest. He took possession of Mrs. Read day after day, making her his, using her as he chose, since he recognized her as that easiest of all victims, a wife whose husband cannot satisfy her wants. And between caresses he whispered the most abominably depressing things.

"Is this life, Nellie Read?" said the whisper. "Or is it death? Was it for this that you forsook fresh air, a laughing brother and sister, jolly rustic friends and admirers? Is it for this that you always lower your eyes or turn your head when men look at you? Was it to help you gain this that God gave you your (*Continued on page 42*)



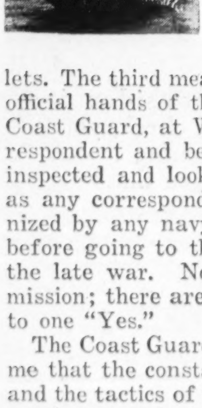
"I consider it great cheek, your beckoning to me like that"



At the RUM ROW war

An eye-witness' account of the fighting on the Rum Row battle front, in which the new way to make "Scotch" is uncovered

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD



GOING to Rum Row is like going to war. In this article we go there.

There are three ways of getting out to Rum Row. Two of them are as dangerous as going to war; they mean being shot at with shells and machine gun bullets. The third means going through the official hands of the department of the Coast Guard, at Washington, as a correspondent and being interrogated and inspected and looked over as carefully as any correspondent was ever scrutinized by any navy or war department before going to the scene of action in the late war. Not many receive permission; there are thousands of "Noes" to one "Yes."

The Coast Guard officials explained to me that the constant shifting of forces and the tactics of the campaign make it unwise to send out reporters who might divulge Coast Guard maneuvers.

That IS war, out there on Rum Row.

The first way to reach Rum Row might be in a rum runner, one of those small, high-priced, over-powered boats that smuggle whisky between ship and land. There was a time when an Atlantic Highlands rum runner might have been willing to take a visitor out to the Row off the New York and the New Jersey shores. That was when Rum Row used to lie three miles off the coast and when even a humble lobster fisherman might desert his traps and go out for a "load." In those days, from the Highlands, automobilists could look down on the sea and make out half a dozen or more ships, standing almost end to end, loaded with whisky and waiting for customers. The job of the rum runner was easy then. But now his boat costs him at least $10,000; his runs are expensive and few and highly dangerous. Space is too valuable to tender it to sightseers.

And what's more these men who go out to the rum ships have revived an ancient custom of the sea, a custom of clipper-ship days and earlier. Each member of the crew is given a little space in the boat for his own use; he may bring in one or two cases of whisky or a barrel of iolene for his own use. Space for two cases is worth $60, which makes sight-seeing on a rum runner about the most expensive sight-seeing in the world. It isn't done.

The second way of reaching Rum Row might be to hire a small boat and go out on your own hook. But did you ever hear of a correspondent hiring an automobile and driving to the front in the Great War? Of course the seas are free, especially after you get 35 or 40 miles out, but, if you are an American, the American Coast Guard has control over you anywhere along these shores. You are almost sure to be hove to by gunfire for examination out there. And when you stop, after a shell is sent across your bows, you are sure to be towed back into New York harbor so that the Coast Guard authorities there may investigate your bona fides. You have no more chance of safely getting out to the Rum Row war, as a private citizen, than you might have had of getting into the trenches without credentials over in Europe. Few visit this marine battle front with other than law-breaking intent.

The only way left is the Coast Guard way and that is long and difficult.

"This is a war," declares Admiral Billard, head of the Coast Guard; and from the moment a correspondent sets his foot in the Coast Guard office in Washington to seek his credentials until the moment, out on Rum Row, that he hears machine guns spitting, he is reminded of old war days. There's the "kick" of war in it. The strangest things that ever happened on the seven seas of the world are happening daily in this strange warfare along the 10,000 miles of our coasts.

In four successive trips out to the New Jersey Rum Row the boats on which I rode fired both machine guns and a one-pounder gun, using explosive shells, at rum runners. On one moonlit night, off the Long Branch coast, the battle through several hours extended, perhaps, thirty miles. There was intermittent firing; drum fire, shell fire, revolver fire and the danger which always exists in war of being hit by the ammunition of your own side.

Men are killed in this war. One foggy Monday forenoon, in New London, Conn., I was invited to go to sea on the Coast Guard destroyer 237, which guards, with other destroyers, the entrance to Long Island Sound. The liquor which passes through this entrance makes its way to tables in Long Island mansions and finds its destination down through pearl necklaces and behind stiff shirt bosoms. I didn't go, The rarest Rum Row photograph (opposite) ever published. The Belgian steamer Ava Capelle unloading whisky on the French schooner Alicante, 35 miles from shore. The Alicante remains on the Row, the steamer returns to Europe

this trip. Before many hours had passed the executive of this patrol boat had been shot at the wheel, in a fight with a rum runner. It was not a fair fight or a real running fight.

A decoy boat led the chase while a speedy machine-gun-armed assassin boat came up from behind and riddled the pilot house with bullets. The rum runner escaped because the patrol boat returned to port with the dying man. I wonder if the liquor tasted any more precious to those Long Island palates because it had cost the life under the Stars and Stripes of Karl Gustavsson, a man in the blue uniform, the gold stripes and the jaunty cap of Uncle Sam's 139-year-old Coast Guard.

You go to war, all right, when you go to Rum Row. The rum runner has a new enemy.

All the length of the Atlantic coast runs a telephone line that the public never uses. It is the "private" line of the Coast Guard. It connects the life-saving stations that stand on the rocky coasts or on the sand dunes or in the Southern bayous of our Eastern shore. It mounts telephone poles here and there, lies buried in sand or runs through cables under bays and rivers. It runs as close to the ocean edge as is practicable.

Thirty miles or more, out at sea, paralleling this telephone line, stand ships and schooners, *all* flying foreign flags, waiting for smugglers to come to them and buy their contraband.

This telephone wire, thousands of miles long, is similar to the telephone system behind the lines, which the American troops used in France. Over it pass the messages and orders and the information which keep the entire front in touch with the commander and ready for his orders.

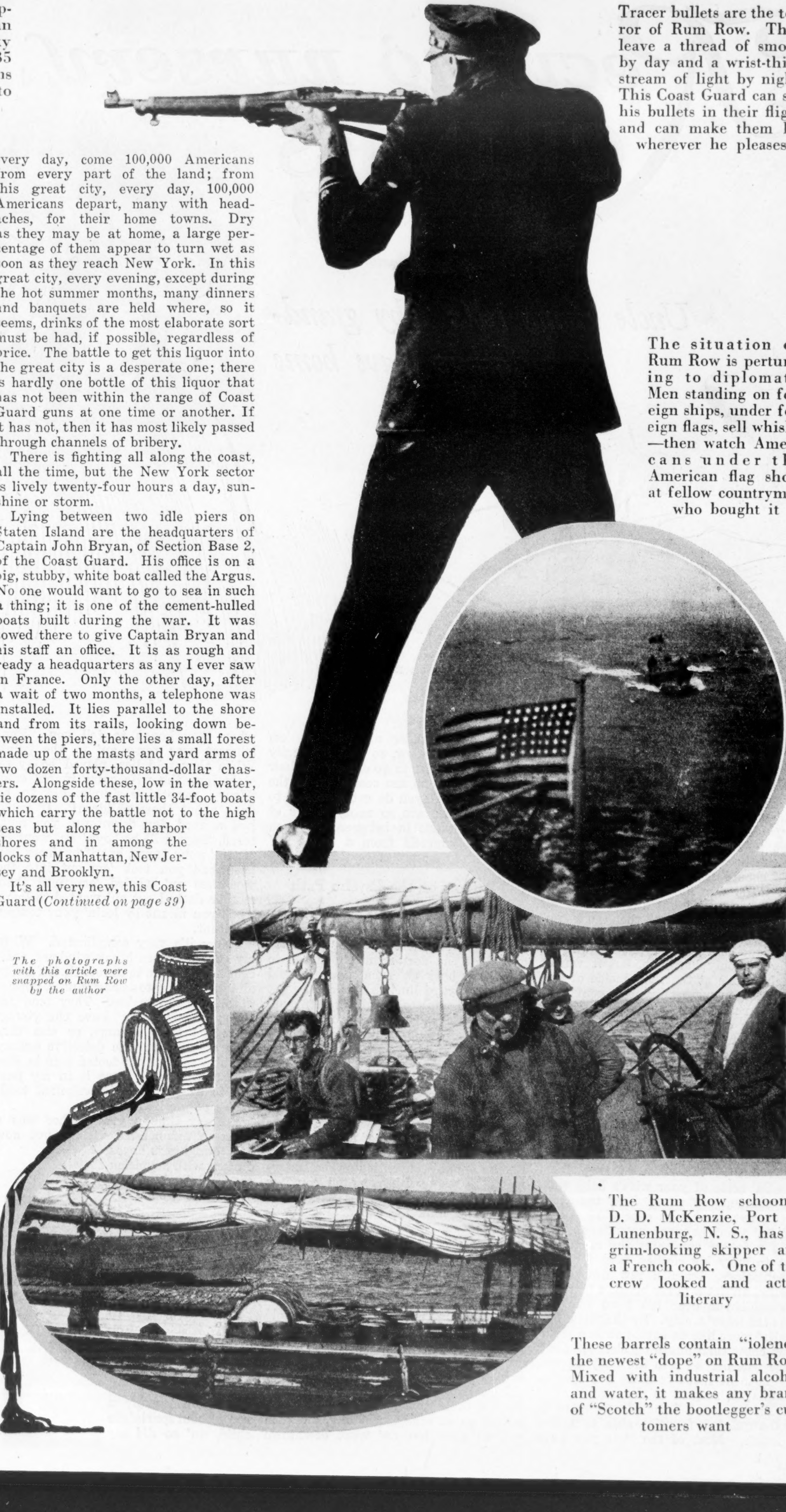
Out there lies the enemy, all under alien flags, along a three-thousand-mile line. And all along the coast, at important places known as bases, the Coast Guard boats are centered. While Washington plans to disarm for world peace it finds it necessary to arm elaborately for this new war. Two hundred high-speed chasers seventy-five feet long, costing $40,000 each, is part of the equipment. An undecided number of small 34-foot high-speed boats for inland chasing will be more of it. A score or more of real destroyers that cost over $1,000,000 each fifteen years ago and served in the war, after five years of disuse, together with the seagoing cutters such as the Mohave, the Seneca and others, famous along the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts for their dashes, during the wildest storms, to answer S O S calls, are part of the Coast Guard navy. Over $13,000,000 is being spent in preparations for and the upkeep of this war which has as its outer limit the ships that lie along Rum Row, and as its inner limit that Coast Guard telephone line that skirts our shores. The war is being fought, too, by the Coast Guard on the Great Lakes front, in the rivers that separate us from Canada and Mexico, and in the Gulf of Mexico that lies behind the peninsula of Florida.

I chose the New York sector of the 10,000-mile front because behind it lies the thirstiest city in the United States. Here the highest prices are paid for the greatest quantities of alcoholic contraband. To this great city, every day, come 100,000 Americans from every part of the land; from this great city, every day, 100,000 Americans depart, many with headaches, for their home towns. Dry as they may be at home, a large percentage of them appear to turn wet as soon as they reach New York. In this great city, every evening, except during the hot summer months, many dinners and banquets are held where, so it seems, drinks of the most elaborate sort must be had, if possible, regardless of price. The battle to get this liquor into the great city is a desperate one; there is hardly one bottle of this liquor that has not been within the range of Coast Guard guns at one time or another. If it has not, then it has most likely passed through channels of bribery.

There is fighting all along the coast, all the time, but the New York sector is lively twenty-four hours a day, sunshine or storm.

Lying between two idle piers on Staten Island are the headquarters of Captain John Bryan, of Section Base 2, of the Coast Guard. His office is on a big, stubby, white boat called the Argus. No one would want to go to sea in such a thing; it is one of the cement-hulled boats built during the war. It was towed there to give Captain Bryan and his staff an office. It is as rough and ready a headquarters as any I ever saw in France. Only the other day, after a wait of two months, a telephone was installed. It lies parallel to the shore and from its rails, looking down between the piers, there lies a small forest made up of the masts and yard arms of two dozen forty-thousand-dollar chasers. Alongside these, low in the water, lie dozens of the fast little 34-foot boats which carry the battle not to the high seas but along the harbor shores and in among the docks of Manhattan, New Jersey and Brooklyn.

It's all very new, this Coast Guard (*Continued on page 39*)



Tracer bullets are the terror of Rum Row. They leave a thread of smoke by day and a wrist-thick stream of light by night. This Coast Guard can see his bullets in their flight and can make them hit wherever he pleases

The situation on Rum Row is perturbing to diplomats. Men standing on foreign ships, under foreign flags, sell whisky—then watch Americans under the American flag shoot at fellow countrymen who bought it

The photographs with this article were snapped on Rum Row by the author

The Rum Row schooner D. D. McKenzie, Port of Lunenburg, N. S., has a grim-looking skipper and a French cook. One of the crew looked and acted literary

These barrels contain "iolene," the newest "dope" on Rum Row. Mixed with industrial alcohol and water, it makes any brand of "Scotch" the bootlegger's customers want

Reciting nursery CRIMES

Uncle Henry tells why grandfathers leave home

"WELL, I've got one thing to be thankful for anyway," said Uncle Henry. "I served my term as a parent an' got out before these new-fangled ideas took hold of people."

"I don't know," mused Mr. Stubbs, "but it seems to me raisin' children used to be a lot easier than it is now."

"I should say it was. All a father had to do was hide in the barn until the doctor yelled out that it was all right to come in, an' then rush upstairs an' say, 'Well, well! I certainly am glad it's a girl!' That was practically the only hardship, but it wasn't much of one at that, for inside of five minutes you were absolutely convinced that it really *was* a girl you wanted. The only other care was watchin' out that you never called the baby 'it.'

"Little ones were really a pleasure, 'Lonzo. When you picked up the wee, squirmin' body, an' tucked that round, warm, fuzzy head in the curve of your neck, you got a feelin' that almost made you willin' to admit that the child *did* have your nose. An' after you'd kissed it a hundred times or so, you had to dash out of the room to keep from stealin' some of your wife's baby talk. Of course, you never held the child right, but what man ever did?

"An' what happens nowadays? Before a father can enter the room he's got to bury his clothes, take fourteen inoculations, drain a few dippers of serum, an' let a nurse break a bottle of formaldehyde over his head like she was launchin' a ship. By that time he's feelin' more like an explosion in a medicine chest than anything else, an' don't care whether he sees the baby or not, an' is in no mood to make any concessions with respect to the nose.

"Babies aren't handled any more in well-regulated families able to afford a nurse. Most of the time you have to get a stepladder an' peek at 'em through the window, so that it's really easier an' simpler to go out an' see how the young onions are comin' on in the cold frame. If you do get a chance to kiss 'em there are so many layers of antiseptic gauze in between that you can't tell yourself from a foiled an' disheartened mosquito.

Flatfoots on the Psycho Path

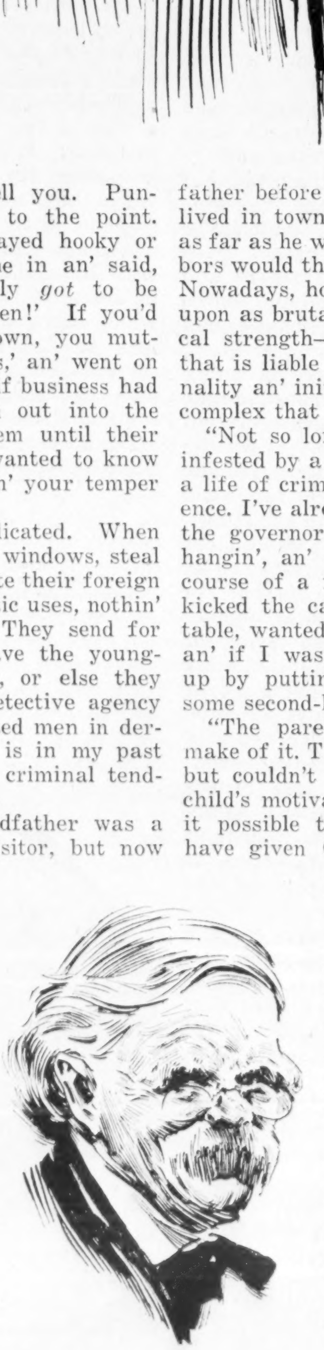
"THEY had a terrible time with my wife when she first became a grandmother. It took the combined efforts of the doctor an' the nurse to throw her back an' even then she held on the five-yard line. Later on she got herself a complete burglar's outfit an' jimmied her way in through the window, an' X-Rays showed she'd been holdin' the child for at least an hour before bein' detected. It looked for a while as if they'd have to take the infant down to the safe deposit vaults, but a compromise was finally reached on a hug a day.

"An' every time one of my daughters has a new baby the front yard looks like an annual convention of the Dairymen's League, with mounted couriers arrivin' every few minutes with fresh samples of milk for chemical analysis an' compoundin' accordin' to the formula in favor with the doctor at the moment. I don't exactly remember how many children we had—I never was good at figures—but I do know that no cow was ever called in.

"Everything's different. In the old days the duties of a parent were comparatively simple. All you had to do was to see that the children washed behind the ears, had a clean handkerchief an' ate what was put before 'em. In the evenin' you asked how they'd gotten on at school that day, an' then put on your hat an' went downtown when they began to tell you. Punishment was terse an' to the point. When they told lies, played hooky or stole jam, the wife came in an' said, 'Henry, somethin's simply *got* to be done about those children!' If you'd had a good day downtown, you muttered, 'Boys will be boys,' an' went on readin' your paper, but if business had been bad you took 'em out into the woodshed an' whaled 'em until their mother dashed out an' wanted to know what you meant by losin' your temper like that.

"Now it's very complicated. When my grandchildren break windows, steal cookies or decide to devote their foreign missions money to domestic uses, nothin' at all is done to 'em. They send for a psychoanalyst an' have the youngsters tell their dreams, or else they rush off to a private detective agency an' hire several flat-footed men in derbies to see what there is in my past life to account for the criminal tendencies of the little ones.

"In my time a grandfather was a welcome an' beloved visitor, but now his daughter's eyes darken with suspicion as she tells him how Willie has suddenly shown a disposition to take things away from his sister. I spend most of my time at home, tearin' up old letters, destroyin' scrapbooks an' writin' to boyhood friends askin' them to preserve a friendly reticence if strange men come around inquirin' about my past.



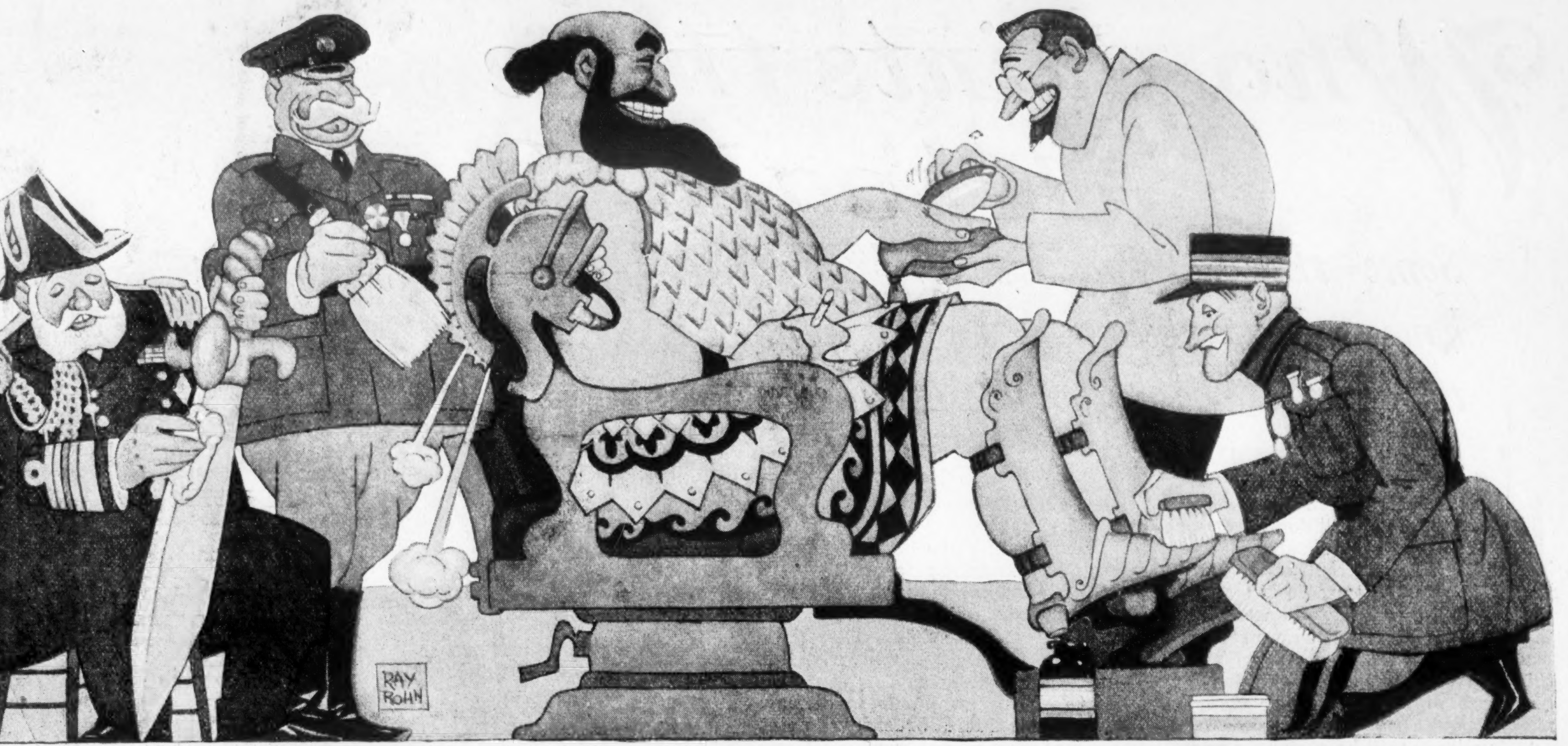
"I spoiled many a rod without sparin' the child, an' so did my father before me. Thank the Lord, we lived in town an' he didn't dare to go as far as he wanted to for fear the neighbors would think that he was killin' me. Nowadays, however, spankin' is looked upon as brutal—a mere proof of physical strength—a cruel, stupid business that is liable to crush the child's originality an' initiative an' develop a clerk complex that will shape his future life.

"Not so long ago I went to a home infested by a nine-year-old boy who led a life of crime under the alias of Clarence. I've already filed application with the governor for a front seat at his hangin', an' can hardly wait. In the course of a fairly short call Clarence kicked the cat, tipped over the center table, wanted to know what I came for an' if I wasn't ever goin', an' wound up by puttin' a pin in my chair an' some second-hand gum in my hat.

"The parents didn't know what to make of it. They got out all their books, but couldn't find a single clue to the child's motivation. The mother thought it possible that the new cook might have given Clarence an overdose of calories, while the father was inclined to believe that the school teacher must have repressed him the day before. They actually seemed vexed when I took myself out of Clarence's reach, thus robbin' 'em of a chance to study the phenomenon a little further.

"I'm fond of children, as you know, an' I'm a fairly kindly man except when rubbed the wrong way, but I spent a week hangin' around that house, holdin' up peppermint canes, displayin' roller

(*Continued on page 38*)



—and HUMORS of Wars

Colonel Fizzle Bangspark, the Admirable Breezy and other almost important leaders talk for the papers

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

IT APPEARS that it is coming. There doesn't seem the slightest doubt about it. It may not come for a month, and it might be a year in coming, but there is no doubt the Next War is already looming in sight.

I have gathered all the documents that prove it—interviews and discussions with the leading men concerned in it, who simply must know what they are talking about. Let me lay some of them before the reader and he can see for himself, on the very best authority, the situation that confronts us:

NEW YORK, April—Colonel the Honorable Fizzle Bangspark of the British General Army Staff, who arrived yesterday in New York on the Megalomania, expressed his views to the representatives of the press on the prospects of the Next War. The colonel is confident that in the Next War, which he thinks may begin at any time, it is most likely the alignment will be that of Great Britain, France, and the United States against Germany and Russia. But he thinks it equally likely that it may be fought as between Great Britain, Russia, and Germany against France, the United States, and Portugal. Colonel Bangspark states, however, that though the war is certain the exact alignment of the nations will be very difficult to foresee. He thinks it possible that England and Switzerland, if they get a good opportunity, may unite against France and Scotland. But it is altogether likely that in a war of magnitude, such as Colonel Bangspark hopes to see, the United States and China will insist on coming in, either on one side or the other. "If they do," continued Colonel Bangspark, "it will be hard to keep them out." The distinguished officer considers it difficult to say what part the Japanese will play in the Next War, but he is sure that they will get into it somewhere. When asked about the part that would be played by the races of Africa in the coming conflict, Colonel Bangspark expressed a certain amount of doubt. "It is hard to say," he stated, "whether they can get in in time. They number, of course, a great many millions, but the question really turns on whether they have had a training sufficient to let them in. As yet their armies would be hardly destructive enough, and it would be poor policy to let them in if they do not turn out to be deadly enough when they get in. The black," said the colonel, "is a good fellow and I like him. If he were put under first-class European officers, he might prove fairly murderous. But I am not as yet prepared to say that we can make a profitable use of him in the Next War."

Asked if the Chinese would play a large part in the coming struggle, the distinguished officer again hesitated. "The Chinaman," he claims, "has not yet had enough contact with European civilizations. The Chinaman is by nature a pacifist, and it is hard to get him away from the idea of peace. If we wait until we have really penetrated into China (and both our business men and our missionaries are working toward it), we may effect something. But it would scarcely be worth while to delay the Next War until the Chinese are ready. Such a course might keep us waiting for years." Asked finally if the South Sea Islanders would be in the struggle, Colonel Bankspark spoke warmly and emphatically in their favor. "They will be in it from the start," he said. "I know the Polynesians well, having helped to organize native troops in the Marquesas Islands, where I was quartered at Popo-popo for two years, and in the Friendly Islands, and in the Society Islands and in the Paradise group, where I was the first man to introduce gunpowder. The Marquesas Islander," the colonel went on, "is a splendid fellow. In many ways he is ahead of us Europeans. His work with the blowpipe and the poison dart antedates the use of poison in European warfare and compares favorably with the best work of our scientific colleges."

When questioned as to which side the Marquesas Islanders would come in on, the colonel stated that he did not regard that as a matter of prime importance.

He was convinced, however, that a place would be found for them and he hoped to see them in the front trenches (on one side or the other) the first day.

Colonel Bangspark expressed himself as delighted with all that he has seen on this side of the water. He says that he was immensely pleased with the powder works on the Hudson, and though he had not yet seen the powder works on the Potomac, he was convinced that they were just as delightful. The colonel, whose sojourn in our country is to last for some weeks, will shortly leave New York to visit the powder works at South Chicago. He is accompanied on his journey by his wife and little daughter, both of whom, he expects, will be blown up in the Next War.

NEW YORK, April—General de Rochambeau-Lafayette, director in chief of the French aërial forces, was interviewed yesterday at the Biltmore Hotel as to the prospects of world peace. The general, whose fuller name is the Comte de Rochambeau-Lafayette de Liancourt de la Rochefoucauld, belongs to the old noblesse of France and is a cultivated French gentleman of the old school. He is himself a veteran of seven wars and is decorated with the *croix militaire*, the *croix de guerre*, the *nom de plume*, and the *cri de Paris*. The count expresses himself as delighted beyond measure with the hospitable reception which he has met in New York, which he considers will be a first point of attack in the Next War. The war will, he thinks, be opened, if not preceded, by the bombing of New York from the air.

The hotels, which the count considers comfortable and luxurious above anything in Europe, will probably be blown up on the first day. The Metropolitan Art Museum, which General de Rochambeau visited yesterday and which he regards as equal to anything in the south of France, would undoubtedly afford an admirable target for a bomb. The general expressed his unbounded astonishment at the size and beauty of the Pennsylvania and the Grand Central. Both, he said, would be blown up immediately. No air squadron could afford to neglect them. He is more doubtful, however, of Brooklyn Bridge. It has been built on too high a model and unless the design is corrected he doubts if it affords sufficient exterior surface for profitable explosion.

"But your great department stores," the count continued enthusiastically, "are admirable. Combining, as they do, a wide superficies with an outline sufficiently *à pic* to make it an excellent *point de mire* they could undoubtedly be lifted into the air at one bombing."

The general considers also that the Wall Street district would give excellent results, but is very doubtful about the baseball (*Continued on page 38*)

Who paints those Billboards?

Some things you probably don't know about the business of giving the world the pictorial high sign

By CHARLES DIVINE

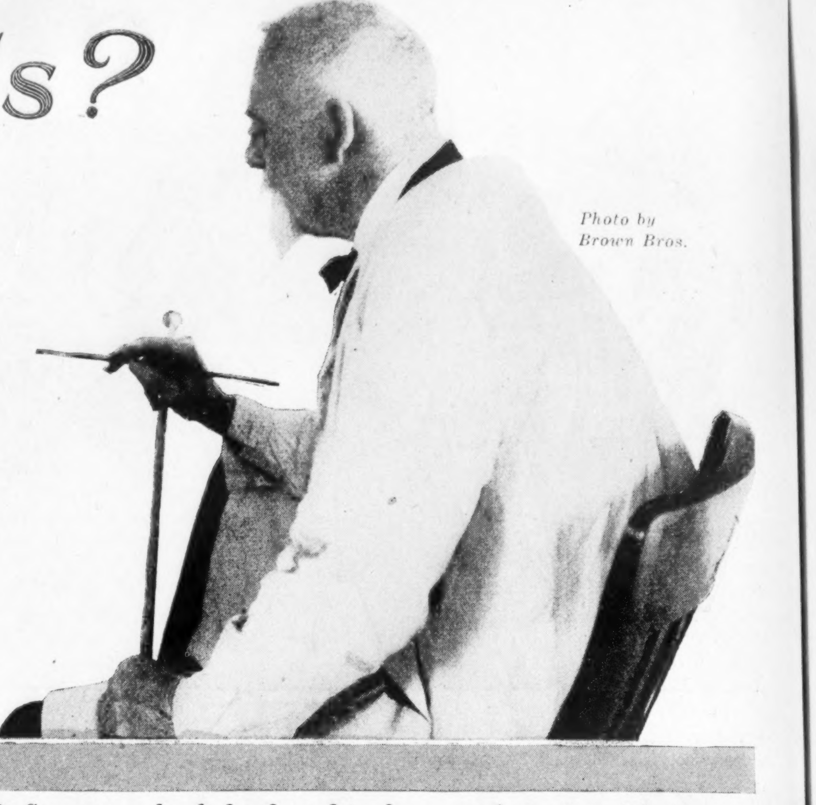


Photo by Brown Bros.

W. D. Streetor, who helped evolve the very first pictorial sign

IT WAS a girl's head. Radiant and alluring, she looked down from one of the biggest billboards in New York City. A group of men stood below in Times Square looking up at her. One of them, a well-known illustrator noted for his exotic women, had made the original sketch from which this huge copy was executed. But now he glared at the out-of-door enlargement.

"It's all wrong!" he exclaimed to the professional sign painters beside him—the men who had actually painted the sign. "I didn't make her mouth like that. Those lips aren't mine!"

The professional sign painters smiled. "All right," one of them retorted. "Go up on the scaffold yourself, and correct it."

He went up. But things were different up there in the air, so close to the girl he had created in miniature in his studio. Now the girl dominated her creator! The lips, which had been only an inch long in his original sketch, spread over fully six feet. The eyes were as big as shop windows. The huge scale on which the sign painters worked bewildered him. He found himself an amateur among professionals, a midget among giants of the sky.

He threw up his hands in dismay. Then he reached for a brushful of paint and signed the advertisement in a lower corner, to show that he gave it his complete approval.

This put him in right with the sign painters. They knew that the special technique of their work was usually a baffling mystery to the artist—the painter in the higher, non-commercial sense of the word. They knew other instances of it. In Chicago, in the course of a Liberty Loan drive, a mural painter was among the artists of note who volunteered to paint signboards out-of-doors for public exhibition, to help the sale of bonds.

The artist found himself helpless before the board in midair. It was so gigantic, the scale on which he had to work so unaccustomed, that all he could do the first day was to make a series of false starts. On each attempt he was seized with panic. He couldn't go on. In his place, the next day, was substituted a professional sign painter, dressed and disguised to represent him, with a touch of make-up, too. The substitute went ahead with the sign and finished it while the crowds watching in the street were none the wiser.

He goes to his work in a motor car, for he's one of the aristocrats of the trade

These professional sign painters, who toil in the great open signboard spaces, are aristocrats of the trade. They don't stoop to the manual labor of putting up boards, scaffolds, or rigging. That work is done for them by riggers. The sign painters are of two kinds: picture men and letter men. The picture men, who get a salary of $150 a week, on the average, paint the pictures of the advertisement, nothing more. The letter men paint the slogans and words.

The picture men appear on the scene only when the empty board is in place waiting for them. They come in motor cars. Trucks bring their pails and brushes and other paraphernalia from the studio where their water-proof, sun-tested paints have been mixed, ready to be slapped on the billboards.

The painters don't wait long, once they have started. One of them alone may paint a twelve-by-fifty-foot sign in a day. As he paints, so swiftly and surely, he will hold in his hand a miniature copy of the picture he is reproducing on the bulletin in magnified proportions. He may paint entirely in freehand, with no lines to guide him on the original design or the "bulletin" (galvanized sheeting), or his lines may be on the original only. Usually the bulletin is ruled off in squares, according to smaller squares ruled off on the original sketch. This method, called "squaring," is the most common one among the painters of the biggest outdoor advertising companies.

The original design is made in the studio by one of the "sketch men," toiling at his easel. The sketch men know the dimensions of the various bulletins which the advertisement is to occupy. They make their sketches accordingly, knowing that one inch on their design may represent one or half a dozen feet on the bulletin. Their layout of picture, slogan, and borders may be only three feet long by a foot wide, but when it is reproduced out of doors it may occupy a space a hundred feet long.

One sign-painting method is known as "pounce." First, in the studio, a design is thrown across the room from a stereopticon, falling on a sheet of heavy manila paper. The "pounce" man goes over the outline with charcoal, and the design is then perforated. Next the sheets go to the painter on his outdoor location, and he holds them on the bulletin and dusts over the perforated lines with powdered blue paint. This leaves the marks underneath which become his guide lines in painting the sign.

But the sign painters prefer the gelatine sheet over the original design, its squares being ruled off by a stylus.

Being human, sign painters sometimes err, of course. But they soon hear of it. Their company is informed by The Man in the Street, a generic title for hundreds of busy passers-by who love to jump to the telephone and say: "Listen! your painter spelled a word wrong—he's got it *seperate* in that sign in Times Square."

Times Square, according to the clocks with which the advertising agencies have gathered their statistics, possesses more Men in the Street than any other spot in the United States. Every twenty-four hours there are 1,250,000 passers-by, on foot or in vehicles. Next in point of circulation comes Forty-second Street at Fifth Avenue.

There is also The Woman in the Street. Her name was legion on the day when a sign painter made a picture of a mother bending over her baby in a bassinet—and left off the mother's wedding ring! . . . Or the day when a girl's head appeared with cross eyes.

"I followed the copy," insisted the sign painter, replying to his employer's furious complaint, and he proved by a magnifying glass that the eyes had been crossed in the original sketch. The defect was so small that it didn't appear noticeable until transferred to the larger scale of the outdoor sign.

Fifty million dollars has been paid for outdoor advertising in this country in one year. But before the signs can be painted—the signs which many cry out against as a blemish on the landscape—the sketch man must make his original design. What is he like?

One of the oldest is W. D. Streetor. He was born in 1865. He started painting barns and fences fifty years ago. Today he still paints—not the huge signs outdoors, but the small-scale sketches which are responsible for them—in the New York studio. The hand he rests on his easel is wrinkled and brown now. His hair is white. Around the studio they call him "the old captain." He has made the original sketch for many a billboard 25 feet high and 131 feet long. But that isn't his proudest possession. He values most a little photograph of the (*Continued on page 37*)

BLOOD MONEY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

THERE was something wrong with Mr. Billingham. For two days he had shown a marked lack of interest in his food, his drink, and his gambling. Spring had laid its relaxing hand upon the hills and the little principality; the sun had gained in strength, the flowers in the gardens were drooping; there were cracks in the smoothly shaven lawns, umbrellas at every table in the Café de Paris, and green verdure in place of the snows on the lower slopes of the mountains. Men were wearing flannels and straw hats, and some of the women had even ventured upon muslins. Mr. Billingham, however, seemed slow in responding to these genial signs of the advancing season. For several days he had shown a tendency almost to mope. The climax came when, half an hour before his usual luncheon time, he complained of his cocktail at Ciro's.

"Mais comment, monsieur?" the bartender exclaimed. "It is as I have always mixed it day by day for months."

"It tasted flat," Mr. Billingham pronounced—"flat!"

There was nothing more to be said. The bartender withdrew with a pained look. The marquis stared first at his friend's frosted glass, then at Mr. Billingham himself.

"My friend," he declared, "it is perhaps the liver. The cocktail is as always. The moment you enter the place Charles braces himself. You have even those much to be treasured drops of absinthe at your disposal."

"It didn't taste good," Mr. Billingham insisted doggedly.

"We will try another," the marquis suggested. "Charles! In case there should have been any slight discrepancy in the mixing, in case your elbow should have shaken with the angostura, your special attention, if you please."

Charles had scarcely recovered from his hurt, but he obeyed orders. He shook the cocktails himself in front of the two men and poured them out, waiting for the verdict. Mr. Billingham felt that he had perhaps been a little unreasonable.

"I guess the cocktail was all right, Charles," he admitted. "It's myself that's out of sorts."

Charles accepted the *amende* and withdrew. Mr. Billingham leaned forward and gripped his companion by the arm. His eyes were fixed upon two approaching figures.

"Say, Marquis," he demanded, "who the devil's the young man with Madelon?"

The marquis adjusted his eyeglass and stared at the newcomers. Madelon was wearing a ravishing little gown and an adorable little hat. Her companion was a tall, thin young Englishman in gray tweeds, who walked very slowly with the help of a stick.

"That is Captain Bruntingford," the marquis answered. "Madelon introduced me to him last night."

"Know anything about him?" Mr. Billingham inquired.

"Nothing whatever," was the candid reply.

"Mademoiselle Madelon does, apparently, to judge from the way she's been going about with him the last few days," Mr. Billingham grunted.

The marquis suddenly understood the cause of his friend's low spirits. Internally he amused himself; externally he remained placid.

"Madelon has, perhaps, an eye to business," her uncle remarked under his breath. "She is scarcely likely to find any other interest in the young man. Be careful! They arrive!"

Madelon entered the little glass-inclosed room with the sunshine streaming upon her, her eyes laughing, her step light and buoyant. She kissed her hand to Mr. Billingham, installed her companion in a chair, and placed his stick by his side.

"Mr. Billingham," she said, "let me introduce you. Shake hands, if you please, with Captain Bruntingford, late of the British army. Uncle, you have met Captain Bruntingford. Mr. Billingham, will you order us some of those cocktails with a little froth at the top—or," she added, turning to the young man—

"I'd like a dry Martini, if I may," he begged.

Mr. Billingham gave the necessary orders. The little party joined forces. Mr. Billingham was prompt in extending an invitation to luncheon, but Madelon shook her head.

"I am lunching with Captain Bruntingford," she answered. "He would be quite polite if we turned it into a *partie carrée*, but he would be very cross with me afterward. Englishmen need so much humoring."

"Americans can get the needle sometimes," Mr. Billingham reminded her.

"Not wise Americans," she replied—"not really good and kind Americans, who like their friends to be happy and who trust them. Besides, Captain Bruntingford and I have serious matters to discuss."

THE cocktails were drunk and approved. Madelon helped her companion out of his chair, gave him his stick, and they departed. Mr. Billingham stared after them gloomily.

"Who the devil is this fellow Bruntingford?" he asked again.

"I expect Madelon will tell you presently," her uncle replied cautiously. "I know nothing about him myself. At the same time—"

"Well?"

"I do not fancy that Madelon is only amusing herself. She has what you call the eye to business, as we too, upon occasion."

Mr. Billingham found the suggestion consoling. He was able even to find some slight interest in his luncheon, and presently Madelon unexpectedly joined them. They had the corner table on the terrace, and she accepted a chair and some coffee.

"Tell us, my dear," the marquis invited, "more of your friend, Captain Bruntingford."

Madelon shut her vanity case with a click.

"I like the type," she said, "and he orders the right sort of things to eat. He has just the right tone too with head waiters. In short, I find him quite an agreeable companion."

"Is this sufficient," the marquis ventured, "to account for the enthusiasm with which you have accepted his recent invitations?"

"Perhaps not altogether," she conceded. "You see, he was wounded in 1914, and afterward he was attached to the Intelligence Department of the British army. His section seems to have been broken up since the war, and he has gone into partnership with a firm of private detectives."

The marquis tapped a cigarette upon the tablecloth.

"Indeed," he murmured.

"That sounds kind of interesting," Mr. Billingham observed.

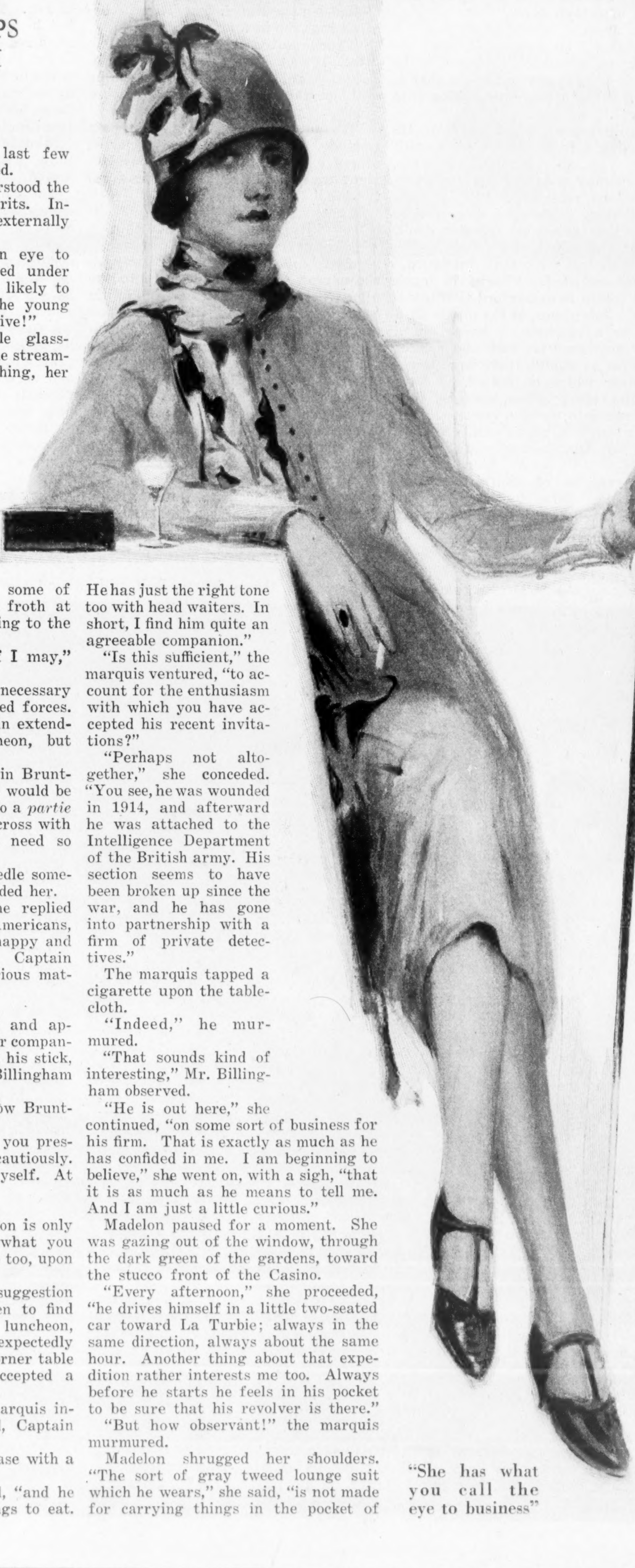
"He is out here," she continued, "on some sort of business for his firm. That is exactly as much as he has confided in me. I am beginning to believe," she went on, with a sigh, "that it is as much as he means to tell me. And I am just a little curious."

Madelon paused for a moment. She was gazing out of the window, through the dark green of the gardens, toward the stucco front of the Casino.

"Every afternoon," she proceeded, "he drives himself in a little two-seated car toward La Turbie; always in the same direction, always about the same hour. Another thing about that expedition rather interests me too. Always before he starts he feels in his pocket to be sure that his revolver is there."

"But how observant!" the marquis murmured.

Madelon shrugged her shoulders. "The sort of gray tweed lounge suit which he wears," she said, "is not made for carrying things in the pocket of



"She has what you call the eye to business" which you wish to conceal the shape. Then there is one other somewhat singular circumstance. Although he is liberal with his invitations to me for luncheons, dinners, and suppers, he has never once asked me to accompany him in that afternoon drive."

The marquis smiled faintly. "A little piqued!" he commented.

"Possibly," Madelon assented. "In any case, it has occurred to me that it was my turn to bring something into the bag."

Mr. Billingham smoked serenely. He was feeling a little more content with life.

"There may not be room for us to butt in," he remarked. "He may be just collecting evidence in some divorce case. These detective agencies don't, as a rule, handle the big jobs."

"Nevertheless I am intrigued," Madelon persisted. "There is much about Captain Bruntingford that interests me. Sometimes, in the middle of a dinner or a luncheon, I have seen a shadow pass over his face and a light in his eyes as though there were something near which he feared. I have seen him start when someone has nearly run into us at a corner. I am sure that he is a brave man, yet I am just as sure that he has been living in fear."

"The remains of shell shock, perhaps," Mr. Billingham speculated. "Has he taken that little red car out this afternoon?"

Madelon nodded. "He has taken it out and gone just the same way—upon the route the cars take for La Turbie."

"It's a fine afternoon," Mr. Billingham said. "I'll hire an automobile and treat you to a spin. We'll go up to the Golf Club to tea."

Madelon hesitated, but it was obvious that the idea attracted her.

"I should love to come," she admitted. "Only, if we do happen to meet Captain Bruntingford in his red car, I hope he will not think that we are following him."

"It's an open road," Mr. Billingham reminded her, "and there are plenty of others upon it. We'll get a move on right away and see the sunset from the top."

THE little party started within a quarter of an hour. They never reached La Turbie. About halfway up the narrow road which leads into the upper Corniche, just after negotiating a very awkward bend, they came upon an all too common sight in this region of mountainous roads and reckless driving. A little crowd of people were gathered on the edge of the precipitous slope. The remains of a small car lay upside down, partly concealed by a huge volume of smoke and steam and with little flames bursting from the petrol tank. A few yards away something was stretched upon the ground, covered by a mackintosh sheet. Mr. Billingham touched the driver upon the arm, and by his directions the car was brought to an abrupt standstill.

"I shouldn't come on, Miss Madelon," he advised. "Let the chauffeur back with you to the corner. The marquis and I will see if there is anything to be done."

Madelon was looking straight ahead of her. The color had left her cheeks, but her voice was quite steady. "The little red car!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Billingham nodded. "I thought it might be," he assented. "I'm afraid, by the way they've covered the body up, there isn't much left of poor Captain Bruntingford."

Madelon half closed her eyes. "I think perhaps you are right," she murmured. "Please come back to me soon."

The car was reversed slowly to the corner and left in a safe place. From below a large police motor van came tearing up the hill, and from above a doctor's automobile from La Turbie was winding its way to the scene of the disaster. Mr. Billingham and the marquis joined the little crowd of people. No one seemed to know much of what had happened. The car had struck the low gray stone wall at the side of the road and turned over. The driver was apparently quite dead; his neck must have been broken.

"Better let me see," Mr. Billingham suggested. "I'm not a medical man, but I did a little amateur surgery in the war."

They made way for him, and he lifted the waterproof cover. When, a few moments later, he rose from his knees, most of his healthy color had departed. The doctor from above and a police commissionaire from below arrived almost together. Mr. Billingham took the marquis by the arm and led him a little way down the hill. They could see the marks of the car, could see where it had apparently skidded and struck the wall. About twenty or thirty paces further on was a small villa, inclosed by a high wall of white plaster. Mr. Billingham looked at it speculatively. Then he looked back at the little group, at the police commissionaire, and the doctor, both bending over the prostrate form. An ambulance which had followed the police car was now drawn up.

"Guess there's nothing else we can do," Mr. Billingham said. "We'll get back to Miss Madelon."

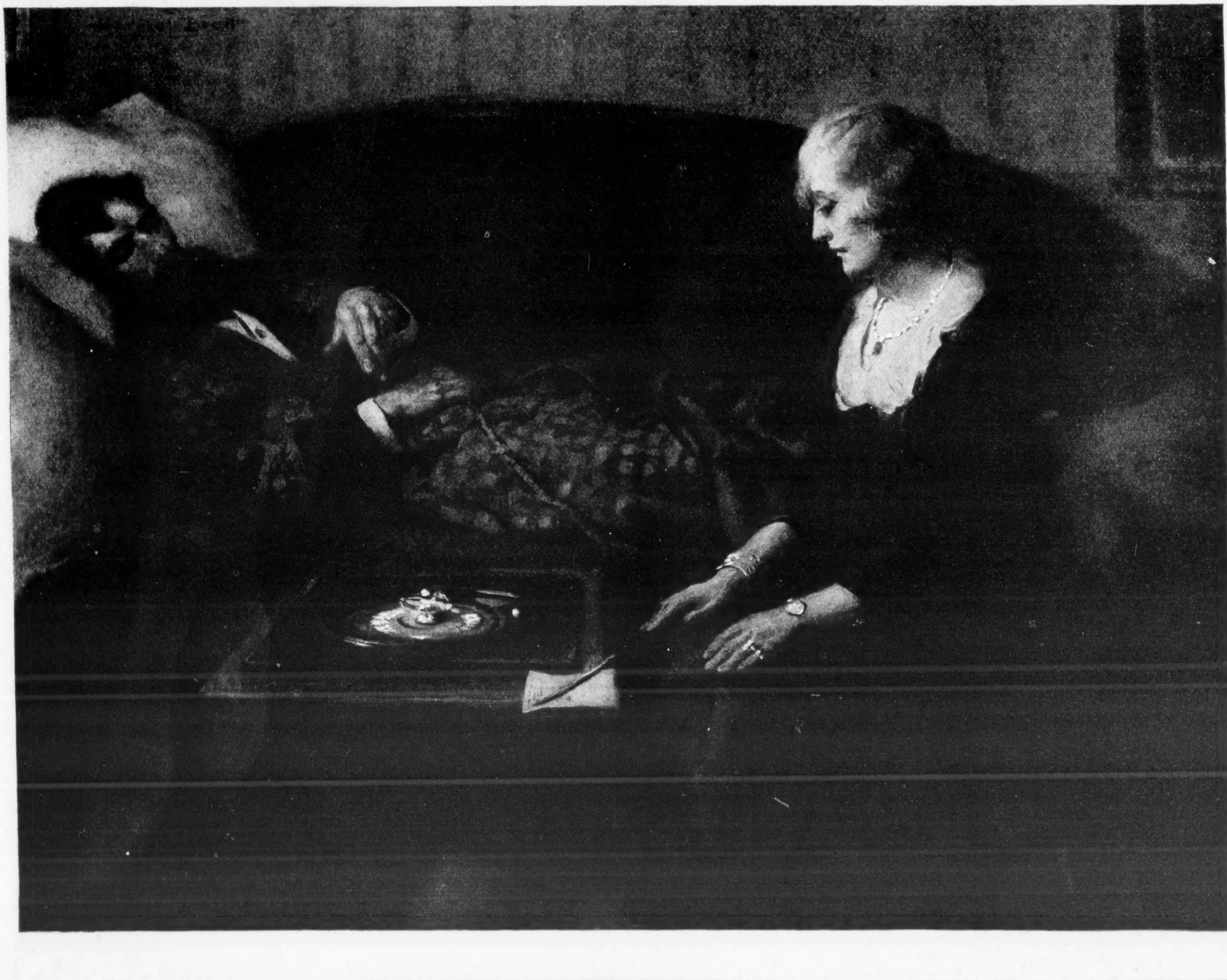
They returned, Mr. Billingham thoughtful and curiously silent. The marquis answered the inquiry in his niece's eyes with a grave little nod.

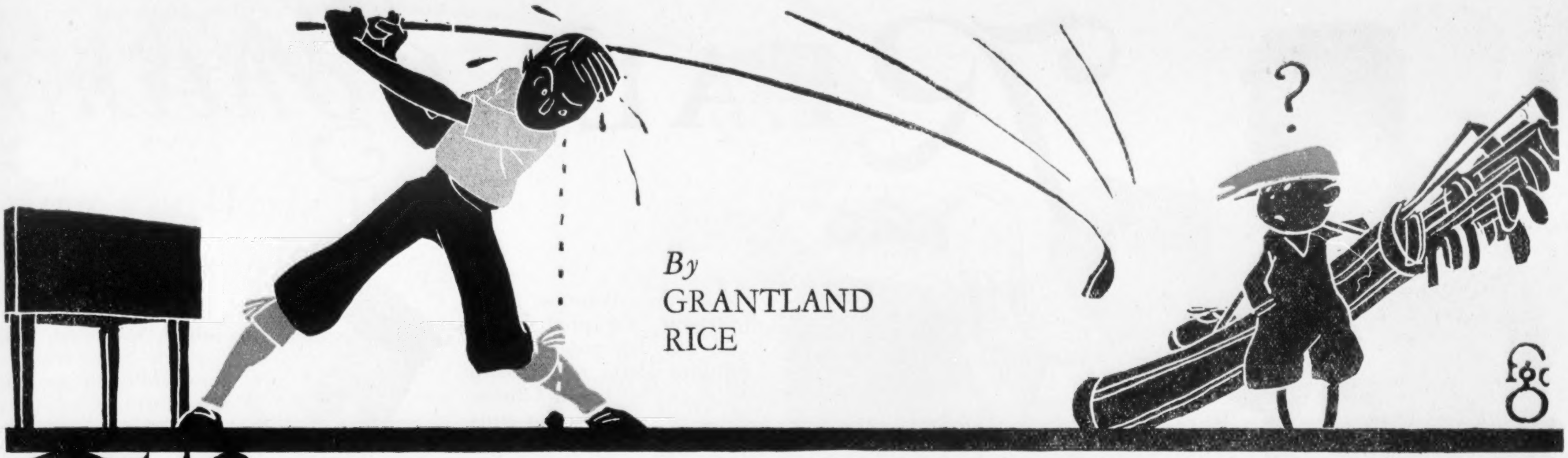
"A very serious affair, I am afraid, my dear," he told her kindly. "The car seems to have struck the wall, skidded, and overturned. Poor fellow! He is quite dead."

"How terrible!" Madelon murmured. "And how strange!" she added, a moment later. "I saw him drive once or twice, and I thought he was especially skillful. The roads are not slippery. Why should he skid?"

Mr. Billingham came back from his brown study. "I should say," he replied, "that it was not exactly a skid. He lost control." (Continued on page 36)

The woman resumed her seat, threw in the ball and turned the wheel. Twice the operation was repeated





By
GRANTLAND
RICE

Where ANYTHING can happen

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the clip when the golf champs fight for their laurels

OVER the green, rolling turf of the Worcester Golf Club early in June, if you happen to be in the neighborhood, you may observe a small white ball rolling in the general direction of a small cup set in the soil. You may see that small white ball stop just one inch short or slide by just a quarter of an inch to the right or left. Or you may see it quiver for just a moment and then suddenly drop in. The Open Golf Championship of the United States, with an advertising value of at least $30,000 if won by a professional who can capitalize his glory for its full value, may be decided in that moment.

It is just thirteen years now since anyone repeated in an Open Golf Championship of the United States. The last man to win two years running was J. J. McDermott, who broke down and faded out of the picture a year later. No one else has been able to bag two titles in a row since that pre-war year. No wonder. For golf is the greatest gamble in all sport. The odds are heavier against a golf champion than they are against any other champion in the field of sport.

There are several reasons for this. In the first place, the nerve strain of a golf championship—not the physical strain but the sheer, killing nerve strain—is the heaviest in competition. It is a slow-gathering, crushing force never relieved nor checked by forgetfulness in the rush of action, and at one time or another it gets them all.

There was a certain famous professional who was often a victim of these nerve-racking thrusts. In one championship an acquaintance offered to bet him that he wouldn't even finish.

"I'll win that bet," said the pro, "if I never win another."

He survived to the seventy-first hole, with only one hole left. Here his approach sailed over the green. He chipped back eight feet from the cup and putted for his 4. The putt ran three feet past the cup. He putted again and missed. Attempting to knock the ball in with one hand, he missed again, after which all else between heaven and earth was forgotten. He picked up the ball, threw it into the woods, and walked off the green. And then, a minute too late, he suddenly recalled the bet.

In addition to the psychological problem, there is the physical problem presented by 125 acres of open country, including ponds, lakes, trees, ditches, bunkers, traps, matted rough, cuppy lies and forty-seven other things where luck or fortune may run riot in any given direction. A tennis court, a football field, a baseball field, a prize ring, are all held in rather narrow confines without any artificial or outside obstacles. But a number of different things can happen in 125 bunkered, wooded, watered acres.

Consider the famous play-off between Mike Brady and Walter Hagen at Braeburn with the open title at stake. At the seventeenth hole Brady's short pitch to the green, headed for trouble, struck a woman's hat and bounded back on the putting surface. Here Mike picked up a stroke, being now only one behind. Going to the final hole, he had a long drive straight up the middle. Hagen topped his tee shot badly. The ball rolled and bounded along the ground until it came to a deep ditch 120 yards from the tee. Hagen apparently was doomed. The ditch meant an almost certain 6 on the card. But just a foot or so this side of the wrecking chasm the ball suddenly left the ground, took one hop and just cleaved the other side with a seven-foot jump, to run out upon the fairway. That last fluttering jump was the difference between victory and defeat. That seven-foot hop meant $25,000 or more to Hagen, who had picked up a four-stroke lead.

At the Columbia course in 1921 Bobby Jones started his final round 3-3-4-3. He had a great drive at the long fifth and went boldly for the green with his brassie second. But there was an out-of-bounds post near the edge of the green where the ball had just rolled. That extra six inches gave Jones a 9 in place of a fairly simple 4, as he had covered 550 yards in two long blows.

In 1920 at Inverness Ted Ray, the big Englishman, holed four putts in succession that ranged from twenty to thirty feet—a remarkable performance. Later on we saw Harry Vardon, Jock Hutchison, Leo Deigel and Jack Burke miss putt after putt from three to five feet in length, and each one of them finished second place, just one stroke back of Ray. Any one of the four had the chance to pick up three or four strokes, and their misses were made by less than an inch.

In the final round at Sandwich, Jim Barnes hit a spoon shot to the green of the short third hole. The ball covered the pin. At the last moment it failed to rise against the wind by an inch or so, struck the top of the bunker and dropped into a deep heel print against the bank so that it was almost unplayable. Barnes took a 6 in place of a 3, and then lost the title by one stroke.

A Nerve Hangover

COMING to the fourth green on that same round, Jock Hutchison hit a fine spoon shot dead on the pin. He expected to have a putt for a 3. But when he arrived on the scene he found that the ball had run out of bounds just beyond the green. He took a 7—and lost by one or two strokes.

Almost anything can happen in one of these golf championships, and every starter knows it. One of the most famous cases involved Roger Wethered in the British Open at St. Andrews. The crack English amateur had the chance of his life. After playing a fine tee shot on a certain hole he walked forward to get the right line to the flag. Having located the mark, he began walking backward to keep the target in sight. On his final step he touched his ball with his foot, and this penalty stroke cost him the championship. He tied with Jock Hutchison and lost in the play-off; and the stroke that killed his chance was never made with a club!

One of the greatest shots ever played to win a championship has received but little notice. This was made by Gene Sarazen on the last hole at Skokie. This last hole is a 480-yarder. The green is set on a hillside, guarded by water in front and deep traps all around, with only a narrow strip to light upon up to the green's edge. Sarazen, knowing what Jones, Black and Hagen were doing, felt fairly certain that a 4 here might win. After a good drive he had a brassie shot left from a hanging lie, a brassie shot with 250 yards to traverse before it reached the pin. There can be few harder tests in golf, since distance and direction rarely go well with down-sloping, hanging lies. Yet with $30,000 hanging on this one effort, Sarazen's ball, perfectly hit, covered the pin until it stopped just twenty feet beyond where he almost got an eagle 3. Just one nerve quiver and he would have been through.

Why should the nerve strain be so great? The answer is simple. In an open championship the winner will take in the neighborhood of 300 strokes. At Inwood 296 tied; and 291 won at Oakland Hills, with 3 to spare. Each of these strokes, whether it be a drive, a long iron, a pitch, a chip shot, a bunker shot or a putt, may carry with it the crown. The tees are far back, new bunkers have been added and the greens are close-cropped and lively. The third round, starting the morning of the second day, is usually the vital one.

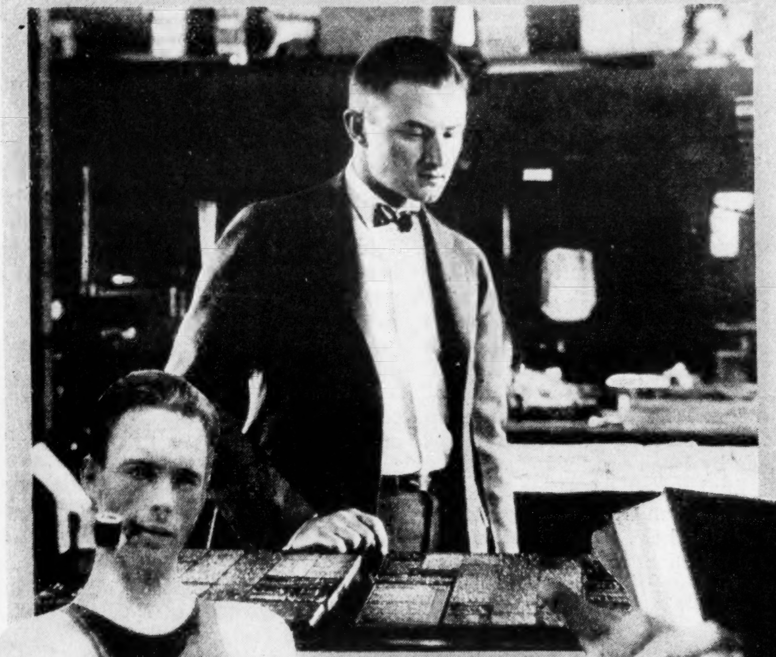
After the first thirty-six holes there are usually a few well-known leaders in the fight with certain others who have shown unexpected strength. Among those with a chance left are usually such golfers as Hagen, Jones, Mac Smith, Kirkwood, Barnes, Cruickshank, Farrell and others who may be only four or five strokes apart. Then comes the third round on the morning of the second day. There is usually a nerve hangover from the day before, and those still strong in the hunt face one of the hardest jobs in sport to turn in a steady march somewhere in the low seventies. One or two early mistakes or breaks of bad luck may upset the stoutest. Here boldness and caution must be blended together. And there can't be too much of either. At Inwood Cruickshank broke on the seventy-first hole and Jones on the seventy-second when they each messed up an approach and took sixes on a drive-and-pitch hole after almost flawless golf. Each had played a second shot halfway between boldness and caution, and the crash was resounding.

With a great field in battle and with all the hazards of nature and luck at hand, with all the nerve strain crowded on, no wonder a golf championship is the biggest gamble of them all and that no one can be expected to repeat.

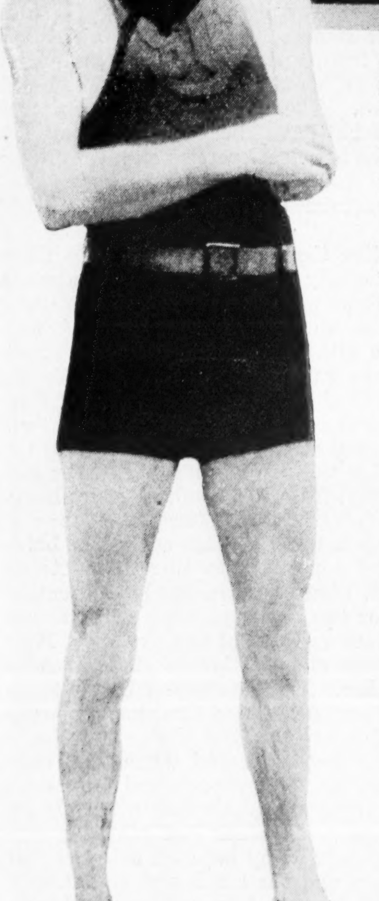
REAL *fighting*

From the Argonne, with fourteen shrapnel scars and one leg gone, R. W. Mingins (left) returned to begin anew. Now he runs a stenographic office in San Francisco

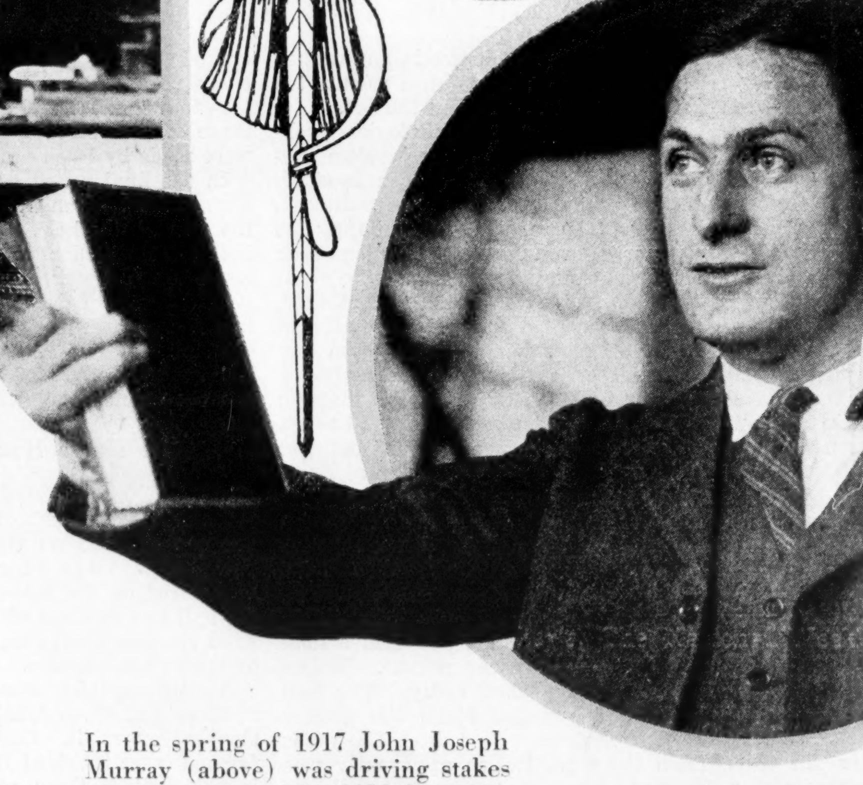
A salesman's sample cases were too heavy for Noble Stibold of Chicago after he got home wounded and gassed. So he studied law and made good as an insurance adjuster



Before the war Thad S. Allen (above) was working as a poultry picker and saving up to enter college. A casualty of gas and machine-gun bullets afterward, he studied in a school of journalism. Now he's managing editor of the Osceola County Herald, Michigan



Richard Hobson Hilton (left), named after a hero, gallantly led in capturing a machine-gun nest at Brancourt. There he lost an arm and won a Congressional Medal. His next attack—just as successful—was on an array of textbooks. Now he is a lawyer in Columbia, S. C.



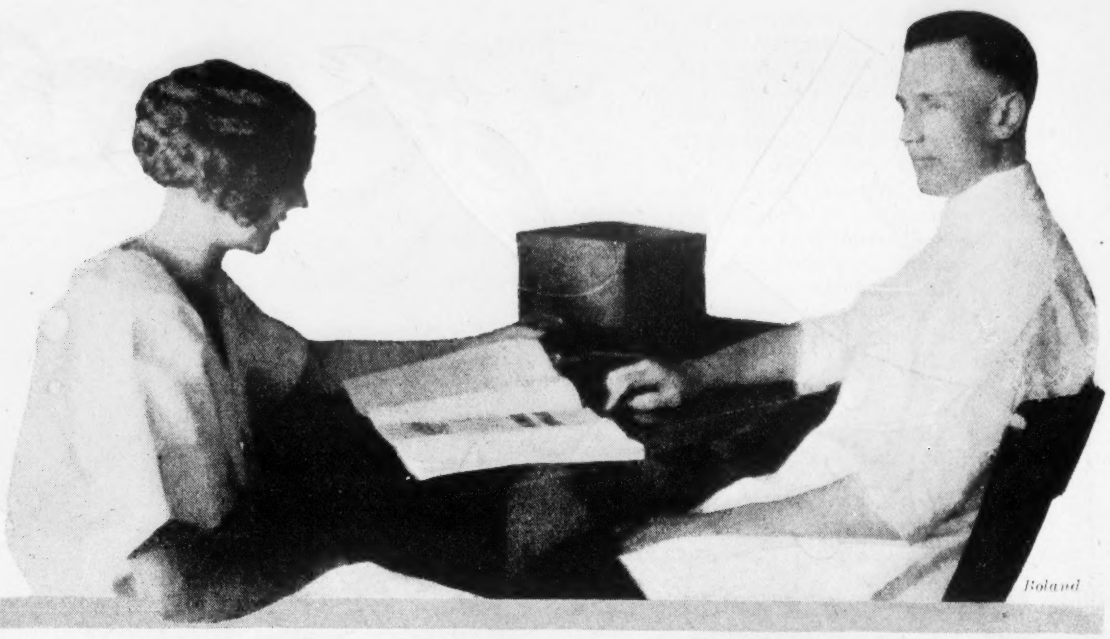
In the spring of 1917 John Joseph Murray (above) was driving stakes for a surveyor. In 1918 he came back to Boston with one arm gone. The government gave him an opportunity to attend college. He made the most of it by winning two degrees with honors. Boston University then made him an instructor in the department of economics

At Château-Thierry a shell shattered Eugene Kurchinski's right arm and hip and made his trade as a carpenter impossible for the future. He decided that he might make a living as a bee fancier if he could get the necessary schooling. A course in Michigan Agricultural College prepared him; then he bought a forty-acre farm on easy terms. Now he is "becoming one of the leading bee raisers of his section"

Photographs from the American Legion

MEN

After the World War, they fought another battle—and won it just as gamely



Roland

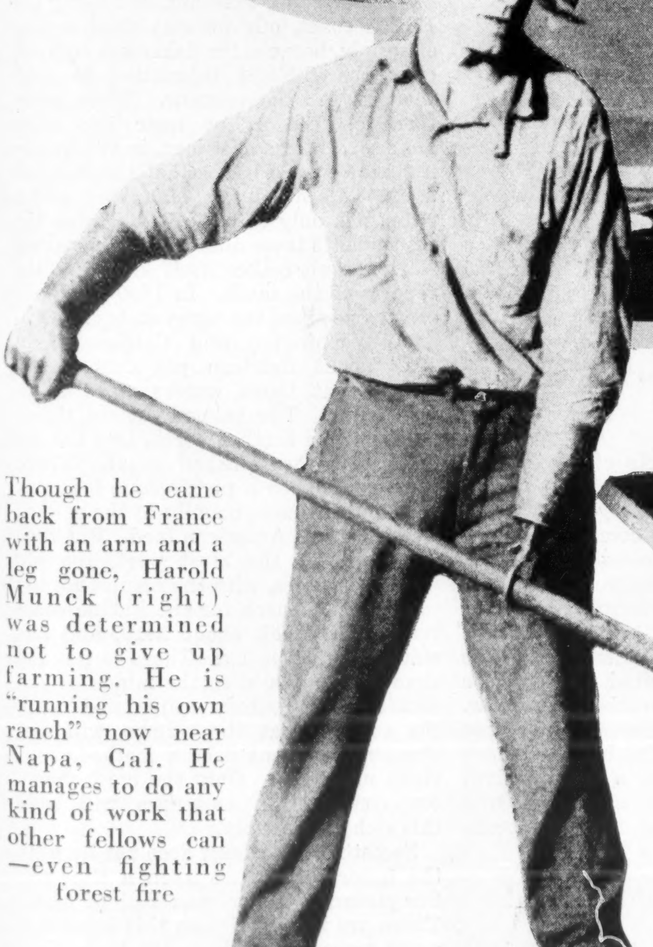
Walter Harris

In the next edition of "Who's Who in America" look for a biography of Laurence Stallings (at left), author of "Plumes" and co-author with Maxwell Anderson of that great war play, "What Price Glory?" All we fear is that "Who's Who" may not mention a croix de guerre, a shattered leg and how a game guy met adversity

In Tacoma Dr. Wilfred C. Calkins (above) and his wife are osteopaths. He was a copper mine foreman in Utah before the war. Blinded by machine-gun bullets, he studied hard to make a new start in life and graded "95" in his state exams

© International

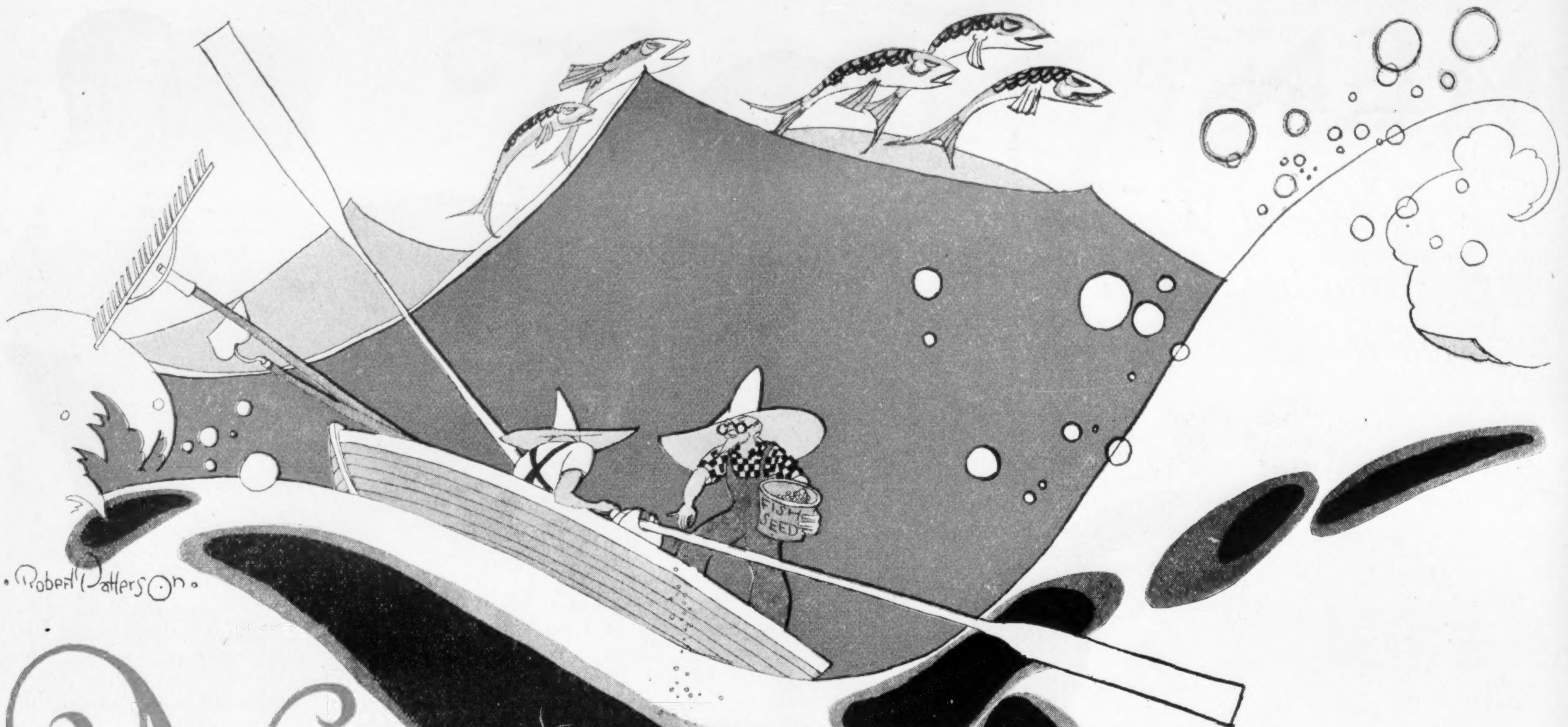
With both legs amputated and doomed for the rest of his life to a wheel chair, Ralph Grimm went seeking a new trade not too unlike his old one, blacksmithing. He found it in hammering silverware. His shop in Washington, D. C., is just across the street from Walter Reed Hospital



Though he came back from France with an arm and a leg gone, Harold Munck (right) was determined not to give up farming. He is "running his own ranch" now near Napa, Cal. He manages to do any kind of work that other fellows can—even fighting forest fire

American Photo Service

A stroke of lightning killed two of his tent mates in 1918 and left Art Helfant paralyzed. Against great physical odds he has succeeded since as a cartoonist



Now they're farming fishes

Ever hear of "Aquiculture?" Science has evolved it to give the poor fish a chance—and help our children escape a fishless future

By ROBERT L. DUFFUS

HOW much fish did you eat last year? Perhaps you didn't keep count, but the statisticians did. As a nation we got away with 1,300,000 tons, or about one eighth of the fish crop of the world. Incidentally our 7,000,000 anglers caught and carried home 17,000 tons, or about five pounds apiece, though, of course, some of the lucky ones caught more and some of the unlucky ones less.

If you are an average American your allotment of fish from all sources for the year was between eighteen and twenty pounds, or about one tenth of the amount of meat you deemed necessary to maintain your health and happiness. If, however, you had been an average Englishman you would have eaten from fifty to sixty-five pounds of fish, and if you had been an average Japanese you would have eaten two hundred pounds of fish and practically no meat at all. In Japan almost every day is Friday.

And yet man continues to obtain his fish supply from the sea—which is about three times as extensive as the land—in haphazard fashion, as his extremely remote ancestors hunted wild animals! Fishermen have not had to dig or harrow, pull weeds or construct irrigation ditches. They have never been compelled to subdivide the sea into farms. They have been free to wander the oceans and drop their lines or nets almost where they pleased.

All this must be changed, if the wise men who have been looking into the matter recently know what they are talking about. "Aquiculture," or sea farming, must supplement agriculture. Fish must be grown, like corn or apples, and protected, like deer and quail. On land or sea, it is beginning to appear, nature is no longer willing to give something for nothing. Man cannot continue to reap unless he first plants.

This is not theory. It is all written down in cold, stubborn statistics, most of which have been collected by the Federal Bureau of Fisheries.

A generation ago it was commonly believed that our supply of salt-water fish was inexhaustible. Now it has been proved that it not only can be but is being exhausted.

Statistics in the abstract may seem dull, but if you think of them in terms of human life they may be as thrilling as the wildest of Wild West motion pictures. In the case of fish they are closely connected with the nation's future food supply, and consequently with the population it will be able to sustain, with the cost of living, and with the livelihood of thousands of workers. The story they tell is a great human drama.

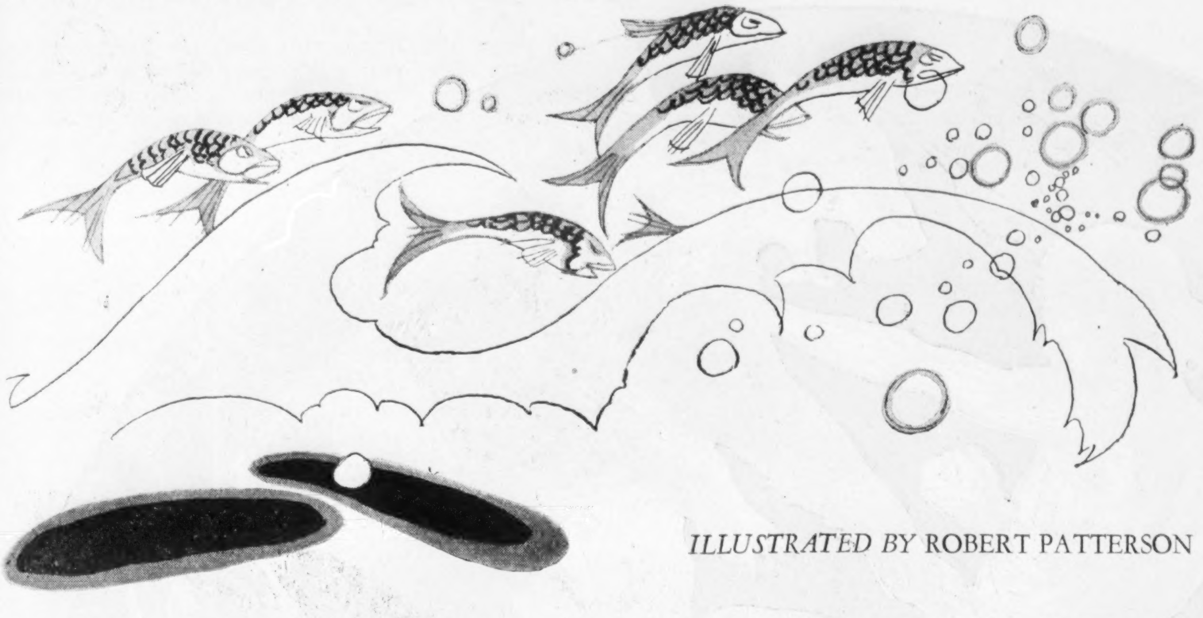
So let us take a few instances. In 1893, 9,792,911 pounds of halibut were landed at the two ports of Boston and Gloucester; in 1923, only 5,688,769 pounds. In a very few years, at this rate, there will be no commercial halibut whatever. The reason is simple. The halibut takes from twelve to fifteen years to grow up. He cannot live unless he has the equivalent of three square meals a day, and he cannot get these except in certain limited areas where the water is comparatively shallow. The fishermen know where these places are, and they catch the halibut before he has time to raise a normal-sized halibut family. They are brave and hard-working men, but they are working themselves out of a job.

Hard Luck for the Salmon!

THE salmon, a far more important food fish than the halibut, is traveling the same primrose path. He has been practically cleaned out of the North Atlantic, where he was, as late as thirty years ago, pretty common. He is in danger of being exterminated along the Pacific coast, our present chief source of supply, because the fishermen will not obey the Biblical injunction to take thought for the morrow. They make their catches at or near the river mouths, which sometimes, in the breeding season, are almost solid masses of fish. This wholesale slaughter eliminates not only the adults but also the descendants those adults would have had.

The result makes itself known in the reports of the catch. In 1890 sixty per cent came from the three states of Oregon, Washington and California; in 1922 about fourteen per cent. That meant that those waters were being fished out. The salmon fishers thereupon pushed farther north, into the icy waters of the Alaskan coast. There they established a picturesque industry and made salmon, usually in the canned form, a staple American food. But they followed, for the most part, the old wasteful tactics, with the result that the total salmon catch for the Pacific coast reached its peak about 1919, and has since been declining. There is not the shadow of a doubt in the minds of scientific investigators acquainted with the subject that the salmon will disappear if present fishing methods continue unaltered. Only the most vigorous conservation measures will save this rich food supply.

Sometimes the fault does not lie with the fishermen. Once upon a time the Susquehanna River was full of shad. There are few edibles on this imperfect earth more agreeable to the taste than a Susquehanna shad, broiled, buttered and well seasoned. In 1880, 2,149,000 pounds of this delightful fish were taken from that one river. Somebody built a dam near the mouth, and the shad were



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

no longer able to get upstream to spawn. In 1921 only 25,580 pounds were taken.

The salmon, the river herring and the shad are alike in one respect. Nature has so arranged their affairs that while they can live and grow in the open sea they cannot set up housekeeping and start a family except in rivers. Consequently there can never be any more of them in the sea than can find room to spawn in the rivers that run into the sea. Close any of these streams with dams or nets, pollute them with sewage, and there will be a proportionate decline in the number of shad, salmon and river herring which will thereafter appear on our dinner tables.

It's Good-by, Lobster—Maybe!

WHAT is true of these fish is equally true of shellfish. They can be, and are being, depleted. Thirty million pounds of lobster were taken off the New England coast in 1889. In 1921 the catch had fallen to 12,000,000 pounds. The decline is continuing. The lobster is literally disappearing. And the pity is that this tragedy—for a bitter tragedy it is for the lobster fishermen—is unnecessary. The maritime provinces of Canada faced the same situation some years ago. They took proper measures of conservation and their catch of lobsters has since remained practically stationary.

The crab, too, is growing scarce. Between 1880 and 1915 the crab fishermen of Maryland and Virginia prospered amazingly, their output rising from 3,000,000 to about 50,000,000 pounds. But they caught their victims too young, or by careless methods killed more than they brought ashore. The output began to go down. It is now down to not much more than 22,500,000 pounds.

We are not yet so badly off for oysters, partly because hard experience taught us long ago that the best way to be sure of getting oysters when you want them is to plant them, like so many hills of potatoes. Yet in ten years the country's production of this delectable bivalve decreased from 25,000,000 to 20,000,000 bushels. Much of this decrease was due to the pollution of areas where oysters had formerly been abundant.

This is particularly true of Long Island waters. But even in Chesapeake Bay, where there is almost no pollution, the supply is kept down by careless methods of gathering. The oyster is a home-loving creature, and will not grow unless he has something permanent to attach himself to. The best thing for this purpose is the shell of one of his ancestors. But oystermen have been dredging up the shells and selling them for chicken food or other purposes.

These losses are even more important than the bare figures indicate, for they took place while the population, wealth and food needs of the country were increasing tremendously. Every normal industry grew. To keep pace with our growing population we should have doubled our supply of fish. But the fishing industry, instead of going ahead, has obviously not even held its own.

It has lived on its capital and created no sinking fund.

If this had been because we were eating too much fish there would probably be nothing to do but resign ourselves to eating more of something else. But the American people are no more eating too much fish than the Indians (of whom a million were probably as much as the whole country would support under aboriginal conditions) ate too much meat or corn. When the Indians starved it was because they had not learned to provide against the future.

If our children have to go without fish it will be for the same reason.

As a matter of fact, though we get away annually with 1,300,000 tons of ocean foods, as noted at the beginning of this article, we eat much less fish per capita than most other nations.

The way to get more fish is to plant more and take better care of what we have.

Science must replace the present hit-or-miss methods. We must diversify the crops, just as land farmers do, by using more of such fish as mackerel, bluefish and sea herring, which spend their entire lives at sea and are therefore not easily depleted, and less of some of the less independent kinds. The Japanese go so far as to eat a considerable amount of whale steak, which is not as bad as you might think.

We must stop catching sea fish too young or before they have spawned. We must take artificial means of increasing the natural supply. The Bureau of Fisheries has done much to prevent the exhaustion of fresh-water fish by distributing spawn, eggs, fry and fingerlings, of which it has sent out more than five billion in a single year. The planting of sea fish is not so far advanced, yet not only oysters, crabs and lobsters, but haddock, salmon and many other marine food fish can be propagated artificially.

How far "aquiculture" can go and how much food can ultimately be taken out of the ocean is still uncertain. We do know, however, that the fish crop is no more limitless than are the corn crops of Nebraska.

We know that it is limited, for one thing, by the amount of fish food present in the sea.

"The multitude of minute plants in the sea," says Mr. Lewis Radcliffe, deputy commissioner of fisheries, "draw upon the mass of inorganic or mineral matter carried down from the land. These plants in turn serve as food for larger forms, which in turn serve man. By drawing upon the products of the sea man aids in returning to the land valuable products carried from it into the sea."

The minute organisms of which Mr. Radcliffe speaks are known collectively as plankton. Plankton is the ocean's universal breakfast food. Some fish, like the herring and the oyster, take it in its raw state. Others, preferring it predigested, eat the oyster and the herring.

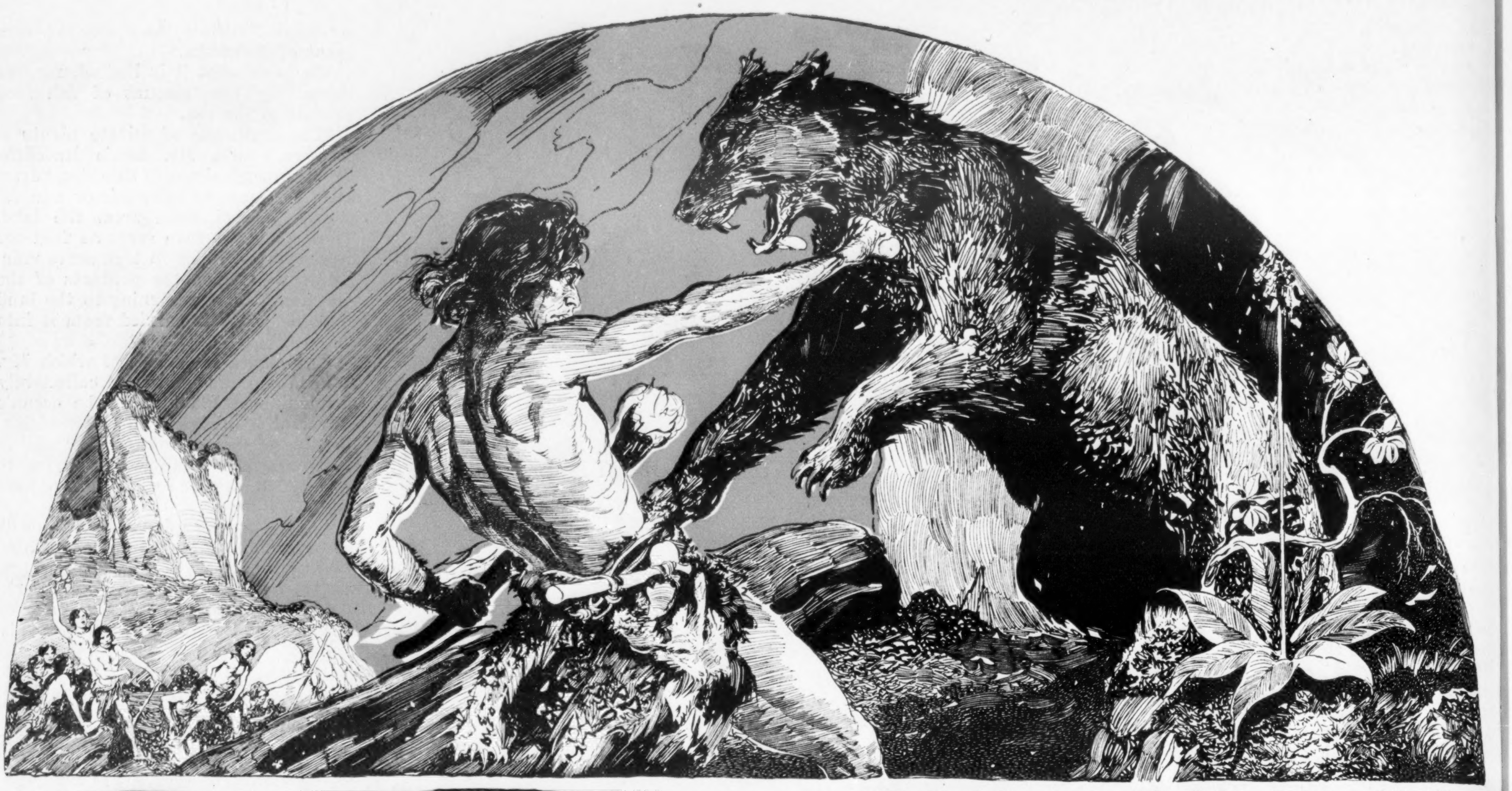
Where there is plankton there will be fish. Where there is no plankton there will be no fish. And this is another argument for keeping our rivers, the great sources of food for sea life, free from poisonous sewage, chemicals and oil.

Coming: The Salt-water Ranch?

THE Bureau of Fisheries has been studying the ocean feeding grounds for many years. The navy is planning an extended survey of ocean currents, tides, temperatures and other conditions which have a direct bearing upon the American fish menu of years to come. Out of all this may come a real science of sea farming. Our children may see the time when salt-water ranches on the banks of Newfoundland or off the mouth of the Columbia will be as important as the farms of Iowa or the market gardens of New England.

We can't be sure, however. Ignorance and waste are putting up a hard fight against science and conservation. Our great food fishes may provide sustenance for populations yet unborn. Or they may follow the buffalo, the dodo and the great auk into extinction.

On the Columbia River they are still hauling in salmon like this: but to-morrow—who knows? Maybe there won't be any salmon!



The bear's face was a mask of sheer ferocity. Like the lunge of a striking snake, the valley man darted forward

The CAVE of the BEAR

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

WHERE the spurs of the Alps slope down toward the Mediterranean a limestone cliff shows cream white against the misty purple of the downs. Up its side a zigzag path bordered with harebells leads to a deep cave. People in the valley below call it the "Cave of the Bear." So did huge, woolly, chinless men who lived there fifty thousand years ago.

On the wall of that cavern, ten feet above the sandy floor, one may still see five grooves an inch wide and two inches deep in the soft limestone. They show as plainly to-day as when the steel claws of the great cave bear made them during the last ice age before the first brick of Babel was burned or the first stone of the Great Pyramid laid.

The dawn men, who lived in that valley then, called the cave bear "Erg," which in their clipped tongue meant big—and big he was. Bigger than the cave lion, or the aurochs or the saber-toothed tiger, he was almost as large as the hairy mammoth himself.

Forced down from the north by the creeping ice, those earliest men of earth had first tried to settle in that valley now covered by the Mediterranean Sea. Driven out of that lost land by the valley men, they passed southward into a rolling country where now are only the sands of the Sahara. There they met tiny black men with frizzy hair and narrow feet, who killed them from afar with feathered, bone-tipped sticks and the dawn men fled before those deadly dwarfs who would never come to close grips with them, but who killed and killed and always at a distance.

At last all who were left of the great horde from the north straggled back into the desolate land whence they had come. One of their clans found the cave in the limestone cliff, and they lived there safe and warm until the cave bear came and took their home away, killed many of them, and forced the rest to live in holes and crannies of the rocks.

A few weeks after his coming, four of the hunters of that band captured a valley man, hardly more than a boy, wandering famished and weaponless among the mountains. Beyond his name, which he gave as "Aleph," they could not understand his language nor he theirs.

Leaving one of their number to guard him, the others back-trailed their captive to find out why he had come into their country. Always his tracks were those of a man running, running for his life—yet there was no sign of any pursuer.

At last, where the trail sloped up from the foothills, they found in the soft turf prints of many little feet. At the first sight of them the cave men turned and hurried back as if they had seen the tracks of Death himself, for even their slow brains could read in the trail the story of what had happened. Somewhere, far to the south, a band of the fatal "little men" had raided a corner of the valley. Their captive had escaped, perhaps the only one of his clan, and fled northward until, in the tangle of peaks and glaciers and glens, the black men had given up the pursuit and turned back.

As the sun went westering down the sky the hunters brought their prisoner back to the glen where the clan was wont to gather. The bustle of their coming aroused Grim, the chief and the eldest of the tribe, a patriarch nearly forty years old, a great age for any man to reach in that day. So old was he that he no longer went on hunts, but sat in the sun and slept with his head bowed between his knees, as all dawn men slept, and dreamed the dreams which come to men and animals alike.

Some of these dreams were of strange beings and great beasts who spoke to him in that dark land of sleep. From them he had fashioned a belief that there were mysterious powers not of earth who concerned themselves with the lives and deaths of men and who must be pleased and propitiated.

WHEN the cave bear came and took toll of the tribe and robbed them of their cave, Grim became convinced that the beast was some power of evil incarnate that must be placated. When the valley man was brought in the old chieftain saw in him a heaven-sent victim. Let him be fed and refreshed and when he was in good condition sacrificed to the bear. Perhaps then the monster would go back to the dark land whence he had come. So commanded the chief, and the idea seemed an excellent one to his people. Wherefore it happened that Aleph, instead of being knocked on the head and eaten or done to death with lingering torments, found himself, to his surprise, given food—earth nuts, mushrooms, a handful of plump white grubs, stringy wild carrots, and even a part of the raw haunch of a musk ox brought in by the hunters several days before.

After this meal he drank deep from the running stream and was given a cave with a narrow entrance filled with dry, warm sweet grass in which to sleep.

Time passed, and still he was fed and still he lived, although always attended wherever he went by the four hunters who had captured him.

Then came a day when he was awakened before dawn by his bodyguard. Through the dusk they led him in silence to a level space of trampled fern in the middle of the glen where all that were left of the clan were gathered together.

In the paling eastern sky the same morning star which shines upon us to-day shone upon him, our ancestor, who has been dust these fifty thousand years.

Overnight old Grim had painted himself with red ocher, black earth and white clay, as was befitting one about to sacrifice to an unknown god, and his huge head bent forward on its squat neck looked like some monstrous mask. Led by him, the clan marched in procession to the cave of the bear with the doomed youth in their midst. With steady and searching eyes he glanced about him as men do who are about to die, looking at the light, the far-away mountains, the greening trees, familiar things which he might never see again.

Then the east glowed like a furnace; a flame-gold rim wheeled up through a smother of peach-red and crimson lake, and the sun rose even as it rises to-day. In the distance a bird sang; the trumpeting of the mammoths came down the air, and from the banks of a far-away river sounded the whining, murderous snarl of a saber-toothed tiger coming home hungry from his hunting.

Slowly, for there was no haste, they

marched toward the great cavern and reached it just as the level rays of the rising sun shone into its depths. Then, while all the tribe kept silence, Grim shouted mightily:

"Erg! Erg! Erg!" Three times the monster's name boomed back and forth between the cliffs, and with the last echo there came from the depths of the cave a growl so fierce, so menacing that the crowd fell back and the hunters looked to their weapons. The cave bear, mightiest of flesh eaters, was at home.

THEN, as two of the tribe stepped forward to tie the hands of the valley man, he broke suddenly from their grip with such a commanding gesture that, at a signal from Grim, his guards allowed him to come forward until he faced the chief of the cave men. As they stood opposite each other they were in strange contrast. The little eyes of the dawn man glittered like crumbs of black glass beneath his ridged eyebrows while the nostrils of his short nose showed like red pits in his broad and chinless face. His swart, squat body was covered with hair like wool and he resembled no man now living on earth to-day, for the dawn men have disappeared and left no strain of their fierce blood among the races which now possess the earth.

The valley man who faced him came of a sudden wave which had surged far ahead of the rising tide of human life.

Not for tens of thousands of years did men come to earth the equals of the Cro-Magnon stock which began in that lost valley of the Mediterranean.

Under a thatch of auburn hair his forehead bulged instead of retreating like those of the cave men. One of his eyes was of a clear blue, while the other was reddish brown, which gave him a strange effect, as if two men were looking out from the same face.

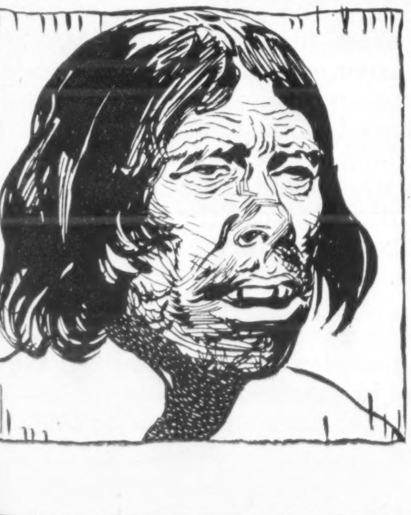
As he stared up at him the old chief felt a thrill of superstitious terror. Perhaps the stranger was some godling from those dark spaces back of sleep where dwelt the powers who made and marred the lives of men.

Then the youth spoke, a continuous and easy flow of language quite unlike the clipped and halting single words of the dawn men.

Although the chief could not understand what he said, yet the primitive men of that day, like our Indian tribes, had a universal sign language.

Pointing first to the bear's cave and afterward to himself, the young man struck and stabbed the air fiercely. Then looking toward the sun he held up three fingers.

The old chieftain thought for a while. It was plain that this youth with the strange eyes claimed to be able to kill the bear in fair fight at the end of three days. No man had ever yet killed a cave bear, and even to see one try would be well worth watching. Wherefore, nodding his head, he signed with his fingers that the valley man had three days in which to live and make magic for his fight.



From that moment the captive was treated with great respect—he might be a god. At his request, in sign language, he was given a flint ax with a long handle and allowed to wander where he would, always attended, however, by the four hunters who had first found him.

Then began a strange quest. With head bent low, the valley man searched all that day through the glens and slopes of the foothills for something. Yet, watch him as they would, the four hunters who went with him could see no track nor spoor of the unknown game which he was hunting.

Once, far up among the hills, as they came around a jutting ridge of rock, two cave hyenas lurched toward them, grim, spotted beasts high as a man's shoulder, with enormous forequarters and jaws which could crunch and splinter the thickest bone like chalk. As they shambled forward with grinning jaws and eyes that gleamed green in the shadow of the rock, they seemed more than a match for the men armed only with flint axes and ashen stabbing sticks. Formidable as they looked, however, the dawn men feared them not a whit, for, like their descendants of to-day, the cave hyenas had a streak of cowardice which forbade them to attack any beast or man who stood up bravely.

At this encounter the stranger showed his mettle. As the grisly beasts came forward he leaped ahead of his slower companions and landed a blow with his ax on the head of the foremost hyena which would have shattered any other skull less thick. With a cry which sounded like a mad laugh the stricken beast turned and fled away, closely followed by its mate.

Not until the snow-capped mountains in the distance turned crimson in the flare of the setting sun did the five come back to the glen. The old chief stared questioningly at the valley man; the latter would not look at him but stalked moodily off to his cave.

THE next day they hunted lower down and wound their way through deep gorges and ravines until they came at last to a broad plateau covered with thickets, with here and there clumps of trees. Some of these were survivors of another age, tree ferns and cycads, the latter strange-jointed trees of which the little foxtail or scouring rush is the only survivor to-day. Mixed with these were sequoias, beeches, birches, and other trees of to-day.

As he walked, the valley man kept tapping like a woodpecker with the back of his flint ax at different rocks, still searching for something. At times he would batter some particular ledge with his stone ax and splinter off pieces which he examined carefully. Always, however, he shook his head and went on to hunt elsewhere.

That day came another of the encounters with the beast folk which were so often a part of the everyday life of early man. As the stranger hammered away at a rock, the sharp sound aroused a woolly rhinoceros from its lair in the brush where it was sleeping. Like the black rhino of to-day, the woolly rhinoceros was given to fits of unreasoning fury. This one had been startled and awakened and therefore someone, it did not matter who, must be trampled and gored before its injured feelings could be soothed.

With the squeal of a creature bitterly wronged, it plunged out of the scrub and charged the little group standing around the ledge like one of the battle tanks of to-day. Five feet at the shoulder, with a three-foot horn, the great beast was covered with a shaggy brown wool which made it look like a haystack on legs.

As it rushed down upon the men they scattered like a covey of quail and the charging brute followed the oldest of the hunters, who ran for his life toward the nearest tree a hundred yards or so away. All of the dawn men were better climbers than runners, and in a moment the relentless rush of the rhino had cut down the fugitive's lead and its huge three-toed feet pounded the ground just behind the hairy back of the cave man. Just as the horn of the armored animal was about to gore the life out of the fleeing man, the stranger rushed up behind the plunging beast and, heaving his stone ax aloft, brought it down with all the force of his lithe and toughened muscles upon the woolly flank of the pachyderm.

Padded by his long fleece and guarded by the armored plate of his thick hide, the rhinoceros was safe from almost any attack. Yet so tremendous was the blow of the valley man that it bruised the rhino's muscles, protected as they were.

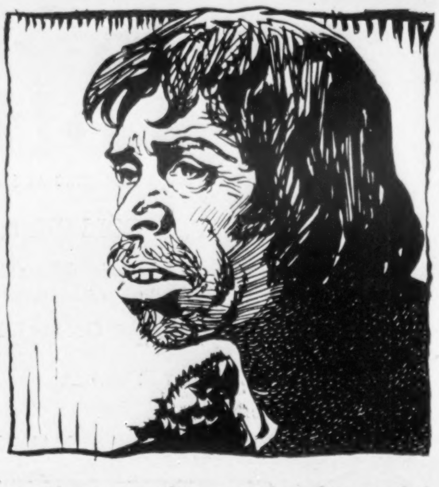
WITH a bellow of rage the great beast halted so suddenly that its flat feet plowed deep into the ground and it slid several yards ahead before it could turn. As it staggered along the ground the valley man whirled like a flash and ran down the wind until he came to a wide clump of fern. Into this he plunged and lay hidden like a hare, watching the furious brute through the thick fronds.

Like the rhinos of to-day, the woolly rhinoceros depended more upon its ears and nose than its nearsighted eyes. Raising its great muzzle, this one sniffed the air, but what breeze there was blew from him toward the men. Scenting no enemy, it snorted discontentedly, and its brain, about the size of a teacup, seemed suddenly to lose all recollection of what its owner had been doing, and with a series of grumbling snorts the vast mammal began to crop the bushes which grew near it as if nothing had happened.

A moment later the four hunters crept down the wind and, breathing heavily, joined the valley man in his hiding place. As they squatted down among the fern, waiting for the rhinoceros to go away, the oldest hunter drew from under the strip of rawhide which belted his single skin garment a short stabbing stake with a curved handle fashioned from a seasoned oak bough which he had ground to a keen point between rough stones. This he handed to the young man—perhaps the first gift which had ever passed between a cave man and a valley dweller.

On the last day which had been allotted to him, Aleph climbed so fast and far up into the mountains that his guards were hard pressed to keep pace with him. By noon they had reached the edge of one of the many glaciers which were ever creeping southward. Foaming streams of water white as milk rushed out from under the ice and brilliant flowers glittered everywhere like far-flung jewels against the russets and grays of the lichen-covered rocks. There were sheets of forget-me-not, like patches of summer sky, while gentians lay in pools of dark, vivid blue among masses of crimson poppies and drifts of snowy saxifrage.

Back and forth, hither and yon through the flowers and among the jutting rocks, Aleph searched like a questing hound all that long day, and still what he sought seemed hidden beyond all finding. Yet for his very life's sake he hunted on and on until at last, as the sun reached the edge of the sky, he stopped for the first time and leaned on the long handle of his stone ax despairingly. Around him the four squat figures of the cave men sank panting upon the ground and regarded him stolidly from under the black thatch of their ridged eyebrows.



Wearily the valley man turned his face toward the glen where the tribe awaited his coming. On the morrow he was to pit his puny strength and pitiful arms, a stone hammer and a pointed stick, against the vast bulk and force of the cave bear—and the weapon which alone would give him any chance for life still remained hidden.

Then, as he moved slowly down the slope, his head bent and his lithe body drooping in discouragement, it was as if those dark powers in which Grim believed suddenly relented, for his eyes caught all at once a dull yellow gleam among the rocks which he had sought far and wide during every moment of the last three days.

Beneath the rays of the setting sun glittered a jutting ledge of iron pyrites, that compound of iron and sulphur which men of to-day have dubbed "fool's gold." Base metal as it is, on that long-ago afternoon it was worth more to its finder than all the hidden treasures of earth.

With a grunt of supreme satisfaction Aleph raised his flint hammer and broke off a mass of the yellow crystals. All the way back to the glen he gloated over that bit of shimmering stone, shifting it from one hand to the other as he walked.

That night he met Grim's questioning look unflinchingly. At last, and only just in time, he was ready for the ordeal of the morrow. In the twilight the tribe feasted full, for the hunters that day had killed a giant elk which they had found mired in a bog, and Aleph went to sleep feeling that all of his old-time strength and vigor had come back.

JUST after midnight he awoke, and from the narrow entrance of his cave stared for long into the black violet sky. In the north an ice-blue star guarded the pole. "Vega, Guard of the North," his people called it, and we of to-day have kept the same name, although not for more than ten thousand years will Vega of the Lyre again be the Pole Star as it was then.

When next he awoke, the song of mounting skylarks fell from the depths of the brightening blue like drops of molten silver, and the scent of hawthorn was in the air. There seemed to be nothing but peace and beauty in the world on the morning when he was to battle for his life.

After they had eaten, once again the dawn people moved in procession to the cavern where lived the bear.

When the tribe reached the cave they grouped themselves in a half circle at the foot of the white cliff and watched the valley man make ready for his fight to the death. His preparations puzzled them. Instead of testing his ax and stabbing stick, he gathered together a mass of dry leaves in the lee of a great rock.

(*Continued on page 34*)

Collier's

PUBLISHED AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2

THOMAS H. BECK, *President*
GEORGE J. KENNEDY, *Vice President*
WILLIAM P. LARKIN, *Vice President*
ALBERT E. WINGER, *Treasurer*
ADDINGTON N. OLDING, *Secretary*

MAY 30, 1925

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

GOLD—THE ONLY WAY OUT

CONTRAST what happened after our Civil War with what is now going on as a consequence of the World War.

Robert E. Lee surrendered on April 9, 1865. It took the United States nearly fourteen years to get back to gold money from paper promises to pay. The same Ulysses S. Grant who graciously accepted the surrender of a worthy foe at Appomattox Courthouse was President when Congress passed the law authorizing the resumption of specie payments. Yet not until the first of January, 1879, was the gold standard actually reëstablished and for seventeen years more it was the subject of a bitter political controversy.

Hindenburg, the first of the twentieth-century soldiers to be President of his nation, surrendered seven and a half years ago. Three days after his election the British Government felt strong enough to declare its return to the gold standard.

When the American Congress determined to resume specie payments millions of Americans believed that the return to hard money meant their ruin. Payment in precious metal was accompanied by falling prices, and the advocates of "greenbacks" were numerous enough to launch a great political movement. The farmers of that period were at a disadvantage, and while money was not the only root of their troubles, the change from paper to gold did accentuate their hardships.

Similarly the change in Great Britain from paper to gold is dreaded. Unemployment is all too widespread in the British Isles, and many intelligent men fear that the road back to the gold standard will be marked by more suffering and hardships. The Conservative government is taking this possibility into account and is planning to revise its system of national insurance so that the privations of workless men and women may be mitigated.

Yet when all the poverty of American workmen and farmers after the Civil War is fully considered and when the future possible difficulties of Great Britain are conceded, no other road to permanent solvency is now open. The gold standard may in the future be superseded by a better foundation for money, but that time is not yet in sight.

Paper money leads to bankruptcy such as overtook Germany, Russia, other European countries and our own Confederate States. During the long years since Kaiser Wilhelm lost his throne the British people, however, have submitted to taxes, heavy beyond all parallel, in order that their government might balance the budget and that the finances of the nation might be put upon a sound basis. The people of England took a long view while other nations were shortsighted, and British credit was saved by the willingness of millions to give a quarter, a half, and even more of their incomes to the nation.

With the British Empire—the dominions followed the mother country—nine tenths of the foreign trade of the world is now on the gold basis. So far and so quickly have we traveled back from the ruin of war.

Office Managers Please Note

ARE we getting so efficient that we are becoming incompetent? Almost seems like it, sometimes. This is not to say that a machine system for handling detail isn't a good thing. But only up to the point where it begins to make machines of the human beings who operate it. Then it becomes bad. It kills thinking, thereby engendering the very errors it was designed to obviate.

No institution's mechanical efficiency system can discount individual cerebration. Provision for what the man in the street calls "using the old bean" should be included in any efficiency system, otherwise it isn't efficient.

A certain famous Mid-Western hospital which had been efficiencyized into occasional incompetence was recently visited by an Eastern doctor of the old school who knew people instead of things, human nature instead of scientific machinery.

"As I walked past the surgical theatre, with the superintendent dinning efficiency in my ears," said he, "a half-anæsthetized patient, obviously an alcoholic, ran out of the doorway and down the hall, with a hubbub of internes and others after him.

"They were very efficient but not very smart. They didn't know that calling to him and grabbing at him were the worst things they could do. I asked the superintendent to shoo them off, stepped in front of the man, lighted a cigarette (knowing him to be intensely distractible in his condition), got his attention, offered him a cigarette, and asked him if he knew he didn't have any pants on.

"He was shocked to find that he hadn't, recognized my suggestion that he was there to be operated on, and calmly walked back to the operating-room with me."

Let us beware lest we know *everything* and *nobody!*

Are Big Cities Too Big?

ABOUT the most important thing that has happened to the United States—and, for that matter, to all other civilized countries—during the past quarter century or so has been the growth of cities. In 1900 only forty out of every hundred Americans lived in communities of more than 2,500 population; now the number is fifty-two, at least.

While Greater New York was taking in nearly three million new citizens, or about the total population of the thirteen colonies before the Revolutionary War, twenty-one other New York communities of 25,000 or more gained about a million, and the population of all the rest of the state stood practically still.

A similar process has given Greater London more than seven and a half million people and Tokio, in the land of cherry blossoms, more than five million. Such populations scare some people, who predict that the whole United States will soon be one huge, many-storied metropolis.

Big cities are certainly a new thing in history. Babylon, the metropolis of antiquity, is supposed to have had a poor million in her days of splendor; Rome something less than a million; Athens, which gave the world so much imperishable beauty and wisdom, only two hundred thousand. London was a famous capital in the fifteenth century, with 40,000; Nuremberg and Strassburg were centers of art and commerce with no more than 20,000 apiece. One wouldn't look for a good hotel in such towns nowadays.

But the monster human hives may not have everything their own way forever. Cities grow because people think it worth while, in dollars and cents, to live in them. They will stop growing when it no longer pays. According to some shrewd observers, the time of smaller cities is about here. With electric power, which can be set down in a little town as cheaply as in a big one, there is no reason why this should not be so. When a factory gets too big its overhead may eat up its profits. The same thing is sometimes true of cities.

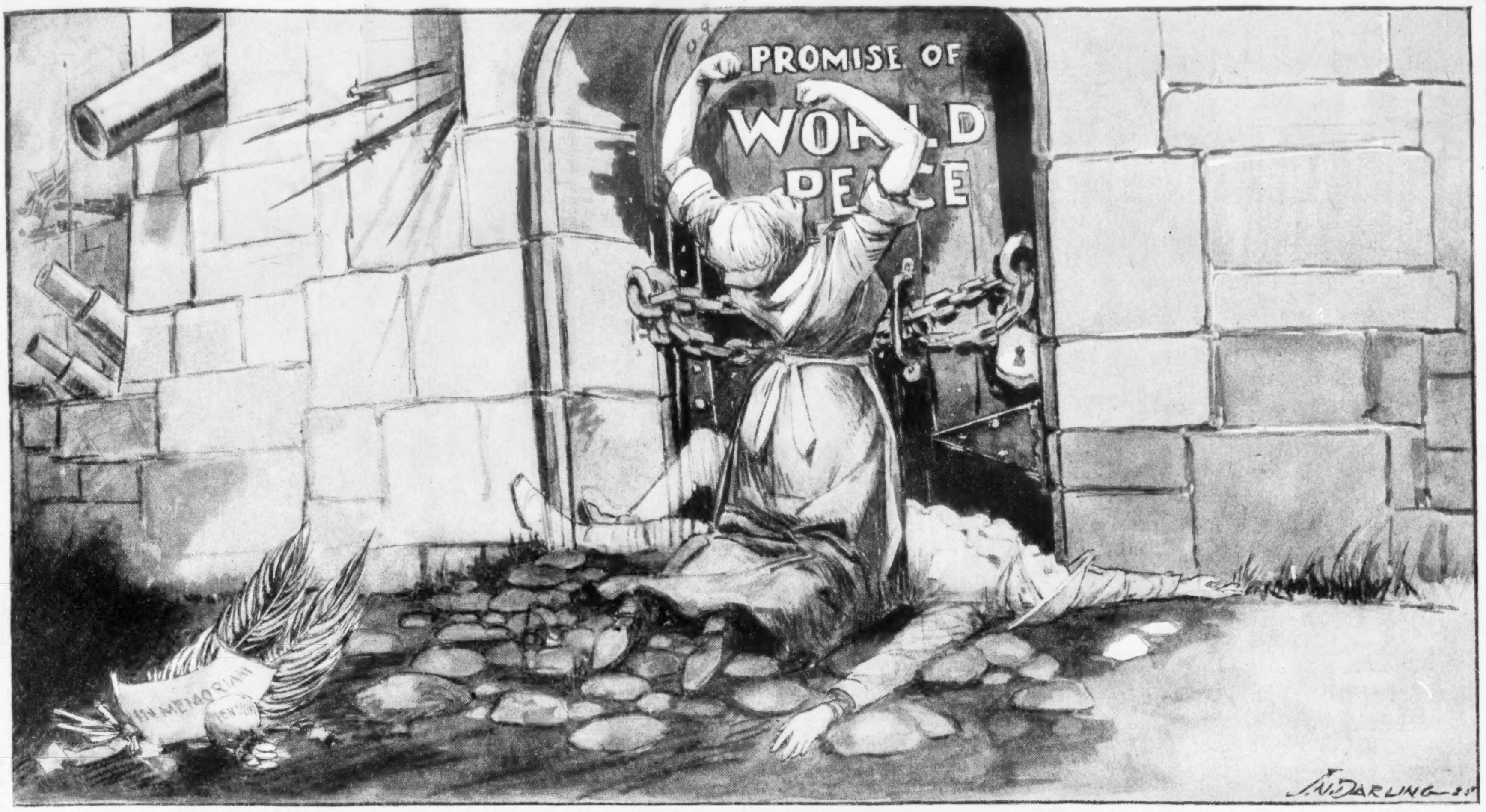
Perhaps the future lies with smaller groupings of population—big enough to be sociable and amusing, small enough to let everyone have sufficient fresh air, sunlight and room to stretch. Perhaps to-morrow belongs to Athens, not to Babylon.

May 30, 1925

THE crack of a clean-smitten hit and a white ball skimming the bright green sod out to left field. The swift grace of tennis games weaving curves of beauty about innumerable courts. The lifting flight and carry of a long drive down the fairway into the heart of the blue day. A flivver deep in the woods by a lonely stream and quiet folks resting where the music of white water is sweet indeed after the crash and clang of the factories.

Forgotten, you say? The men who bound their feet in rags at Valley Forge or went to certain death across the open fields of Cold Harbor or into the tangled Argonne? Untrue, are we, to those who served the guns of Paul Jones' ship or dared the torpedoes with Farragut, Sims or Dewey?

Not so! This is the world they gave us, as they themselves would have it: free and wide and abounding in the joy of life. Whoever shares therein, or helps others to share, is building the monument that our dead would most wish to have on Memorial Day.



"That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain"

ARE THE BEST SELLERS GETTING BETTER?

By George P. Brett

President, The Macmillan Company

THE best sites in our cities, the most imposing buildings in our towns and villages, are those devoted to education, and the most important work that these institutions do, even if they do not purposely strive for it, is to foster the love and habit of good reading so that the individual, no matter how little his years of schooling have availed him, nor how limited these may have been, shall be able, through the reading of good books, to continue to acquire knowledge and education throughout all the years of his life.

It is more than fifty years since I began my life's work as a publisher of books, and many and great have been the changes that have been wrought in that comparatively short period—the electric light has replaced the tallow dip and oil lamp; the telephone has made communication instantaneous, but nothing has more impressed me in these later years than the gradual and constant improvement in the abundance and quality of printed books. The "best sellers" of to-day, whether merely works of fiction or books of more serious import, and usually of a high degree of excellence, make a universal and almost immediate appeal to millions of readers, and the message and the importance of works of literature are topics of discussion in reading clubs and households throughout the country.

It is not, however, works of fiction alone which now command a wide and appreciative audience, our publishing houses having issued in each of the past few years more than ten thousand new books, including works on religion, philosophy, science and every other subject of interest to humanity, and as the publisher, like other merchants, issues and sells his wares with an eye to the profits of the trade, it is clear that this enormous output of new volumes constantly finds an appreciative public and a profitable sale.

Sinclair Lewis, in one of his recent novels, says that a typical American is "a union of German, French, Scotch, Irish, perhaps a little Spanish, conceivably a little of the strains lumped together as 'Jewish,' and a great deal of English, which is itself a combination of primitive Britain, Celt, Phœnician, Roman, German, Dane and Swede."

The former amalgamation of peoples having produced a new nation beyond its forbears in strength and intellect, one may draw the conclusion that the new and greater amalgamation which is taking place here will produce, with the aid of our reverence and care for education, a still more virile and intellectual people; indeed, a greater nation than the world yet realizes is already arising from this new "melting pot" of races and peoples.

Evidence of the growth of the reading habit in the United States may be readily seen by comparing the monthly magazines and weekly and daily journals of to-day with their predecessors of fifty years ago. Not only are the periodicals of our own time much more numerous, besides being much better printed and illustrated than those of an earlier period, but their contents show a vivid appreciation of the growth of education and the consequent increase of intelligence and culture in our multimillioned population.

The circulation of many of these magazines is country-wide, not a few of them reaching more than a million subscribers weekly or monthly as the case may be. This great army of readers sufficiently establishes the fact that—notwithstanding the lure of the radio, the motion-picture habit, and the numerous other modern methods of occupying the leisure time of the individual, a leisure more abundant than was formerly the lot of the worker or business man—reading still more than holds its place as the pastime par excellence of our people.

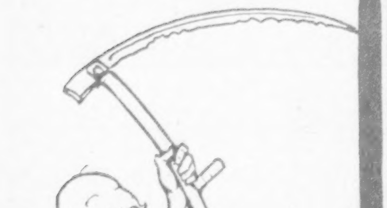
It is, however, to the circulation and reading of books that one must turn as the best evidence that the people of the United States have a real appreciation of the value of literature as a means of education and a vehicle for the spread of cultured intelligence.

Education here marches hand in hand with progress, and its greatest mission is that of cultivating the habit of reading and the study of worth-while books. The reading of good books is a means to an end and educator and publisher must go hand in hand. To the teacher belongs the God-given task of training our generations of youth for the "light that is to be." As to the publisher, Lord Morley, one of the greatest and wisest of our critics, describes him thus in his volume of Recollections: "A sort of Minister of Letters, and is not to be without the qualities of a statesman."

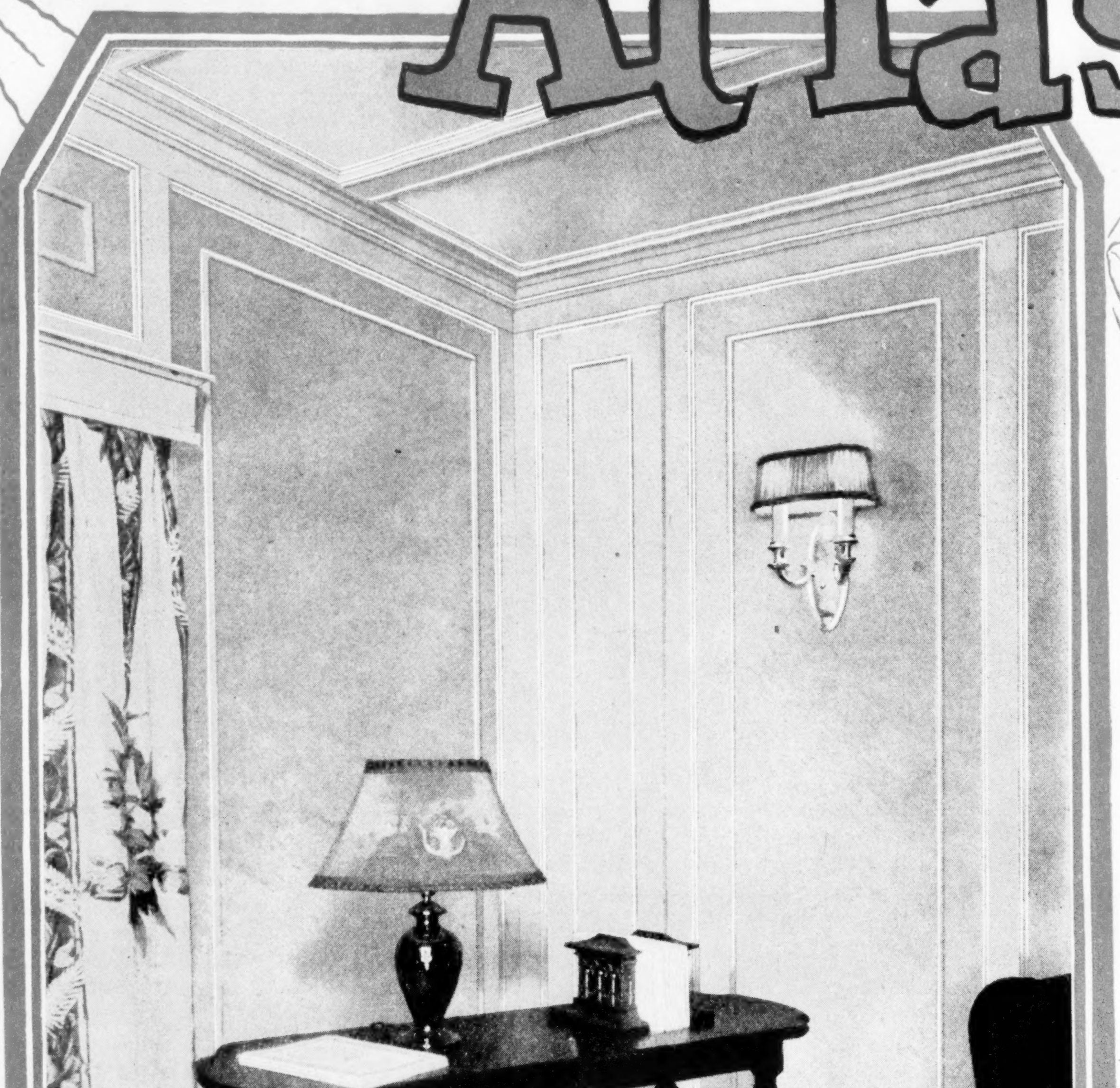
At last a

RESISTS HEAT

RESISTS COLD



RESISTS TIME



Send 25c for blue print!
Ask your lumber dealer to show you the wonderful new Upson Blue Book. If you don't know him, send us 25c for full-size blue print with complete information for Upsonizing any room. (State kind of room and whether new construction or remodeling.)

RESISTS JARS

RESISTS MOIS

UPSON

Whenever you see or hear of color used as an identification for wallboard, think of dependable Upson Board with its famous Blue center.

In Upson Board was first conceived the idea of color with wallboard as a trademark. The famous Blue center identifies genuine Upson Board with its record of less than one complaint to every 5,000,000 feet.

a wall that successfully resists heat - cold - jars moisture - time

INVESTIGATION shows that in nine out of ten homes there is at least one room with cracked, shabby plaster.

Such a room is usually a source of constant embarrassment.

But, there is a sure, quick, easy way to *re*-cover shabby walls with a beautiful surface that is more durable than the original plaster.

Upsonize! Have your carpenter apply big, sturdy panels of Upson Board right over the old plaster—or in new construction direct to studs. There is no waiting for plaster to dry, little muss and dirt, and minimum cost of upkeep. Unlike plaster, Upson Board can never crack or fall.

Upson Self-Clinching Fasteners—a patented and exclusive Upson innovation—eliminate ugly nail marks—the big objection to ordinary wallboards—by anchoring the board securely from the back.

When applied according to our instructions, an Upsonized interior is distinctively beautiful. Finished in one of the many attractive washable flat paints, Upson Board walls and ceilings form the most appropriate background for furnishings. And because of the exclusive *super*-surface of Upson Board, the cost of finishing—as proved by actual tests—is from $5 to $20 per room less than ordinary boards.

Upson Fibre-Tile, which is famous Blue-Center Upson Board with permanent tile-like indentations, builds snow-white wainscots for kitchen, laundry or bath—at 1/10th the cost of ceramic tile.

Many Upson dealers already have the new Upson Blue Print Service in their offices. Ask the one nearest you. In case you don't know the Upson dealer, mail the coupon below for complete information.

If you have a room you might Upsonize right now, send 25c for a blue print and complete instructions for Upsonizing.

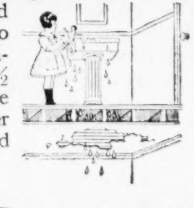
THE UPSON COMPANY
523 Upson Point Lockport, N. Y.

Impartial testing laboratories prove Upson Board harder, stiffer, stronger

Stiffer!

IN ONE of the many dramatic tests for strength, made by a well-known testing laboratory, weights were dropped from several heights upon specimens of different wall materials. Upson Board withstood an impact of 40% to 70% more than the other fibre wallboards tested, and nearly 150% more than plaster-filled boards *twice as thick.* Jars and blows that would ruin ordinary plaster walls have little or no effect on Upson Board.

More water-resisting!

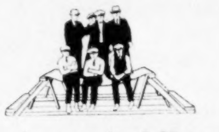


In another conclusive test, Upson Board immersed in water for a given length of time gained only ½ ounce to the square foot, whereas a sample of gypsum-filled board exposed to the same test increased nearly ½ pound to the square foot. Other wallboards tested in the same way were found to absorb nearly twice as much water as Upson Board.

Water-soaked plaster or gypsum often fall, whereas the ordinary leak has little or no effect on Upson Board.

Stronger!

Here is a remarkable test that proves the greater strength of Upson Board as compared with plaster or gypsum-filled boards. Over 1000 pounds sustained by a single panel of Upson Board, whereas under the same test, a panel of gypsum-filled board broke with less than one-third the weight. Upson Board is not brittle — like plaster or gypsum. It cannot crack or fall!



UPSON PROCESSED BOARD

THE UPSON COMPANY,
523 Upson Point, Lockport, N. Y.

☐ Check here and mail with 5c if you want Upson samples and literature.

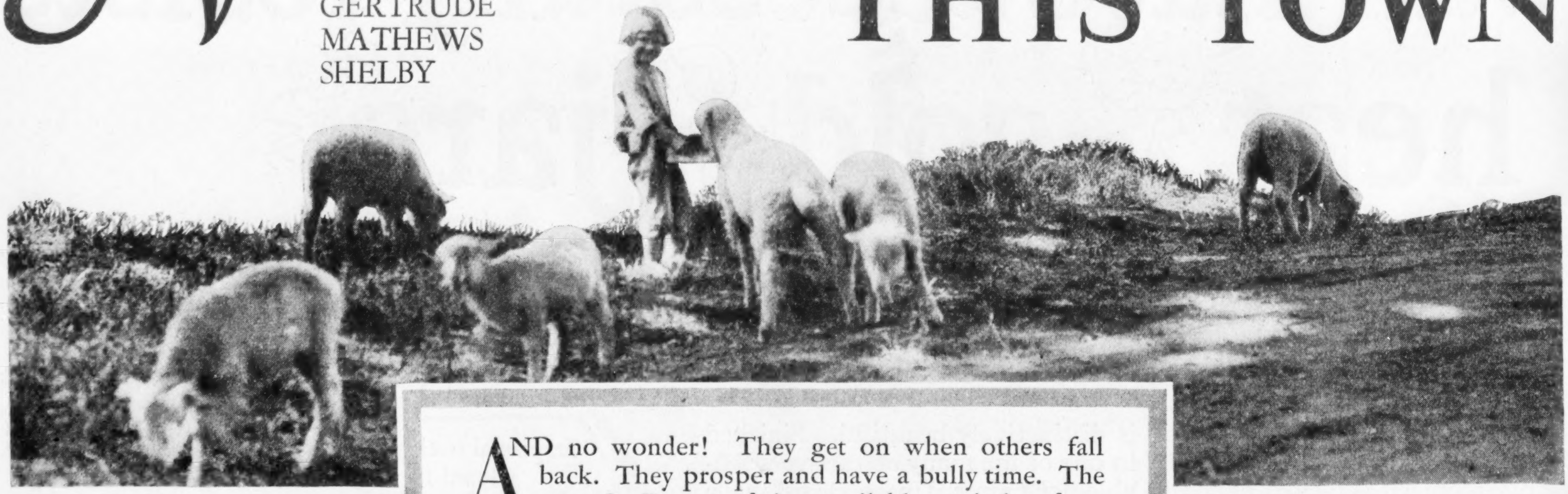
☐ Check here and enclose 25c if you want blue print. What kind of room? ....
New or remodeling? ....

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

Nobody wants to leave THIS TOWN

By
GERTRUDE
MATHEWS
SHELBY



AND no wonder! They get on when others fall back. They prosper and have a bully time. The secret? Expert advice, available capital and no isolation are part of it—Durham, Cal., is a state-directed experiment town. But the big thing is that the people are pulling together with occasional human relapses. Under the new land policy they are making their businesses better and themselves richer.

DURHAM—there's a place! Life on the land? I'm no Californiac; but Durham, in the Sacramento Valley, is the human sort of town—built specially for folks, not to make somebody money—that would make *anybody* cheer. It's the seed of a new land policy for the United States.

Here some 150 families have been making a prosperous living and having a bully time in the very same hard-boiled period when a million people in a single year left our farms, starved off. Nobody wants to leave Durham. The Durham folks have got a good thing, though they pay well for all they get.

Then what's the secret? *E Pluribus Unum in Farming.* No pioneering. Coöperation. Expert advice. Available capital. And no isolation. Unless you are naturally a crab you won't be dull in Durham. Farmers don't live miles apart but in a close-knit, pretty township covering 6,000 acres, laid out logically for business and pleasure. No tiring trips after chores to go to a dance, see the school movie, hear a radio, drop in at the club, take a dip in the swimming hole in Butte Creek, join a picnic, or attend the fair.

How did Durham get that way? The state, needing farm population, employed Dr. Elwood Mead, an expert, to show them how. Natural land hunger and the folks themselves did the rest.

Take Joe Brackett. Six years ago he was operating a pump station on a railroad. He had a wife and eight head o' children. Thrifty, they saved regularly, yet every time they got $500 ahead there was a new baby, or one they had got sick. Decidedly the world was not their oyster. No future. Figuratively as well as actually they "lived along the track!"

Apologetically Brackett cherished a ridiculous hope. Raised on a farm, he wanted one of his own. "Hosses chawin' hay." Good cows. Alfalfa. A garden. Scads of potatoes. Hens. But the real estate fellows had forced land prices so high the man going it alone with small capital hadn't a chance. Everyone but Brackett's wife said he was a boob, yet the dream wouldn't down. Some men love the land like that.

Brackett now considers he had dumb luck hearing about Durham. The state had bought a tract with money voted by the legislature, prepared it for settlers, in order to eliminate pioneering, and was selling farms at fair prices.

When Brackett applied for a farm, George Kreutzer interviewed him. Kreutzer had a way with men. Brackett convinced him he was a bona fide settler, would fit in the community, and would be a good farmer. The good farmer really likes mowing or pitching hay in relentless, sweat-producing sun, and can come in after the day's work and sing as he takes his pail to go and do chores.

But only those with sufficient grubstakes were allowed to buy farms.

"You have only $1,300 total assets, counting furniture and equipment. To get a farm you must have $1,500 at least. But I'll tell you what we can do. There are thirty farm laborers' allotments, about two acres each. Take one and work for other farmers till you save the necessary amount to buy a farm."

Brackett by that time would have gone on any terms. He had discovered that the men who went to Durham wouldn't be going it alone. Kreutzer as superintendent would help settlers organize a dairy business, lend them up to $3,000 apiece from a state fund for uses the state board believed would increase income, and stand by as long as needed.

The big black state team met Brackett and his crowd of nine at the train and they slept that night in tents on their own land. And Brackett realized they were a part of a fledgling town. Soil experts, lay-o'-the-land people, and farmstead engineers had already sized the farm units so each piece would support a family. Roads were in, irrigation ditches dug, rough land leveled, and certain fields planted to provide immediate income. Not making profit but making farmers prosperous was the state's job.

More than ever Brackett coveted a full-sized farm. Suddenly he recalled an insurance policy, carried for years. "Is that an asset you'll count?" he asked Kreutzer.

It was. It gave him the necessary $1,500 minimum. He purchased ten acres, at $200 an acre, on which he paid down five per cent. On a simple plan furnished by the state architect he built his house. Forty per cent of the cost he paid himself, sixty per cent was loaned by the state. Pooling orders, the settlers bought building materials coöperatively at wholesale. His barn Brackett built himself, and purchased a simple farm outfit—team, plow, mowing machine and rake.

Working with his team by the day, he made ready money. His garden practically fed the family. Acquiring the dreamed-of cows, he helped organize the Stockbreeders' Coöperative Association. This got his feet wet financially. It cost him three dollars per cow to belong. Having invested, he lived up to all the rules which make Durham milk a quality product.

"We started with one pure-bred bull, a gift," says Kreutzer. "To-day there are nine, owned coöperatively. Fine herds, no runts. The cow-testing association is regularly on the job, watching for T. B. And the cows perform at the pail."

Marketing the milk right laid the basis of Brackett's and the colony's prosperity. Kreutzer put on a Milk Day at Chico, near by, and got publicity. He promptly secured from a Sacramento milk dealer a yearly contract for the entire output of full milk at several cents a pound more than the local rate. The settler's cream check is his basic income.

From the Stockbreeders' Association sprang the cold storage company that helped Brackett *et al.* solve their meat problem. Farmers were slaughtering their male calves young, Kreutzer noticed. "Why?" he demanded of one farmer who kept books.

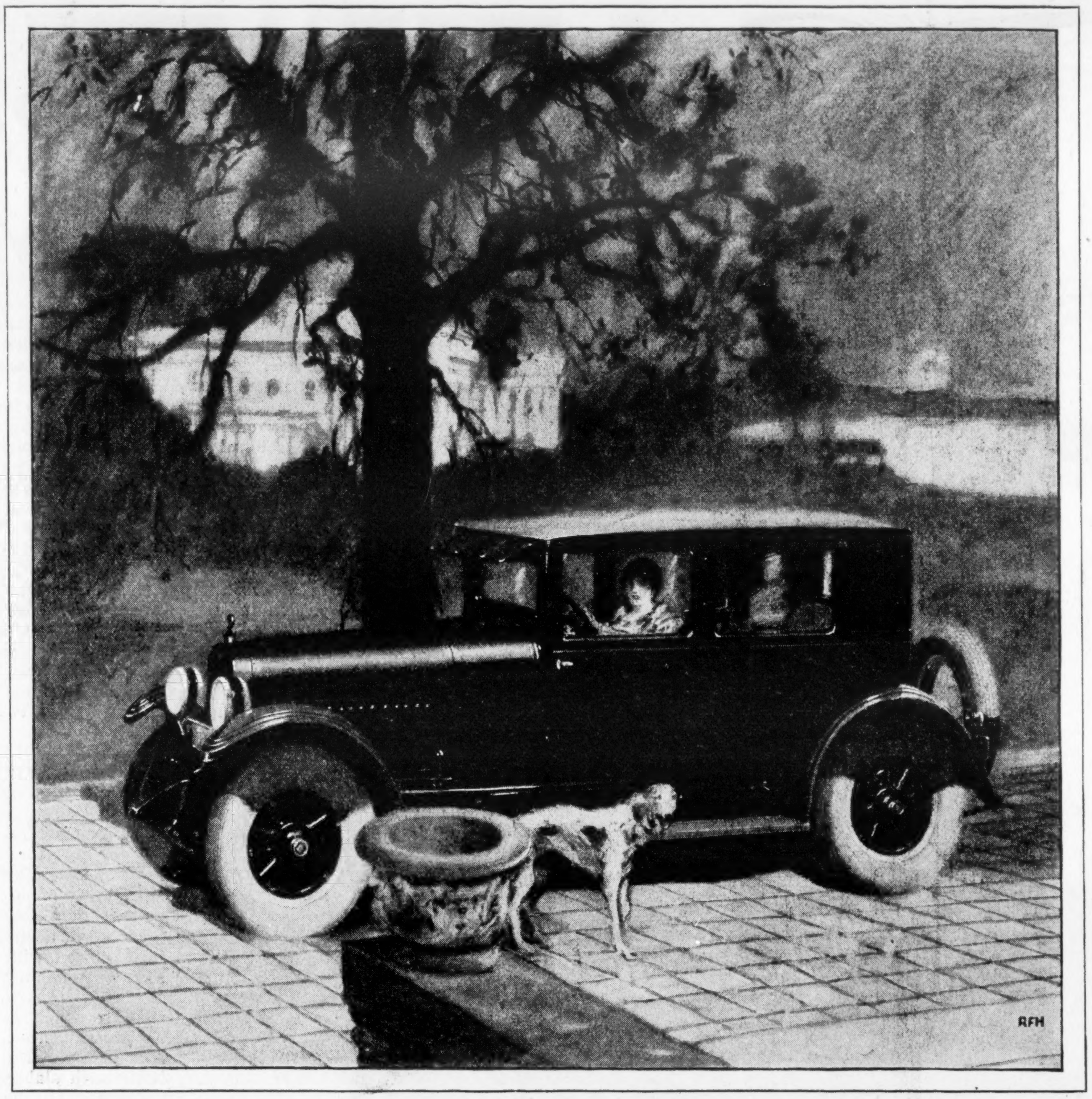
"That last calf I kept cost $11.25 to carry. When I sold him I got only $9.05. I lost $2.20 and all my work."

"Would you eat veal if it didn't cost 35 cents a pound?" asked Kreutzer.

"Sure would."

The Stockbreeders were about to build a creamery. A cold storage group was formed to finance a little plant to put the refrigeration to double use. Each stockholder got a latticework locked compartment in which to store meat. If, for example, Brackett killed a calf, it went into his cold storage box dressed, cut up and marked so his wife could go get meat or chops for dinner. Neighbors swapped lamb or beef. They saved $60 per family in butchers' bills. Not only more income but less outgo.

Worth $1,300 when he came, Brackett's net worth to-day, seven years later, is $4,230. He has worked hard. So have the (*Continued on page 34*)



HUDSON-ESSEX, NOW WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING 6-CYLINDER CARS

"The World's Greatest Buy"

Everyone Says It—Sales Prove It

HUDSON COACH $1250

SEDAN
5-PASSENGER
$1695

7-PASSENGER
$1795

Freight and Tax Extra

Hudson's supreme advantage is the Super-Six motor. For ten years it has repeated its miracle of ever wider success. Because it embodies a basic supremacy so excelling in power, smoothness and brilliant performance, that the costliest creations in a decade of intense competition have not disturbed its leadership.

ONLY HUDSON CAN HAVE IT

We hold it is the greatest engine ever built. Can its exclusive principle have any rival in importance?

It adds vast power without added weight, size, cylinders or cost. It almost doubles endurance. No car was ever smoother; and we question whether any ever equaled it in this respect. Most important of all, the Super-Six principle makes possible Hudson's one great policy and issue—to give greatest value for the money.

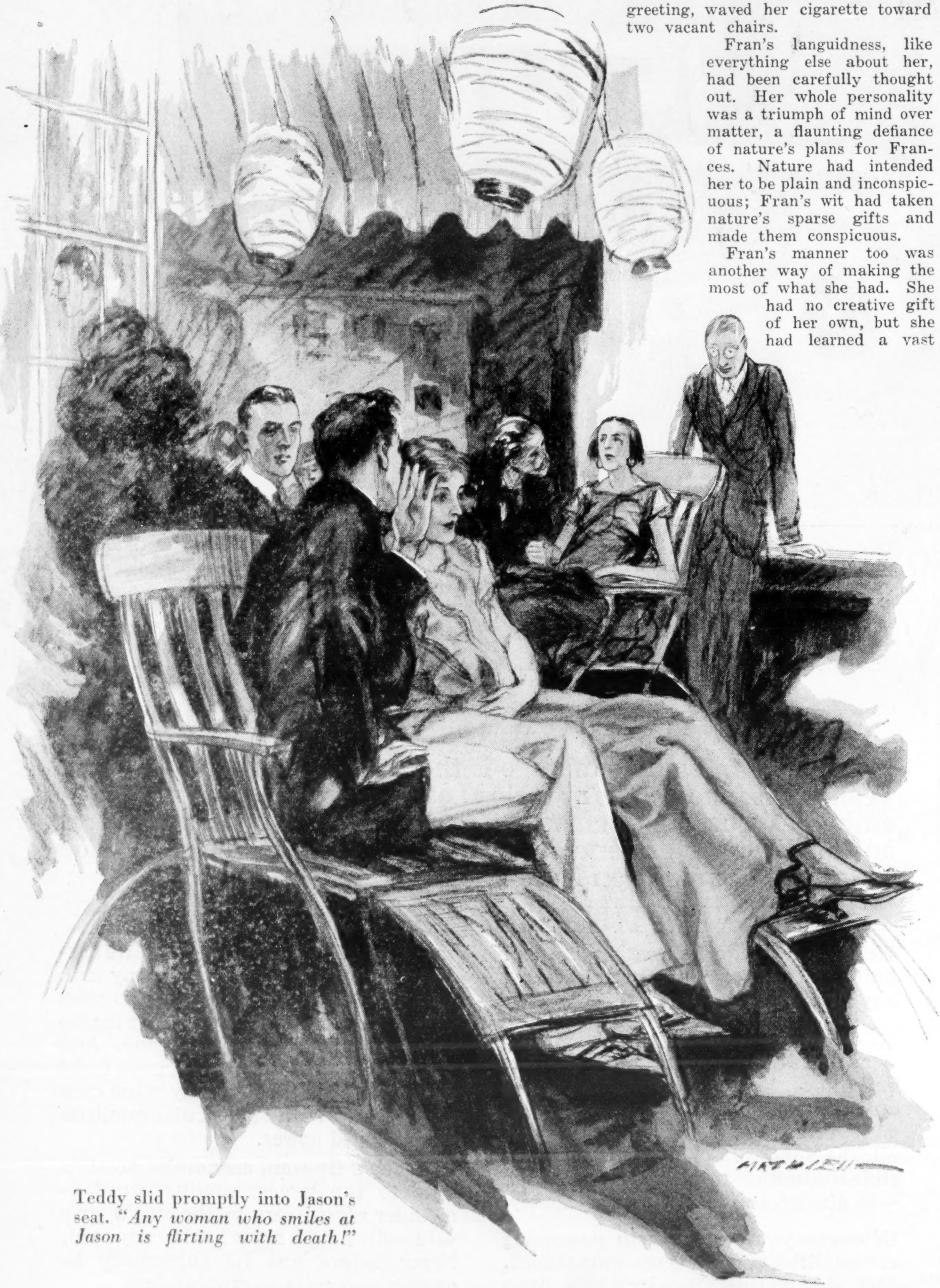
Of course you have pride in possessing car qualities you know are unmatched. And this performance mastery gives innumerable advantages. You have dazzling speed and pick-up for any call. You have power that levels hills with ease. You have smoothness that makes the long journey without fatigue. And you have superb riding ease, good looks and reliability that you may value even more highly than spectacular qualities of speed and power.

In today's Hudson, economies possible only to the largest production of 6-cylinder closed cars in the world, give value advantages never held by any rival. Never before was its supremacy in quality and price so outstanding.

The education of SALLIE MAY

By
FANNIE
KILBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY
HUBERT MATHIEU



Teddy slid promptly into Jason's seat. *"Any woman who smiles at Jason is flirting with death!"*

Chapter II

VAN SANT, helping Sallie May through Fran's studio window, felt outrageously proud of her. She was so fresh, so extravagantly pretty. Frances, stretched out in her deck chair, called a languid greeting, waved her cigarette toward two vacant chairs.

Fran's languidness, like everything else about her, had been carefully thought out. Her whole personality was a triumph of mind over matter, a flaunting defiance of nature's plans for Frances. Nature had intended her to be plain and inconspicuous; Fran's wit had taken nature's sparse gifts and made them conspicuous.

Fran's manner too was another way of making the most of what she had. She had no creative gift of her own, but she had learned a vast deal about all the creative arts. She wrote play criticisms for one of the newspapers, she reviewed books for a Sunday literary section, and covered the art exhibits for a monthly magazine.

She was always catered to and surrounded by aspiring talent.

Among the guests scattered about "Fran's Roof" to-night was only one other woman, plain, middle-aged, who had done something spectacular at Albany. The other five or six were men: the faithful Jason, a struggling, would-be dramatist who had heard of Dutton, a half-arrived baritone who knew about Hermann-Klein, a reasonably successful artist who was painting Fran's portrait for nothing in the confidence that she would give it a full page in her magazine, and two or three extras.

AS SALLIE MAY came across Fran's windowsill like morning sunshine, the artist was startled into a "What a gorgeous girl!" He recognized his mistake in time to add in a still lower tone, "If you care for blondes," which barely saved himself with Frances and did nothing to undo the damage he had done to Sallie May.

Frances acknowledged Van Sant's interruption with a rudely casual nod and went on discussing dadaism with one of the extras, who knew better than so much as to glance at Sallie May. The other extra, however, was less canny. He arranged her deck chair with elaborate courtesy, brought her extra cushions, offered her cigarettes—was, in fact, so conspicuously attentive that by the time he recognized his error in judgment it was too late. He ignored her quite as conspicuously for the rest of the evening, but his goose was already cooked.

Sallie May settled herself gingerly in her chair like a very good, very shy little sister at a big girls' party. Van Sant watched her from the corners of quizzical eyes, wondering how much she was taking in of dadaism. Suddenly Fran turned to her:

"And what do you do, Miss Thacker?"

Frances was going to be unpleasant. This was unmistakable. The mistaken name, her pretended ignorance of Sallie May—Frances never unintentionally missed a name—there was no one of a tenth of Sallie May's prominence she couldn't have placed instantly if she had wanted to. Besides, Van Sant was sure Jason had told her about Sallie May before.

"I'm—I'm in pictures," said Sallie May.

There was a moment's pointed silence. Van Sant jumped to the rescue.

"That's one on you, Frances," he said. "Don't tell me you've never seen Sallie May Thatcher on the screen. It's as bad as saying, 'Oh, do you write, Mr. Kipling? Under what name?'"

Frances raised her thin eyebrows.

"Oh, of course," she said apologetically. "I've seen you, myself. I remember now; the last time I believe I left you hung over the edge of a cliff by one foot, with a mountain lion crashing through the underbrush toward you. Tell me, did you get down safely?"

It was pure meanness, of course. "Good

(*Continued on page 30*)

AT A RECENT meeting of retail grocers in Chicago, 33 out of 45 merchants present reported from $800 to $2200 tied-up in "shelf warmers." Inquiry revealed that this merchandise consisted mostly of non-advertised products. *The moral is obvious. Handling quick-turning, quality products, such as are advertised in the Woman's Home Companion, is the key to sure profits and real success in modern retailing*

C. W. Schaub

How C. W. Schaub & Co. built a $250,000 retail business

This method is one that any retail merchant can use

For twenty-three years C. W. Schaub, a Chicago retail grocer, whose store motto is, "The World's Best to Eat," has been building a remarkable business *on an idea.*

His sales today are $250,000 a year—an average of more than $4,800 a week.

About 75 per cent of this business comes to him over the telephone. Every morning four men do nothing but take phone orders.

In a highly competitive trade area he draws business from six miles around his store.

The secret of Schaub's success

To two things Schaub largely attributes his success. One is service.

The other is reliance upon *nationally advertised quality products.*

"Before I stock a new product," he says, "I always require the salesman to show me the national advertising behind it."

But Schaub's idea goes farther than that. For more than twenty years he has consistently *tied-up* with manufacturers' *national advertising.* He has a mailing list of over 5,000. He distributes hand bills to thousands of homes. He uses newspaper advertising.

Why he does this he explains in the statement above. It's a secret, he says, of his success.

Help from manufacturers

Schaub, in other words, takes fullest advantage of the work that manufacturers are doing to help him get more trade.

On this page, for instance, is a list of products advertised in the Woman's Home Companion—America's greatest woman's magazine. Schaub carries 100 per cent of the products in his line that are listed here. Why? Because he knows that this advertising is *the best kind of local advertising for him*—just as it is for *you.*

Customers that pay

Manufacturers know that this advertising in the Woman's Home Companion brings the best kind of customers into your store.

They know that the Woman's Home Companion has been planned and edited to serve the most substantial class of families—2,000,000 in all. Not wealthy, necessarily, but above the average. They own their homes; they feed and clothe their families with the best. Their monthly accounts run into a good figure, and they pay them promptly.

People of this type are the backbone of any kind of business. To get more of them as customers is to build a strong, profitable business. Only *a few* more would make a big difference in your net profit at the end of the year.

How manufacturers have paved the way

That is the reason manufacturers advertise regularly in the Woman's Home Companion—to bring more of this high grade trade into *your* store.

They do it to help you make a good profit and build a bigger business—because, after all, *their* business is dependent upon *yours.*

That, too, is why they go a step farther and provide you with window trims, counter displays and attractive packages. By this means you can let people know *where to get* the goods after the desire for them has been created.

The simple, easy steps to better business

Right now scores of women in your neighborhood are reading manufacturers' advertisements in the June Woman's Home Companion—advertisements of products *you* carry.

If you canvassed your neighborhood you would undoubtedly find this so in every fourth or fifth home you visited.

As a direct result of this advertising, thousands of dollars will be spent for merchandise in your trade area this month.

Whether you are in the grocery, drug, hardware, clothing, jewelry or any other line of business, you can get this trade in the same way that C. W. Schaub and thousands of other successful merchants are getting it.

FIRST: Carry the merchandise advertised in the Woman's Home Companion.

SECOND: *Feature* this merchandise—let people know that you carry these Companion-advertised products.

Start *now* to make your store known as the place where these products can be bought. Begin this week to use more and more of the display material manufacturers have sent you, and to build up a clientele of steady-buying, profitable Woman's Home Companion customers.

In the list of Companion-advertised products, check those in your line and start featuring them now. Also ask the salesman and representatives of these lines for advertising and display suggestions. They will be glad to give them to you.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

2,000,000 circulation

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Tie to these products advertised in the Woman's Home Companion

AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

Dodge Automobile
Franklin Automobile

BUILDING MATERIALS

American Face Brick
American Walnut
Church Sani White Toilet Seats
Niagara Blue Ribbon Wall Paper
Standard Plumbing Fixtures
Truscon Home Building Products
Upson Processed Board
Wall Paper Manufacturers' Assn.

CLOTHING & DRY GOODS

B. V. D. Underwear
Bon Ton Mysteria Rubber Reducing Corsets
Bucilla Embroidery Cottons
Carter's Knit Underwear
Clark's O-N-T Spool Cotton
Deltor Patterns
Denton's Soft Knit Sleeping Garments
Forest Mills Underwear
Glover's Brighton Carlsbad Sleepingwear
Gordon Hosiery
Gossard Corsets
Holeproof Hosiery
Kotex
Meadow Lane Cloth
Modart Corset
Munsingwear Hosiery and Underwear
Pamico Cloth
Pepperell Sheeting and Pillow Tubing
Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases
Pictorial Review Patterns
P. N. Practical Front Corsets
Renfrew Devonshire Cloth
Royal Society Embroidery Package Outfits
Rubens Infant Shirts
Treo Elastic Girdle
Utica Sheets and Pillow Cases
Warner's Corsets
Yeoman Cloth

CONFECTIONERY & SOFT DRINKS

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale
Coca Cola
Wrigley's Chewing Gum

DRUGS & TOILET GOODS

Absorbine Jr.
Albright Tooth Brush
Allen's Foot=Ease
Ajax Combs
Arden Venetian Toilet Preparations
Armand Cold Cream Powder
Blue-Jay Corn Plaster
Boncilla Preparations
Brownatone
Cheramy's Cappi and April Showers Perfumes
Chesebrough Vaseline Products
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream
Cutex Manicure Preparations
Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream
Del-A-Tone
Deodo
Eno's Fruit Salt
Fairy Soap
Forhan's For the Gums
Frostilla Fragrant Lotion
Glostora
Glyco-Thymoline
Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer
Hopper, Edna Wallace, Beauty Preparations
Hygeia Nursing Bottle
Ingram's Milkweed Cream
Ipana Tooth Paste
Ivory Soap
Jergens Lotion
Johnson's Baby Powder
Kleenex, The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover
Kodak
Kolynos Dental Cream
Lablache Face Powder
Lifebuoy
Listerine
Liquid Arvon
Lysol Disinfectant
May Breath Tablets
Mennen Borated Talcum Powder
Mum Preparations
Neet
Nonspi Deodorant
Norida Vanitie Case
Nujol
Odorono Preparations
Packer's Liquid Tar Soap Shampoo
Palmolive Soap
Pepsodent Dentifrice
Pinaud's, Ed., Hair Tonic
Pompeian Creams
Ponds Creams
Primrose House Preparations
Princess Pat Preparations
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
Resinol Soap
Roger & Gallet Products
Squibb's Products
Vantine's Temple Incense
Vauv
Watkins' Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
Wildroot Hair Tonic
Woodbury's Facial Preparations
Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap
Zip
Zonite

FOODS AND FOOD BEVERAGES

Armour's Star Products
Beech-Nut Products
Blue Label Tomato Ketchup
B. & M. Fish Flakes
Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
Br'er Rabbit Molasses
Campbell's Soups
Certo
Cream of Wheat
Crisco
Del Monte Products
Diamond Crystal Salt
Dromedary Dates
Ferry's Purebred Seeds
Fleischmann's Yeast
French's Cream Salad Mustard
Gold Medal Flour
Grape Nuts
Hawaiian Pineapple
Heinz 57 Varieties
Igleheart's Swans Down Cake Flour
Jell-O
Klim
Knox Sparkling Gelatine
Libby's Products
Maxwell House Coffee
Mazola Salad and Cooking Oil
Mellin's Food
Minute Tapioca
Morton's Salt
None Such Mince Meat
Nucoa
Pillsbury Pancake Flour
Post Toasties
Postum
Premier Salad Dressing
Dr. Price's Delicious Flavoring Extract
Quaker Oats
Quaker Puffed Rice
Quaker Puffed Wheat
Royal Baking Powder
Snowdrift
Sun-Maid Raisins
Sunkist Oranges and Lemons
Sunshine Biscuits
Swift's Premium Brand Products
Towle's Log Cabin Syrup
Washington, G., Prepared Coffee
Wesson Oil
Wheatena, the Whole Wheat Cereal

FURNITURE & FURNISHINGS

Armstrong's Linoleum
Bee-Vac Standard Electric Cleaner
Berkey & Gay Furniture
Bird's Neponset Rugs
Bissell Carpet Sweeper
Blabon Art Linoleum
Chambers Fireless Gas Range
Davenport Bed
Dupont Tontine
Everhot Electric Cooker
G. E. Electrical Supplies
Genuine Thermos Vacuum Bottle
Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs
Griswold Kitchen Ware
Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets
Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper, The
Hotpoint Electric Irons
Imperial Tables
Karnak Rugs
Kirsch Flat Curtain Rods
Klearflax Linen Rugs and Carpeting
Kroehler Living Room Furniture
Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator
Lloyd Loom Woven Baby Carriage and Furniture
Lorain Oven Heat Regulator
Marsden Kold-or-Hot Utility Glass
Masland Argonne Rugs
Mirro Aluminum Ware
Nairn Inlaid Linoleum
Niagara Refrigerator
Orinoka Draperies and Upholsteries
Ozite Rug Cushion
Premier Duplex Electric Vacuum Cleaner
Standard Hood Seal
Stevens Bed Spreads
Universal Cutlery
Whittall Rugs

JEWELRY & SILVERWARE

Community Plate
Heirloom Plate Silverware
Holmes & Edwards Silver
Sessions Clocks
Seth Thomas Clocks
Tudor Plate
Wallace Silver

MUSICAL

Brunswick Phonographs—Records—Radiolas
Victrola—Victor Records

PAINTS & HARDWARE

Acme Quality Paints
Alabastine
Kyanize Varnish Enamels
Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes
Valentine's Valspar Varnish and Enamel

SHOES & SHOE FURNISHINGS

2-in-1 Shoe Polish
Arch Preserver Shoe, The
Bixby's Liquid Polish
Cantilever Shoe
Jung's, The Original Arch Braces
Queen Quality Shoes

SOAPS & HOUSEKEEPERS' SUPPLIES

A. P. W. Toilet Papers
Bon Ami
Chipso
Colgate's Fab
Fairbank's Gold Dust Washing Powder
Fels-Naptha Soap
Ivory Soap Flakes
Johnson's Liquid Wax
La France for Washing
Lux
O-Cedar Polish
Old Dutch Cleanser
Old English Wax
P & G White Naphtha Soap
Rinso
Rit Fast Dyes and Tints
Sani Flush
Sapolio

STATIONERY & BOOKS

American Boy, The
Dennison Paper Novelties
Eaton's Highland Linen Stationery
Le Page's Glue
Wahl Co. Products—Eversharp and Wahl Pen
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

(Continued from page 28) heavens, Frances," Van Sant exclaimed, still trying to help out Sallie May, "haven't you been to the movies in the last five years? Those serials are Miss Thatcher's ancient history. Surely you saw her in 'Treasure'?"

"Treasure" was still running in a Broadway theatre.

"Oh, yes," said Fran carelessly, "I must have. I liked 'Treasure' very much."

The delicate insult of the *must have!*

"Miss Thatcher plays the lead," said Van Sant stiffly.

But Fran had turned to the youngest playwright with some question about the stage version of "Treasure" and apparently missed Van Sant's remark altogether. The next time—and it was quite some time later—that she spoke to Sallie May, she again called her Miss Thacker.

FOR the next hour Van Sant sat smoking in his deck chair and regretting savagely that he had got Sallie May into this. He should have known better, he told himself angrily.

He couldn't help her out much either, now. He did draw his deck chair close to hers and was so extremely attentive that she could not feel quite so left out in the cold as Fran undoubtedly meant to have her. But that was all he could do. Fran very evidently did not wish a beautiful motion-picture actress to become a part of her little group and had decided to settle the issue finally to-night.

Her methods were like a cold fog. Sallie May was as helpless as a child lost in a department store. Van Sant was frantically searching his mind for some reasonable excuse for taking her home early when he became aware that somebody else was feeling sorry for Sallie May too.

Jason drew his chair up to Sallie May's other side and entered into a low-toned conversation with her—Jason, the only other present who was not afraid of Frances, the one person Frances really cared about. The conversation had gone on for a few minutes before Fran noticed it. When she did, "Oh, Jay," she suggested coolly, "don't you want to go in and stir us up a long, cold drink? And get me a handkerchief out of my upper drawer, please."

Jason unfolded his lean length from his chair like a patent six-foot rule.

"I'll get the handkerchief," he said carelessly, "but nobody wants a drink yet. 'S too early."

He returned with the handkerchief and dropped again to the chair beside Sallie May. She smiled at him, her deep dimpled Bobbit's Baking Powder smile.

There was a brief silence. Fran went on talking to the playwright, but her voice had gone flat. There was a faint touch of color in her cheeks, her thin lips tightened slightly—but significantly. The atmosphere on the roof tensed suddenly, waiting. And Sallie May smiled and dimpled at Jason, as unconscious as a two-year-old holding a match to a giant cracker.

Van Sant felt a sudden wild impulse to snatch her up as he would the two-year-old and dash off with her. That seemed the only way he could save her from being horribly hurt.

Fran turned coolly toward her.

"Oh, by the way, Miss Thacker," she began. And her voice was thin, over a very knife-edge. Van Sant turned toward Sallie May almost as though to ward off a blow, ready to answer for her whatever Fran should say. But what would Frances say? . . .

"Hello, one and all!" The tenseness cracked to the sound of an unexpected voice. Teddy Wayne was stepping out through the studio window, assuring them. "Yes, here he is. The boy, himself, not his picture."

Teddy, none too intelligent but vastly successful—his ridiculous newspaper comic of Mr. Nitwit made as much money for him as all the others on the roof could earn together—gay, impudent, assured.

The tenseness loosened long enough for Frances to perform with a languid wave of her cigarette the necessary introductions.

"Miss—Thacker, Mr. Wayne."

"Miss Thacker," Teddy repeated. And then, "Oh, come now, there's no use using an assumed name unless you wear a mask too. If you're not Sallie May Thatcher, I'll hurl myself over the edge of this roof and die a horrible death on the pavement below."

Sallie May smiled.

"Jay," said Frances, "nobody else may be thirsty yet, but I am."

Jason rose with reluctance and Teddy slid promptly into his seat.

"Well," he said gratefully, "the Lord looks out for his own. Besides, Miss Thatcher, you shouldn't smile at Jason like that. Jay's all wound up with entangling alliances. A dimple spent on Jay is simply a dimple lost. But me, now, I'm free as the wind. Any beautiful woman has a sporting chance of getting me."

Fresh! Of course, but for the first time Van Sant envied Ted his sheer, unadulterated impudence. A flash of real magnetism kept the effrontery from ever being wholly objectionable, and to-night, at least, it was effective beyond the wildest dreams of subtlety. The chilly fog Fran had so subtly built up could no more stand against it than any other fog could persist against a bracing gale from the north. Ted leaned closer to Sallie May and said, in a tone that he managed to make confidential in spite of the fact that it was just loud enough for everyone to hear:

"Moreover, I feel it my duty to warn you. I can't say more but heed these words: *Any woman who smiles at Jason is flirting with death!*"

After that, of course, Fran could do nothing but what she did do, drop all veiled hostility and endeavor to create the impression that Ted's words had been the merest idle chaff.

The danger had been averted at the very moment of the falling of the ax. An undercurrent of Van Sant's mind was too well aware that Ted, his elbow on the arm of Sallie May's deck chair, his voice lowered to a flattering undertone, had drawn her quite out of the group into what at least appeared a confidential intimacy.

Hang it all, he had brought Sallie May here to improve her mind, not to flirt with a half-wit like Ted Wayne. And the more he reminded himself that it was none of his business, the crosser he felt.

Take it by and large, bringing Sallie May here at all had been a decided error in judgment. It was with the vastest relief that at half past eleven he tore Sallie May from the persistent Ted and took her home.

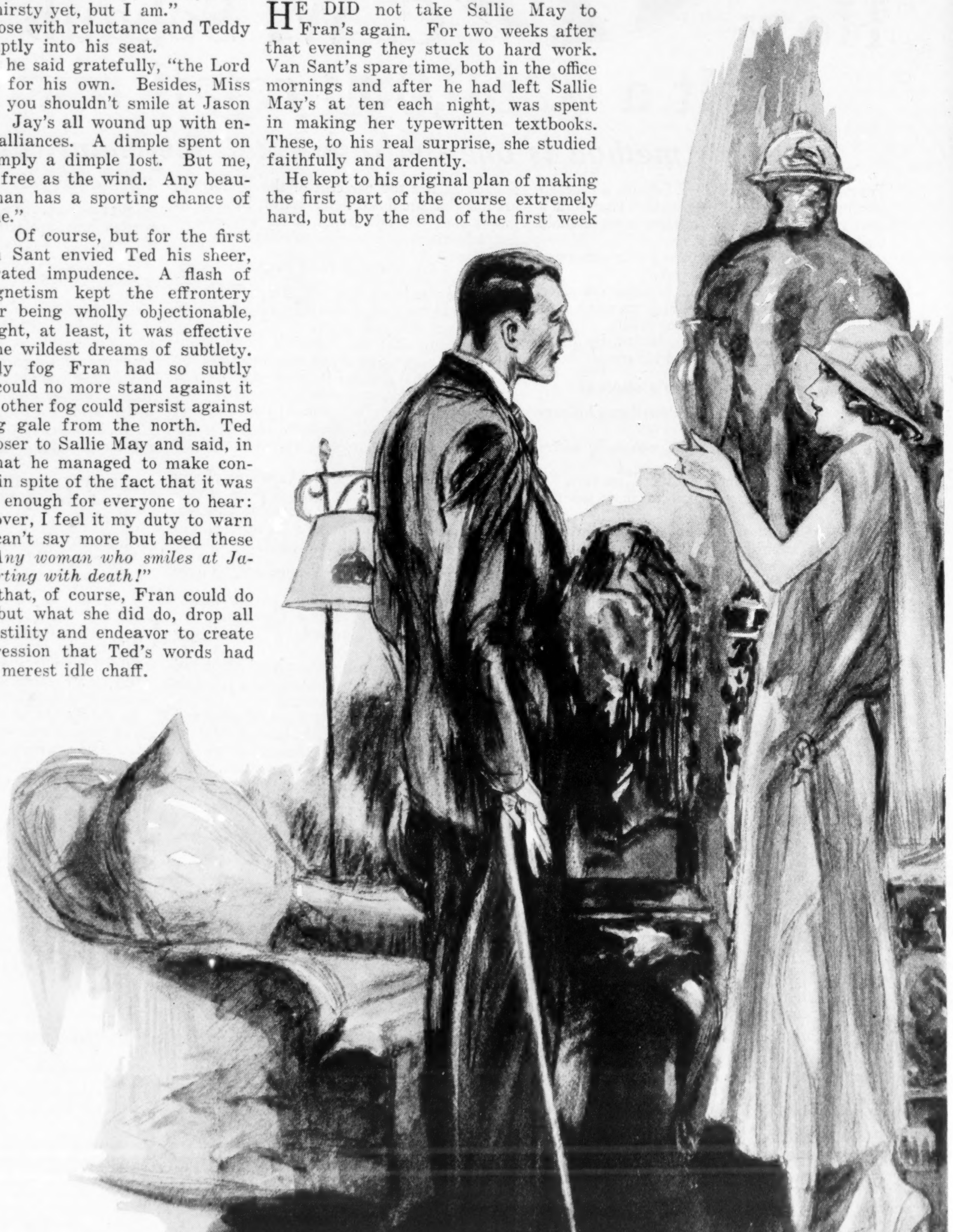
HE DID not take Sallie May to Fran's again. For two weeks after that evening they stuck to hard work. Van Sant's spare time, both in the office mornings and after he had left Sallie May's at ten each night, was spent in making her typewritten textbooks. These, to his real surprise, she studied faithfully and ardently.

He kept to his original plan of making the first part of the course extremely hard, but by the end of the first week he had abandoned his fear of Sallie May's becoming discouraged and dropping it all.

Now and then, as their enterprise went into the third and fourth week, Van Sant wanted to balk occasionally himself. Particularly after their afternoon in the Metropolitan Museum. Sallie May had been vastly relieved to learn about the primitives.

"I always thought pictures like that were supposed to be better than the kind they paint now, and I never could understand why. It's a great relief to know they're just saved to show how well people could paint even when they didn't know much."

But as the afternoon wore on Sallie May lost all interest in the paintings. Suddenly she demanded: "Can you dance?"



Sallie May turned to Van Sant for the final decision in a way that was headily flattering

"After a fashion. Why?"

"Please," she begged, "it's only half past four. Let's go somewhere and dance! I've studied and studied and studied till I feel as though I had simply *got* to get out and have a little fun. Oh, please do. Let's!"

So they walked down Fifth Avenue to the first hotel that had tea dancing.

They stayed there only an hour altogether, drinking iced tea and dancing to the jazz of the saxophones. Only an hour altogether, but plenty of damage has been done in an hour before. The saxophones wailed, half discordant, half magic; wailed to drag emotion, trembling, out from the strictest of confines; wailed with a faint, throbbing undertone like the beat of tomtoms. Music for some savage festival, some primitive dance to the full o' the moon.

The hour over, Sallie May seemed relieved and satisfied, well content to go back to dinner and Cousin Lottie's doleful comments, to settle down afterward to trigonometry, reduced to its bare essentials. But the hour had left Van Sant, even half an evening later, in no mood for trigonometry.

Of course he taught it just the same—taught it with the throbbing, wailing music's echo still calling to emotion, with the feeling of Sallie May, soft, warm, slender, still in his arms. Trigonometry was handled quite satisfactorily, but the struggle left Van Sant with a restless desire, every now and then, to balk.

SOMEWAY, all the variations from their strictest scholastic curriculum served to augment that desire. The afternoon that they drove around New York in Sallie May's car and studied architecture. By the end of the afternoon, Sallie May could spot a Doric column as far away as she could see it, could tell a mansard roof and a Southern colonial front. But by the end of the afternoon Van Sant found the first principles of ethics, which they were to take up that evening, all mixed up with a curiosity about Sallie May's Chicago Phil. He wondered if Phil really appreciated what he was getting in Sallie May.

Then the afternoon they bought furniture. The owner of Sallie May's apartment was suddenly married and decided that she must either sell Sallie May her furniture or take it away. Sallie May was doubtful and consulted Van Sant.

"*Let* her take it away!" he echoed with brutal frankness. "If I were in your place I'd *pay* her to take it away, if necessary."

"Why, what's the matter with it?" she exclaimed, surprised. "I thought it was such beautiful furniture."

"It is perfectly terrible furniture. Like a fat man in a striped bathing suit."

Sallie May dropped into one of the terrible chairs with a discouraged little flop.

"There's just no use trying," she said hopelessly. "There's too much to learn. Why, I thought this place was beautiful. I've always dreamed of having a place with lots of shaded lamps and chairs you can sink way down into. I used to plan it in the furnished room I had when I was posing for Bobbit's and other advertisements. That room was on a narrow airshaft and all weather looked alike from the window. I used to get out on the street with rubbers and an umbrella and find the sun shining. There was just one straight chair and a gas jet in the middle of the room. The light was back of you when you looked in the dresser mirror, and it was like combing your hair by a shadow. Honestly, I could have had jaundice for weeks in that room and never have known it if it didn't change the shape of my head. I used to think, 'Never mind. When I get rich I shall have all comfortable chairs and *lots of lamps.*' "

"I was a pig to have said that about this furniture," said Van Sant in sudden honest contrition. "This being regarded as the fount of all wisdom must be giving me the swelled head. As a matter of fact, I don't know a bit more about furniture than you do. I just don't happen to like this. And that doesn't prove a darn thing."

Sallie May looked at one of the squat, overstuffed chairs.

"It does look like a fat man in a bathing suit, though," she admitted, "now that I think of it. And I want to have just the right kind when the Lawrences come."

So they stole the afternoon from ethics and spent it in an interior decorator's shop. The way Sallie May would turn from the decorator to Van Sant every time for the final decision was unexpectedly, headily flattering. And a teasing, tantalizing idea crept into his head. He had a vague premonition that it was not to the interest of his peace of mind to toy with it, yet it fascinated him. The teasing, tempting, tantalizing idea of what fun it would be to buy things for Sallie May! Her pleasure in the luxurious soft thickness of a rug, her delight to find that a chair might merit approval and still be comfortable, her childish relief when the decorator assured her that she could manage to keep the rooms artistic and still have plenty of soft-shaded lights.

The background of Sallie May's furnished room on the airshaft, the memory of her lean, lean years, lent a poignancy to this eagerness of hers. Buying things for Sallie May would have a touch of the heart-twisting tenderness of a little empty stocking hanging up on Christmas Eve.

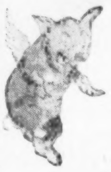
VAN SANT jerked himself back to common sense at last by recalling just how much his present salary would buy for Sallie May even if he had the right to spend it on her. Not only his present but his future income, for that matter. It would take him at least five years to reach the point where he could earn as much in a year as Sallie May doubtless made right now in a month.

This was a steadying thought, but not an especially satisfying one. To fill up the unpleasant vacancy, Van Sant took to fancying himself buying these rugs and lamps and chairs for his own home and Marjorie's. This was pleasanter, of course. And yet even here there was a vague but undeniable sense of lack. For this thought was merely pleasant: it was not poignant, strangely exciting, as was the idea of buying things for Sallie May.

It was probably just as well that Sallie May's shopping, at least such part as required his assistance, was finished up that afternoon.

(*Continued on page 32*)

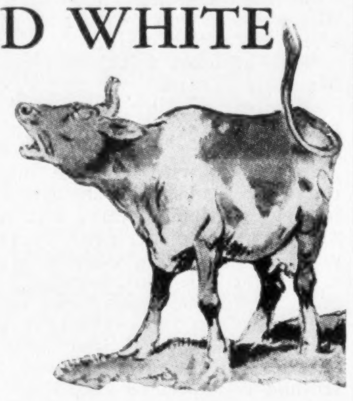
STEWART EDWARD WHITE

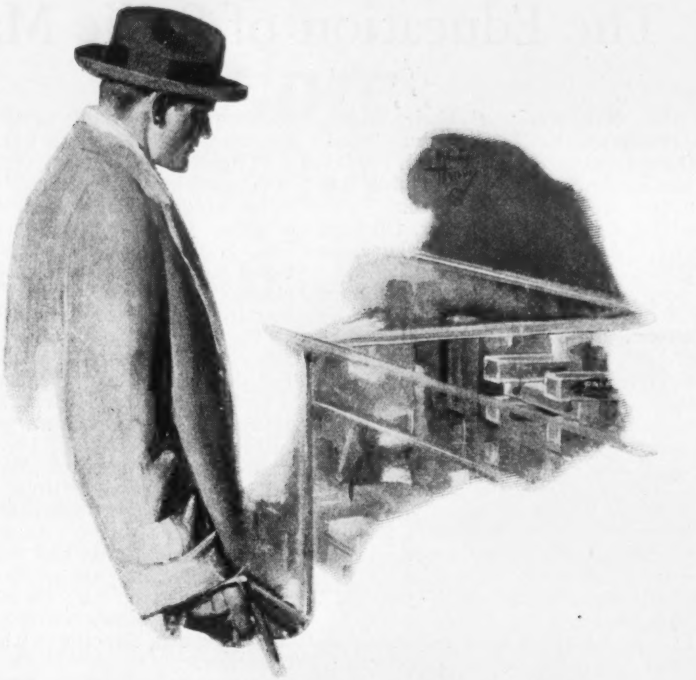


is the author of "The Milky Way." It is about yachtsmen and one yachtswoman on a pleasure cruise, interrupted by a cow. Never take a cow to sea. Pictures by TONY SARG, and everything complete

in next week's

Collier's





Wait—*Don't Buy*

Find out first that our claims are true. Make this 10-shave test.

DEAR SIR:

You're a fair minded man—and as such will give other men a chance to prove any sincere claims they advance.

Now the ones we make for Palmolive Shaving Cream are pretty broad. You may question them.

So we say, "Don't buy yet"—Let us send you a 10-day tube to try. And thus, grant us the opportunity of proving how true those claims are.

Men by the millions have shifted to this unique cream. Today it occupies pinnacle place in its field; its success is a trade sensation. 80% of its users were wedded to rival makes. Only outstanding merit, you'll agree, could shift so hard a market.

1000 Men Told Us

We started out by asking 1000 men their supreme desires in a shaving cream.

They named four. And we met them. Then added a fifth—strong bubbles—the most important of all.

130 formulae were discarded before we found the right one. And when we did, we changed the whole shaving situation.

Frankly, we didn't dream so great an improvement could be made in a shaving cream—soap experts, as we are. Our toilet soap—Palmolive—is a leader of the world. So we speak as masters of our subject. 60 years of soap study stand behind us.

Find Out, Please

Now in fairness to us both, please mail the coupon. We'll rest our case on what you find. After 10 days of new shaving delight, few men go back to old ways.

5 Delights

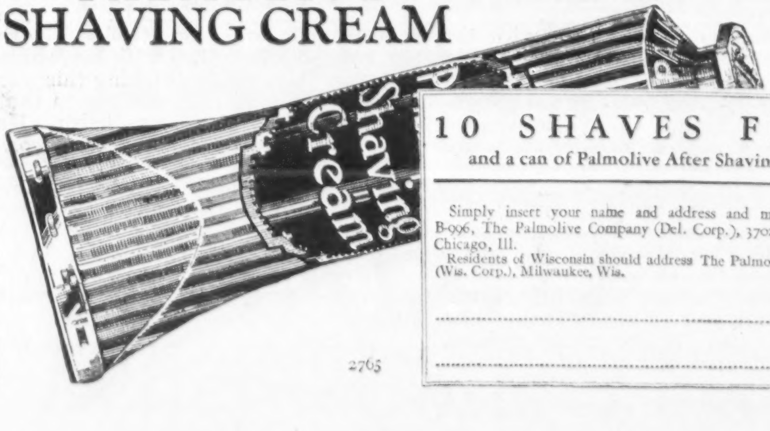
Five remarkable results:

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness 10 minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5 Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM



10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-996, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

....

....

2765

The Education of Sallie May

Continued from page 31

In the fifth week of their educational program Sallie May was reading Shakespeare. Starting with "Hamlet," she announced that she couldn't do much for the Bard of Avon. She plowed on dutifully, however, through the play. And the next day she came to "Romeo and Juliet."

"I can see now," she told Van Sant when he arrived that afternoon, "why they say that Shakespeare could write plays."

"You liked 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

"Liked it!" All the flippancy died out of her voice. "It must be heart-breaking to see it played. To sit there knowing what is going to happen and hear Juliet say, 'Oh, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?' when you know they never will! And you can't do anything to stop their going right on. It—it must be heart-breaking."

"Would you like to see it played?" Van Sant asked.

"Oh, yes! Better than anything in the world."

"There is a very beautiful production going on right now. I don't think it would be cheating education any to take one evening to seeing it."

"I'll send for some tickets right away," Sallie May said.

"No," said Van Sant quickly. "Let me get them, please. I—it would give me a lot of fun to think that I was taking you to see your first Shakespearean play."

Van Sant found unexpected, queer satisfaction in the fact that the tickets were extremely expensive. Their price, of course, would have meant nothing to Sallie May, but it was real extravagance for him.

As eager as a schoolboy getting ready for his first dance, Van Sant dashed up to his room during his lunch hour and carried his tuxedo to the tailor's next day for pressing. Evening seemed too far away. Back to the office for one brief business appointment before he could be on his way to the Riverside apartment.

A switchboard girl took messages for a half dozen offices in the building and when Van Sant reached his desk he found her scrawled slip:

"Miss Thatcher telephoned. She is sorry, but an unexpected engagement will keep her from attending the theatre this evening. She will not be able to see you until to-morrow afternoon."

THERE is always something chillily impersonal about a recorded telephone message. Van Sant read this one over several times with a feeling of decided aggrievement. It was ridiculous, of course. There was some good reason, and Sallie May would explain when he saw her.

All the afternoon he worked in the office, making new outlines for Sallie May. He wanted to keep engrossingly busy. At dinner time he strolled up to Johnson's.

Jason was there and two or three other men. Teddy Wayne was not. Both Jason and Van Sant avoided any reference to Sallie May or the evening at Frances'. As they finished their coffee Jason suggested a theatre. Van assented indifferently. There was nothing more he could do on the outlines, and he had the evening to put in.

It was a fairly good play, and when it was over Jason suggested that they drop in at Manney's, a smart after-the-theatre dancing place.

"Did Manney a good turn with the paper last week," he explained, "and he's fairly begged me to bring a friend or so in every night—eat up the obligation, so to speak. They have good things to eat and drink, and there are always a sprinkling of out-of-towners who aren't in evening clothes."

So the two men found an out-of-the-way table and ordered sandwiches and as near beer as Manney dared serve. It was good fun to watch the dancing and the pretty women with their closely cut, carefully waved heads, their white shoulders and bright slim dresses. Flappers danced with an air of solemn preoccupation, middle-aged women with the vivacity that youth has cast off.

"There's Ted," Jason observed.

Wayne, his white teeth flashing white in his magnetic smile, was dancing with a slim, yellow-haired girl in yellow. Van Sant watched him idly and listened to Jason's discourse upon the riotous living on which Wayne was wasting his generous substance.

"Catch me pay Manney a five-dollar cover charge even if I made the money Ted does!" Jason exclaimed.

Ted, who danced with the lithe ease of an Argentinian, Van privately admitted fitted better in the expensively scented atmosphere of Manney's than did lean, awkward, brilliant Jason. Ted turned on the crowded floor and his partner faced Jason's table for an instant. If their table had suddenly risen and struck Van Sant across the face it could have given him no more surprising, numbing blow.

Wayne was dancing with Sallie May Thatcher.

JASON, to Van's relief, had not caught the glimpse of Ted's partner. He talked on lightly, while Van, pretending to listen, heard nothing of the talk. He drank his beer and swallowed his suddenly dry sandwich with a sense of savage humiliation.

So Sallie May had preferred Ted's casual invitation to his "Romeo and Juliet." She had considered dancing with Ted a pleasure worth giving up an evening out of her precious six weeks. It was the first evening she had taken, Van Sant knew. And she had taken it for Ted.

Her brief, impersonal message came back—"unexpected engagement—will not be able to see you until to-morrow afternoon."

Van Sant left Jason and swung uptown alone. He wanted to walk off his hurt, unreasonable anger. If Sallie May wanted to go out to dance with Ted, there was no reason in the world, he knew, why she shouldn't go. She was paying an excellent price for her education. If she chose to waste it, the privilege surely was hers. Anything beyond the waste of time was nothing, of course, to him. Nobody but Phil Lawrence, in Chicago, had the slightest right to feel aggrieved.

But that was exactly what Van Sant felt, just the same. Aggrieved and hurt and angry and forlornly lonesome. He felt a sudden hatred of Ted Wayne and a strange, violent feeling that was hate, and yet decidedly was not hate, for Sallie May. He stopped suddenly in his swinging walk.

"I'm jealous." He knew instantly that this was true. "As jealous as hell."

He jealous about Sallie May Thatcher! What a laugh that would give anybody! He had never been jealous of a shadowy Phil Lawrence, vague and far away in Chicago. And now it was not, just because he knew Ted Wayne, a mere matter of hurt pride. It had too savage a bite for mere hurt pride. Seeing Sallie May with Ted had waked him up to the truth. That was all. It would be the same now to see her with any other man.

He had been in a pleasant dream these weeks that he had been spending all his time with her. A pleasant dream in which he had not looked beyond the six weeks, had never faced reality at all. In which he had been content to be with her, to dance with her, ride with her, shop with her, study with her. Content in thinking this was enough. To-night was the alarm that jangled him awake to the truth. He was in love, passionately, unreasoningly in love with Sallie May.

It was two o'clock when he let himself into his furnished room. He opened the door quietly but his alert landlady had heard his step.

"Telegram for you, Mr. Van Sant," she called. "I put it in on your bureau."

Van Sant tore open the yellow envelope, read its typed message.

> *Arrive New York Grand Central Station to-morrow Wednesday three thirty.* MARJORIE.

It was an awkward situation. Devilishly awkward. For during the entire month Van Sant had not told Marjorie about Sallie May.

The arrangements, however, proved less awkward than he had foreseen. The problem of meeting Marjorie's train took care of itself. As though carefully planned to coincide with his one brief absence from the office during the morning, Salile May's telephone message came, to be left on his desk again in the cold, firm writing of the switchboard girl.

"Miss Thatcher asks you please to excuse her this afternoon and evening. She will see you to-morrow at two as usual and will explain."

This at least left him free to meet Marjorie's train.

Marjorie, coming down the long platform from the tracks in her well-cut dark traveling dress, preceded by an alert redcap with her bag, might have posed for a picture of the typical American girl. Not pretty, but decidedly nice looking; clear, gray eyes; strong, white teeth; a slim, athletic figure.

And yet Van Sant, meeting her at the gate, feeing the redcap and taking her traveling bag, was grateful that she had a sensible, well-bred contempt for people who kissed in railway stations. He had no desire to kiss Marjorie in a railway station or anywhere else.

She was, she told him almost in her first breath, on her way up to Boston to a sorority convention; she would be in New York overnight only. Well, that was that! It would be the easiest thing in the world for Van Sant to go right on being clandestine, to keep his *status quo* with Marjorie unchanged. It is joyless comfort, however, for a man who has suddenly found himself hopelessly in love with one girl to realize that nothing need interfere with his going ahead and marrying another.

Marjorie, he found, had their time pretty well planned in advance.

"We'll take my bag up to the College Women's Club," she said. "I've wired for a room there. Then I have an errand to do for Father down at 30 Church Street. We'll have just about time to get down there before the office closes."

"What would you like to do this evening?" Van Sant asked.

"Gretchen MacMurtree and her brother want us to have dinner with them," she said promptly. "And afterward I think it would be nice to see the new Dutton play. One of the girls from Detroit was down here last week and saw the opening. She says it's splendid. That is, of course, if you haven't already seen it?"—considerately.

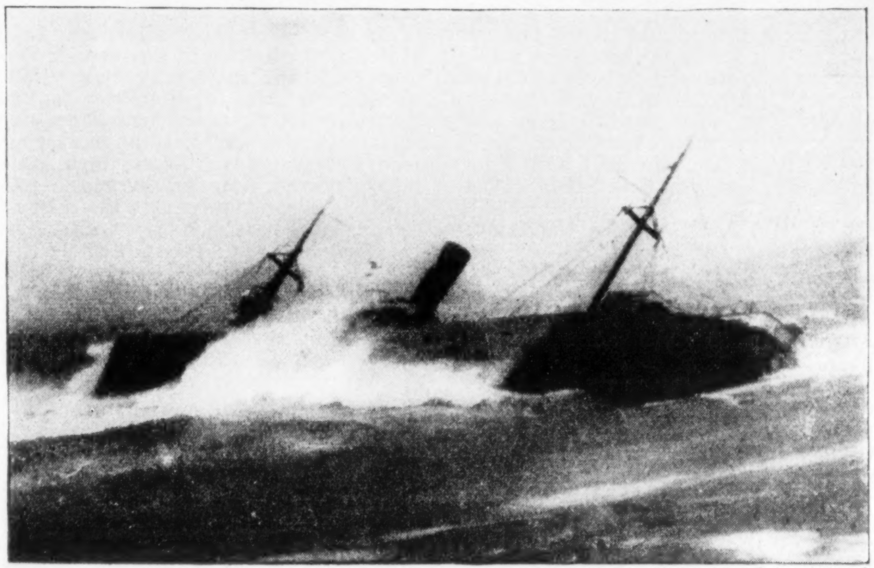
That was like Marjorie. She always knew exactly what she wanted to do.

IN THE huge office building on Church Street Van Sant paused to consult the floor directory. But he need not have troubled. In the elevator, before he had time to speak, Marjorie said, "Seven out" to the operator in her firm, brisk, pleasant tone.

"Oh, Lord!" thought Van Sant in a panic, "think of going through life married to a woman who always says 'Seven out' before you have a chance!"

Either he or Marjorie must have changed. Naturally, of course, he thought it was Marjorie. Surely what he had used to think was personality, dash, could not have been merely this firm, pleasant confidence in her own judgment of everything in the world. On their way up to dinner she disposed of one or two of Van Sant's enthusiasms with a high-handed, good-natured ignoring of any possible point of view but her own. This used rather to

---



International

Fast Work in the Movies

SEVENTY-SIX hours after the Japanese freighter Raifuku Maru went down, motion pictures of the tragedy were flashed on scores of screens.

While the liner was still racing toward the stricken freighter, wireless messages bombarded the purser and others aboard the Homeric. It was a long chance—one in a thousand perhaps—that someone aboard might have a motion picture camera. And—

When the Homeric reached Quarantine it was found that J. M. Beatty, of Columbus, Ohio, a passenger, had "caught" the tragedy with a "baby" camera, the only one of any kind aboard. He used narrow film instead of the standard size of theatre projection machines. How to make the change from narrow to wide film was the problem when the film was brought ashore in New York. The newsreel release had to be out in 28 hours, and only the Eastman Company of Rochester could transfer the films from "baby" to standard size. Negative in New York; Rochester 400 miles away; no train leaving for several hours; a newsreel edition to be made! The fun began.

Within thirty minutes an airplane left New York. In the rear cockpit was S. H. McKean (news editor of International Newsreel) and the film. A terrific storm covered the Catskills; but the "baby" film reached the Rochester laboratory at 8 P. M. By midnight the transfer was made; and McKean, with the negative, arrived in New York at 9 A. M. When the Twentieth Century left a few hours later she carried hundreds of positive "prints" for theatres as far west as the Pacific; and in Broadway theatres crowds were thrilled by seeing the great tragedy that had occurred, hundreds of miles out at sea, only seventy-six hours before!

amuse him. To-night it would have been irritating if he had not been too much preoccupied to be irritated. One could easily picture Marjorie as a matron. She would have healthy, well-trained children, and an equally healthy, equally well-trained husband who would know better than to be late for dinner.

GRETCHEN MACMURTREE, whom Van Sant knew he had met somewhere before with Marjorie but could not place, arrived with her younger brother to dine with them at the quiet hotel on Park Avenue which Marjorie had chosen. Gretchen had been Marjorie's bosom friend in college. Now she was living at home in New York and keeping busy with social service work.

"I've always thought I'd like to do social service work," Marjorie told her enthusiastically. "Ruth Winter—you know, Gretchen, she was in the class ahead of us—is doing it in Boston. She works mostly with working girls, girls who haven't had advantages. She says it is simply wonderful how she is able to make something out of their lives for them."

Van Sant shuddered inwardly. That was exactly what Marjorie would like to do. Shape a life for another person, Marjorie who knew nothing of life herself. You'd never catch Sallie May taking a cocksure, patronizing attitude like that. Sallie May, who knew so much more of life than Marjorie would ever learn.

It was this way with every direction the dinner conversation took. Van Sant would find somewhere along it a bypath that led away to Sallie May.

Suddenly the conversation took a turn which commanded his undivided interest. Young MacMurtree, a silly ass of a college freshman, turned to Van Sant.

"I've got to make an awful hit with you to-night," he said, "so that you'll be moved to take me up some evening to call on our little friend."

"Little friend?" Van Sant echoed, puzzled.

"It's an awful thing," MacMurtree said plaintively, "to live right in the building with her and never get so much as a smile in the elevator. "Why, I—"

Suddenly Van Sant caught the drift. Gretchen MacMurtree was the friend of Marjorie's who lived in Sallie May's apartment house. That was where he had met her before on the occasion of the brief call he had made with Marjorie.

"Oh, stop your driveling, Richard! You're always getting some new wild crush." Gretchen stopped her brother briskly with the air of averting a nasty situation. As, indeed, she was.

At least, Van Sant hoped she was.

But as the dinner went on he had an uncomfortable premonition that the situation had not, perhaps, been wholly averted. Marjorie had glanced at Richard, puzzled, then quite obviously with curiosity. And when, after dinner, she went off to powder her nose and make ready for the theatre, she insisted on taking Gretchen with her. They stayed an unconscionable time and Van Sant grew more uneasy each minute that he waited.

AS THE two girls came back at last, Van Sant knew in an instant that All Was Known. There was no mistaking Marjorie's nervous cordiality to Gretchen, her chill briskness to himself. The beans were undoubtedly spilled. He was in for it. In the taxicab going home, Marjorie said it.

She had had, she assured him, to simply pry it out of Gretchen. Gretchen was not a trouble maker, but Gretchen had happened to see him going to Sallie May's apartment one day. She had recognized him at once—Gretchen never forgot a face—and when, after that, she kept seeing him going there or the two going out together, she confessed it had worried her a great deal. She had wondered whether Marjorie knew about it or not. Gretchen had not been watching him, Marjorie assured him; she always started out on her social service rounds at two and would meet him in the hall. He went there, Gretchen had reluctantly told Marjorie, practically every day.

"I've been tutoring Miss Thatcher," Van Sant explained.

"Tutoring a moving-picture actress? Every afternoon and evening?" Marjorie's voice was sharp. All her brisk, competent air of good nature was swept away. She was like any other jealous, angry woman.

"Yes. Every afternoon and evening."

Marjorie laughed disagreeably. "What have you been giving her—dancing lessons? Gretchen said her brother saw you at the Plaza tea dance."

"We went out to dance one afternoon for an hour and a half. The rest of the time—every day from two till ten—has been devoted to the course of study Miss Thatcher engaged me to give her. It has been purely and entirely a business matter."

"So businesslike, I suppose," said Marjorie, "that you felt it would be better not to mention it to me, even when you were writing me every day."

Van Sant colored uncomfortably.

"I didn't tell you," he said honestly, "because I knew you wouldn't like it."

Marjorie laughed again, a skeptical, I-told-you-so laugh.

"I'm awfully sorry that I didn't tell you about it," said Van Sant. "Because there was no real reason in the world why I shouldn't have. It was and always has been a purely business arrangement. That is the truth, and you are at liberty to believe it or not, as you like."

"What have you been tutoring her in? I suppose she's going to turn lawyer."

"No. I've been giving her an extremely brief concentration of academic education. It's an experiment you yourself would have been interested in."

"I am interested in it," Marjorie assured him. "Extremely. I suppose, then, if it's purely business you can stop at any time you like."

"My arrangement with Miss Thatcher lasts only two weeks longer."

"Two weeks longer! You expect to keep on going there every single day for two weeks longer—with the MacMurtrees living right there in the building? Do you suppose they're going to believe that you're just tutoring?"

"I don't give a tinker's dam what the MacMurtrees believe."

"You don't give a tinker's dam what I believe either, I suppose?"

AND that was, in stark reality, exactly the way Van Sant felt about it. When Marjorie stormed on, giving him no chance to present his side, even if he had wished to, he found himself thinking, "How henpecked her husband is going to be!"

For Marjorie's jealousy was not the kind Van Sant knew, the intensely personal, scorching, torturing flame that had kept him walking Manhattan's streets till two in the morning. This feeling of Marjorie's was the sense of outraged ownership, rather. She would *not* have her fiancé doing thus and so! And, moreover, what would the MacMurtrees think? Jealous? Marjorie's jealousy was but the thin civilized ghost of an ancient stalking force. She would have been angry in pretty much the same way to have come home unexpectedly and found her maid wearing her clothes.

Van Sant let her talk on, feeling that he had it coming to him. Not for the trifling reason Marjorie thought, but because he had done her the real injustice of falling in love with another girl. Not that he did not know—had not known all along—that Marjorie could undoubtedly do much better than himself. Still for him to fall in love with somebody else did not seem to be behaving just decently toward Marjorie.

It was a relief when it was over, when Marjorie had given him back his ring and left him forever.

He let himself into his furnished room, conscious of relief from constant and—for some time past—naggingly unpleasant duty. He did not have any daily letter to write to Marjorie tonight. There need be no tiresome prelude to the only real importance of life. To thinking about Sallie May.

(*To be concluded next week*)

Now
Hear Radio Music Better Than Ever Before

By the end of this year, we expect to see the beautiful new Crosley Musicone replace at least half a million of the best of present-day radio reproducing devices.

For the Crosley Musicone, designed and built on entirely new principles, covered by *basic patents* issued and pending, reproduces music and the speaking voice true to life—

Without distortion, extraneous overtones, resonance vibrations or other horn noises;

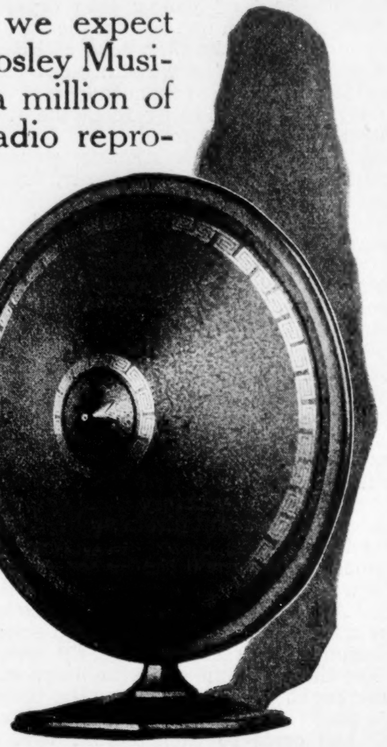
Over the *entire* musical scale from lowest to highest notes on *any* instrument;

Without overloading; and without chattering, because its diaphragm is a floating cone;

Without adjustments or additional batteries;

Without directional properties or a horn;

And at a price that is revolutionary.



The Crosley Musicone is artistically beautiful—an ornament in any home

Add 10% West of Rocky Mountains

17^{50}

Sound from it fills the entire room, the notes clear and round and mellow. No need to cluster round. Every note comes in at its true musical value—in solo, duet, chorus, orchestra and drums.

Your own radio set—no matter what circuit nor how many tubes—needs the Crosley Musicone; and until it has this instrument, it can never give you the best that its maker built into it.

Ten thousand radio dealers are now displaying and demonstrating the beautiful Crosley Musicone.

By all means hear it, and know for the first time what real radio music is. Then equip your set with this beautiful, compact reproducer and no other. Write for complete description.

Guarantee

Dealers are authorized to sell the Crosley Musicone on five days' trial in your home. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded upon return.

The Crosley Radio Corporation, Cincinnati
Powel Crosley, Jr., President
5715 Sassafras Street

Crosley manufactures receiving sets which are licensed under Armstrong U.S. Patent No. 1,113,149, and priced from $14.50 to $65, without accessories.

Crosley owns and operates station WLW., Cincinnati, the first remotely controlled super-power broadcasting station.

CROSLEY RADIO

Better—Costs Less

The Cave of the Bear

Continued from page 21

Over these he heaped brittle twigs, strips of white birch bark and dry boughs. Then he placed beneath the pile a handful of shredded cedarwood which he had pounded to splinters between two stones.

This done, with his back to the people of the dawn, he knelt down and struck the fragment of yellow iron crystals, which he held in one hand, quick glancing blows with the flint head of his ax. At every stroke the watching cave men saw what seemed to them to be a swarm of glittering insects fly from the stone into the splintered wood.

A second later a strange, pungent scent floated through the air, and a puff of what looked like mist floated up from the heap. Then a red spot gleamed like an eye in the ball of shredded cedar. The valley man blew upon it, and before the awed dawn men, beneath his hands, bloomed a flower of gold. At times it would sink, then wavering, swaying, it would burgeon out again with a tinge of crimson in its golden petals. As the dawn people watched close, they suddenly saw that it was no flower but some strange living creature which the valley man had called forth from out of the earth, for it grew and grew before their eyes and reared its beautiful gleaming head high into the air and hissed as it rose and seemed to feed upon the leaves and the dry wood which the stranger had piled up. All at once it soared into the air like a bird, all wavering gold and smoky crimson, and struggled to fly away.

For the first time since the dawn men had fought their way above the beasts and past the ape folk and the sub-men, fire had come to their earth; fire, of which men had learned the secret in a land now lost forever; fire, which was to make man ruler over the beasts and at the last master of all earth.

As the dawn people shrank away from him, the valley man thrust into the heart of the flame a long fragment of dry pitch-pine red with resin. While it was kindling he stripped from a white birch tree a roll of the silvery bark which he pushed into his belt. Then, with a flaming torch in one hand and his ax in the other, he climbed the zigzag path which led to the ledge which fronted the cave.

AN INSTANT later and the vast bear came out into the open with incredible swiftness for a beast of its bulk. Its heavy thatch of fur gleamed tawny red in the sunlight, and its humped shoulders towered higher than the head of the man who faced it and sloped back to haunches which showed like great globes of solid muscle. For a moment the beast blinked, dazzled by the sudden sunlight. Then, catching sight of the man standing not ten feet away, the light of killing flared into the dreadful eyes and it moved toward the man with soft, swift steps.

As it came near the valley man looked like a dwarf in comparison, while the bear seemed to double in size as its red fur bristled on its back and across the ridges of its mighty shoulders. Its padded paws made no sound and its fierce face was a scowling mask of sheer ferocity.

At the sight of the beast that had robbed them of their home and of their tribe the dawn men below raised a shout of rage and fear and the cave bear turned away from the man an instant to stare insolently down upon them.

It was that tiny tick of time, that second in which the beast looked away from its antagonist, which was its undoing. Like the lunge of a striking snake, the valley man darted forward, whirling above his head the blazing bark, and, as the bear turned toward him, he thrust it full into the fiendish face which stared into his. The red fur flamed and shriveled before the fire, and the monster shrank back with such an appalling yell as no man there had ever heard before. As the bear gave way, the man thrust the glowing end of the torch straight into one of its bloodshot eyes, and the red coal hissed as it seared its way through the lid and deep into the eyeball itself. Then, with a movement sudden as a flash of lightning in the dark, the man jabbed the brand deep into the cave bear's other eye and, twisting his lithe body, flung himself down just in time to avoid the terrible double stroke of the monster's ripping claws. Above him one paw struck the side of the cliff such a blow that a great fragment of the living rock was gouged out beneath those curved and steel-like talons.

Dropping his torch, but still clinging to the flaming bark, the valley man with a bound reached the entrance of the cave and seized the stone ax which he had left leaning against the cliff.

Although blinded in both eyes, the bear could locate its opponent fairly well by its keen hearing and sense of smell and rushed upon him, its swinish jaws gaping wide, striking swift blows with either of its huge paws.

THEN it was that the mind of the man, tensed and sharpened by danger, outwitted the slower brain of the beast.

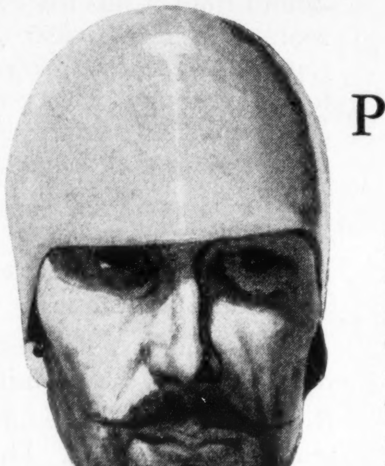
Gripping his heavy flint ax and heaving up its haft above his shoulders, he struck with every ounce of strength and atom of force that his lithe body held. So tremendous was the blow that the handle of the ax, though fashioned from tough and seasoned wood, shattered like ice beneath the stroke and the heavy flint fell with a clang upon the rocky floor of the ledge.

For a second the great beast stood motionless. Then its mighty legs buckled, and it pitched forward at the feet of the man, while a cheer went up from the throng below so loud that a pair of ravens, which had been waiting with much interest the result of the battle, flew up into the air from a near-by rock with hoarse croaks.

The shout was bitten off suddenly. As the valley man stooped to pick up his broken weapon, the cave bear suddenly staggered to its feet and stood up like a man on its hind legs. Towering into the air a full twenty feet, with its mighty arms outstretched, it rushed, roaring, upon the man. He escaped for a moment by a desperate backward spring, but so sudden and relentless was the monster's pursuit that he was overtaken at the very bring of the precipice. In an instant he was wrapped in the beast's grim arms and its grinning jaws thrust themselves forward to grind his life out under their fatal grip.

Fighting to the end, Aleph drew from his girdle the crooked stabbing stake, the gift of the old hunter, and thrust it with all his strength into the breast of the beast just below where the left foreleg showed like the trunk of some gnarled oak. Swerving aside at the pain of the stab, the foot of the monster trod heavily upon the torch which still glowed close by the cliff side. With a yelling growl, as the live coal burned into its huge sole, the bear sprang forward, tottered for a second at the edge of the height, lost its balance, and plunged down a sheer fifty feet with the man still gripped in its paws, landing with a thud on the rocks below. The force of the fall shattered even its bones, strong as iron bars, and drove the stabbing stake clear through the ventricles of its mighty heart.

The man lay stunned across the body which had broken the force of his fall, one hand clenched tight around the haft of his weapon and the other gripping the tawny matted hair of the bear. Then, as the mists of unconsciousness cleared away, he stood upright, one foot upon the quivering body with the dripping stake clenched fast in his hand, while the first fire flared beside him.



"THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE"

is a full-length novel of present-day American life, a work of intense characterization, of decided contrasts in its double setting, and of amazing pictorial beauty. It is by the author of "A Lost Lady" and "One of Ours" (which won the Pulitzer Prize as the finest American novel of 1922).

By

Willa Cather

Beginning in next week's Collier's

Nobody Wants to Leave This Town

Continued from page 26

children and Mrs. Brackett. All poor families that succeed do.

The Brackett case is fairly typical. Durham settlers get on while farmers elsewhere fall back. Why? Organized industry. Every sort of expert advice is used. They specialize in one line. They have a good business head to aid their coöperative marketing.

"Another great help is supervised loans. They work wonders," comments Kreutzer. "You can show a man how to make money by borrowing to buy hogs, for example, and work out with him a farm program for the season. He'll pay back the loan out of the increase and prosper. But no man gets credit for any project that won't make him more money."

At least eight men who came with more capital, $5,000 to $6,000 apiece, have made a net income from $2,500 to $5,200 a year, and their net worth has doubled. The thirty farm laborers who arrived with $50 to $350 and their bare hands have earned a good living, providing steady labor for the colony. Several have bought farms.

The final unusual factor in success is the way these folks have learned teamwork and stuck to it—with human relapses. The Stockbreeders led to a hog breeders' co-op, with fancy Durocs. Certain farmers now sell hogs by the carload.

Their irrigation problems make the Water Users' Association exceedingly important. The peach and prune growers belong to state commodity marketing co-ops.

All this practice working together made them a unit in a fight which reduced unfairly boosted taxes. Malaria had to be eradicated. They formed an effective mosquito-abatement district. The high-school question became acute. To get a really good one they had to pool funds with an adjoining town. They were outvoted on the site chosen, but Durham democracy stood the test of losing.

Human nature's working full time, nevertheless, in Durham. Some people resent being taught. Each American likes to show that regardless of everything he does as he pleases. But the success of this town was staked on the ability of Americans to see the advantages of coöperation, which doesn't work that way. If a community is to act together, each individual has voluntarily to give up some of his freedom. To make a name and reputation for their cows, and good prices for their milk, cream and fruit, they had to look ahead and all pull together. That meant that no milk was to be watered; that all milking sheds must be clean.

Being the community's private and public consultant, Kreutzer naturally was in on everything. If coöperation was to succeed he had to preach sticking together. A competing dealer attempted to disrupt the Durham selling association by offering members an extra price for their milk, a price that would be cut the instant his purpose was achieved. Two settlers broke away.

Despite their bad example, Kreutzer held the association, angered by this desertion, together. He even persuaded it ultimately to take back the erring members. But ol' Human Nature's a mule with wicked heels. Individualism has been kicking coöperation a long while and does not learn its lesson at once. Sensing that the new hostile attitude wasn't overcome, Kreutzer said to Dr. Mead: "The colony and I are getting on each other's nerves. I want you to tell me what is wrong."

"Nothing," replied his superior. "Things have gone smoothly a long time. You folks have been seeing a little too much of each other. I'm going to take you away a while, for a special job at the university."

It was not long before Kreutzer received a telegram. Trouble in Durham. The price of milk had fallen in Sacramento, and the distributor, knowing how weak the usual farmers' organization proves to be, notified them that their yearly contract, still with months to run, was terminated.

Those hundred farmers alone, in this crisis, must have surrendered. Rural life lacks leadership and the power to stick, and Durham was then in only the kindergarten stage of coöperation. It sent for Kreutzer. The folks rallied behind him. He exerted influence that saved their contract. On second thought that dealer did not repudiate. Instead he paid all losses.

Dr. Mead, appointed Director of Reclamation by President Coolidge, took Kreutzer to Washington with him. Durham proved that it stood on its own feet. Miss Marshall, the bookkeeper, an exceptional woman, acceptably filled Kreutzer's place.

The state gains. Durham cost about $800,000. Delhi, a second state colony, started in depression years, cost more. Both are nevertheless solvent, the state will be paid in full, and their inhabitants bespeak their success.

SAVE with SAFETY at your Rexall DRUG STORE

Symphony Lawn
Fine Linen Finish
Bevelled Gold Edge

FOR commencement presents, for wedding showers, for your vacation use—choose SYMPHONY LAWN.

SYMPHONY LAWN is fabric paper so fine that it looks like linen when it is held against the light. White or tinted, with bevelled gold edge, SYMPHONY LAWN is always in good taste.

For June graduates, SYMPHONY LAWN is the present sure to win instant approval.

The bride will appreciate this informal trousseau gift for her many thank-you notes.

For your personal correspondence, choose SYMPHONY LAWN. It is the paper that says quality even before the envelope is opened.

SYMPHONY LAWN is sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

"There is one near you"

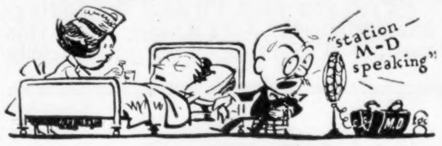
THE UNITED DRUG COMPANY
BOSTON

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

International Concert

THE era of international broadcasting is rapidly approaching. Stations in England have long been in the habit of re-broadcasting American programs. This practice has now extended to Germany; the station at Stuttgart having accomplished the feat successfully. Should the experiments in conjunction with the high-power transmitting station at Chelmsford, England, prove satisfactory, we will soon be able to exchange concerts with Europe by way of the air.



Two Lives in One Night

FROM Hamilton, Ontario, a reader signing himself H. V. C., sends me this very interesting story: "A man whose wife was dying was told that a blood transfusion was the only thing that would save her life. Tests showed that his own blood would not do. So the call for help went out from CKOC, Hamilton. After hearing the appeal the writer together with 25 other men volunteered. A blood test was made and one man chosen. It saved the woman's life. While we were waiting another call came from a man who was in a dying condition. In this case the writer was called upon. Here was a case where radio saved two lives in one evening."

The Drip-Drip Melody

A WESTERN trade paper reports: "The sound of a leaking water main and the strains of a Beethoven symphony may be so much alike that water inspectors listening with modern testing equipment can be deceived." This may account for some of the doubts which pass through our minds when listening to the five, ten, and fifty watt stations. It may also explain the origin of some of our popular songs.

Radio Makes 'Em Talk

"RADIO has certainly helped out the morning newspaper men," writes Roy H. Fricken of Detroit. "Five years ago," he continues, "when a big story was breaking along about midnight, we kind of dreaded having to call some prominent person connected with the story. Nine times out of ten the man would spend nearly fifteen minutes telling us what he thought of us for waking him up at that hour, and about ten seconds refusing to make any comment.

"It's different now. The other night I called a bank president on a big financial story long past midnight. He didn't say a word about waking him up. He was as wide awake as an owl, and all he said was: 'Make it snappy, will you? I've got Los Angeles on the radio for the first time since I got this set.' More than that, he talked, maybe because he figured that he could get back to the radio quicker if he gave me what I wanted."

Don't Wait for the Moon

THERE are thousands of persons in this country greatly interested in radio who do not own receiving sets. They are completely confused by the conflicting claims put forth by the large number of manufacturers. In this condition they pay a great deal of attention to the multitude of rumors which pervade the radio atmosphere—the chief of which is that something new is always about to come out. Hence they wait. Such rumors are a lot of bunk. We are still using radio receiving systems invented in 1912. We have improved the four basic systems somewhat, but we have not revolutionized them. There is no new system in sight.

Quality Counts Most

I AM not disclosing any secret when I say that the only improvement in the near future will be toward simplification of controls, and a tendency toward better quality of reproduction. All reliable and stable manufacturers realize that it is necessary to evolve apparatus which will reproduce music and speech naturally, and their efforts are being concentrated upon achieving that object. It will be years before absolute perfection is achieved. The degree of perfection already available is such that no one should hesitate to purchase reliable standard apparatus constructed by firms whose reputation can be easily checked up.

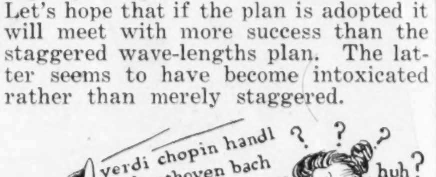
The perfect automobile has not yet been attained, but think how much enjoyment and utility has been obtained from the autos in use during the past twenty years!

We Howl Too Sometimes

"I HAVE a dog that howls every time I tune my set into a soprano solo," writes L. A. Shassere of Terre Haute, Ind. He then continues: "As long as anyone talks on the radio the dog is all right, but just let a soprano start to sing and the dog begins to moan and howl as if in the last stages of misery. Whenever I want to listen to a soprano, it is necessary to shut the dog in a room where the music cannot be heard."

They're Staggering Yet

IT HAS been suggested that broadcast station operators get together and "stagger" their jazz programs. Under the proposed plan one station would begin jazzing where the other left off. Let's hope that if the plan is adopted it will meet with more success than the staggered wave-lengths plan. The latter seems to have become intoxicated rather than merely staggered.


verdi chopin handl iss beethoven bach on de liszt of composahs yet
? ? ?
huh?

Well! Wasn't It?

MRS. PAULL WAITT of Reading, Mass., who sends me the following item, heads it: "Hard Labor for Life." She continues: "Biographical briefs of composers, given by radio announcers, are always interesting but seldom so illuminative as this. It was recently 'picked out of the air' from a concert broadcast by a long string of stations.

"'Johanne Sebastian Bach was the father of twenty children, and he knew little in his life but the hard labor of his craft!'"

Don't Miss This

OUR radio map shows all present broadcast stations, call signals, wave lengths, power, kind of service, standard time divisions, radio districts with their numbers and boundaries, and gives a distance finder. Send in your order now with 25 cents in stamps to Collier's, Radio Map Dept., 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

You're Looking Mighty Well

"That is just what I did say, you're looking mighty well. Why? Are compliments so very rare after ten years of married life that even a little one causes surprise?

"Well, perhaps those things you rub on your face every night do have something to do with it, but their makers don't claim any more for them than that they help the complexion. Your complexion looks great, sure. But it seems to me, too, that you have lost a lot of those tired lines around the eyes you had a while ago. I think those new shoes you bought a few weeks back have something to do with it."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Your husband is entirely right, madam.

Every woman should take good care of her complexion and her hair. They *are* important factors in every woman's beauty. But strained feet and tired arches make women look tired out. In addition to putting things on the face to help the complexion, women who want to look well have come to realize that they must put shoes on their feet which permit the foot muscles to exercise naturally, shoes whose natural lines give real foot comfort.

A face free from tired lines and little wrinkles of weariness, requires that the shoes a woman wears be flexible, comfortable and scientifically constructed. Women, and men, too, who have many steps to take during the day have discovered that the Cantilever Shoe, with its natural lines, its flexible arch and scientifically placed heel, helps them retain the springy step of youth. It keeps them from getting tired, and so looking all worn out when evening comes.

There are many attractive styles for Spring and Summer in tan calf, black kid or brown and the popular Summer styles in white. This time of year is an excellent one for other women and men to make the sensible, logical, comfortable change to the

Cantilever Shoe
for Men and Women

Cantilever Shoes are sold in a Cantilever Shoe Shop or by a carefully selected store in practically every city. Only one store in each city sells Cantilevers, (except in New York and Chicago). If you do not know the address of a Cantilever dealer who is near you, write the manufacturers, Morse & Burt Co., 412 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. A postcard will do.

Blood Money

Continued from page 14

"But why?" Madelon demanded.

Mr. Billingham pointed to the little pink villa behind the high plastered wall.

"Because the poor fellow was shot—probably from that villa—on his way up the hill," he announced gravely. "Naturally he lost control of the car and over it went. As a matter of fact, his neck was broken as well."

"You mean that he was murdered?" Madelon gasped.

"Not the slightest doubt about it," Mr. Billingham replied. "He was shot well on the left-hand side, and there seems to be no cover anywhere near except from the villa. I heard one of the laborers say that they heard the report of a tire burst. As a matter of fact, it must have been the report of the rifle."

IT WAS one of the pleasing functions of Mr. Billingham's cleanly life to perform certain acrobatic exercises in his bathroom every morning. He was lying upon his back, pummeling his stomach with both fists and indulging at the same time in deep breathing, when a knock at the door, the next morning, disturbed his praiseworthy efforts at maintaining his physical condition. "What is it?" he demanded, sitting up.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," was the floor waiter's reply.

Mr. Billingham reflected for a moment.

"Show the gentleman into the salon," he directed, "and leave his card on my tea tray."

The footsteps outside passed along. Mr. Billingham abandoned further attempts to reduce his girth and jumped into his bath. Five minutes later, with tousled hair and glowing face, he picked up the card which reposed upon his tray.

MR. JAMES H. BERRY

And underneath in small type:

BERRY & BRUNTINGFORD,
Private Inquiry Agency

Mr. Billingham poured himself out a cup of tea and, with it in his hand, passed through to his salon. A small man, with sandy hair and an indifferent complexion, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles and obviously of furtive habits, rose to his feet as he entered.

"I am very much disturbed, Mr. Billingham," he confided. "The news of this accident to Captain Bruntingford was a great shock."

"Accident?" Mr. Billingham repeated.

His visitor nodded gravely. "He was, I understand, killed in a motor accident."

"I guess not," Mr. Billingham objected. "He was murdered."

The little man jumped almost out of his chair. Then he leaned forward and looked at Mr. Billingham, his hands gripping its sides.

"You don't mean that?" he gasped.

"I surely do," Mr. Billingham replied. "He was shot through the heart. That's how the motor accident happened."

There was no doubt about it that Mr. Berry was not only taken by surprise, but that he was deeply moved. He dabbed his forehead with his handkerchief.

"I told Bruntingford," he declared, "that it wasn't our class of business. Too risky and not enough to it! He wouldn't hear to reason. Murdered!"

"Put me wise about this," Mr. Billingham begged. "I'm interested."

Mr. Berry cleared his throat. Somehow or other this powerful pink-and-white-looking man, in his bathrobe, still glowing from his exercises, inspired him with confidence. He accepted a cigarette, and Mr. Billingham, after a moment's departure from the room, returned with another cup of tea, helped himself to a cigar, and, crossing his legs, settled down in an easy-chair, with a liberal display of underclothes.

"Bruntingford was after hidden gold," Mr. Berry explained. "I never believed he'd get it, and he didn't. He got something else instead, and it's my belief that the next person who goes after that money will get his the same way."

"What is it?" Mr. Billingham inquired. "Stolen money?"

"Blood money!" was the hushed reply.

"You've got me guessing," Mr. Billingham confessed.

"Eh?"

"What kind of blood money?"

Mr. Berry hitched his chair a little closer.

"The Johnny who first came to see Bruntingford," he confided, "was one of them foreign Jews, and he was marked down for trouble right enough. Never came except after dusk, and he was scared stiff if ever there was a footstep on the stairs. Got a cough, he had too, enough to split him open. I didn't understand a word of their lingo. Bruntingford had to tell me afterward. It seems the little chap was a Russian—had been in the police, and got into trouble. He bolted from Russia and brought some of the papers from headquarters with him. It was through these he got on to the game. The Russian Government, if there is such a thing, want that chap Kitilsky who ran things there for a bit after they wiped the Czar out. He escaped when the Bolshevists took hold, but he's alive still, and they want him."

"Why?" Mr. Billingham demanded.

"Got some papers, for one thing," Mr. Berry confided, "and they believe he knows where there's some stolen gold hidden. Anyhow, they want him bad. Ten thousand pounds reward they offered. The little chap, just before he hopped it, got on to the lay. He reckoned Kitilsky was living at a villa somewhere back of Monte Carlo. He daren't leave London himself, though, and daren't claim the reward. He wanted Bruntingford to take hold and see what arrangement he could make and Bruntingford came out here. Looks as though he had discovered his man if your story's the truth."

"I guess that's so."

There was a moment's silence. Mr. Billingham proffered a cigar, which was promptly accepted.

"I tell you what I'll do," Mr. Billingham suggested. "I'll look into this matter. I can't say I've got properly the hang of it yet, but I'd kinda like to say a word or two to someone in that villa."

"You're tackling it yourself?" Mr. Berry asked, with a shiver.

"I guess so," Mr. Billingham admitted. "I don't know as I see clearly as to the financial side of it yet, but I'll give you a third of anything I pick up."

"It's a go!" was the eager reply. "I'll stay here for a few days on the chance."

Mr. Berry brought his visit to a close. He looked around the room wonderingly.

"What are you taking this on for?" he demanded. "You seem to have plenty of the stuff already—living here like a prince!"

Mr. Billingham smiled. "Appearances are sometimes deceptive," he confided as he showed his guest out. "Besides, there is always the adventure!"

MR. BILLINGHAM, later in the morning, drove up to the Villa des Mimosas in a closed car which he had hired in the Casino Square. He passed the crumpled-up remains of the little red automobile, lying upon the other side of the broken wall, and descended in a few moments before a huge nail-studded door let into the plastered wall. He pushed down the iron handle with a jerk, but found, as he had expected, that it was fastened on the other side. Rather to his surprise, however, after scarcely a moment's delay a little click was heard and the door was released by means of a catch from within. He stepped into a narrow stretch of garden, uncared for and overgrown with weeds. The front door of the villa had been opened, and upon the threshold a woman was standing. Mr. Billingham recognized her at once as a habitué of the Casino. His surprise was increased when the woman addressed him in English.

"Are you the English doctor?" she inquired.

"American," Mr. Billingham replied, with ready presence of mind.

"The same thing," she muttered. "Come in."

She closed the door carefully behind him. Mr. Billingham caught a glimpse of an unkempt-looking man securing the outside gate. The hall of the villa was dirty, ill kept, and almost devoid of furniture. The woman paused there. She spoke in a hoarse, husky whisper.

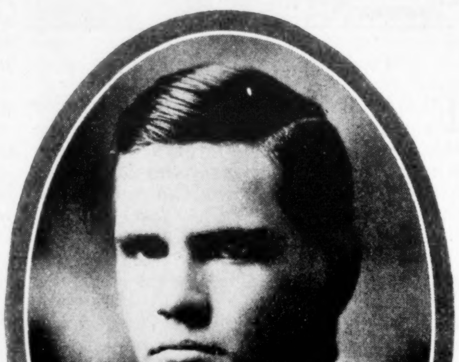
"I don't know that you can do anything," she said. "It is about all up. He wouldn't have a doctor before, though. The only chance is you might be able to keep him going for a week or two."

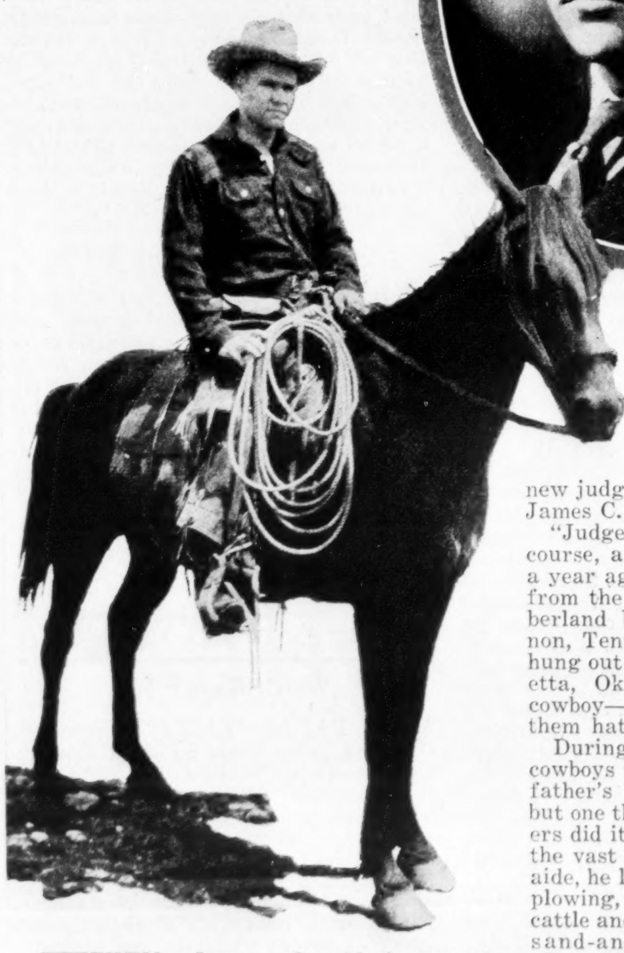
"Let me see him," Mr. Billingham enjoined.

She opened one of the doors which led out of the hall. Mr. Billingham found himself in what might have once been the salon of the villa, but was now a nondescript apartment, containing only a few oddments of furniture, heavy with cigarette smoke, malodorous from the closed windows and reminiscences of past meals. Although it was a brilliantly sunny morning, a pair of shabby curtains were completely drawn—the light in the room was so dim, indeed, that Mr. Billingham nearly blinked. There was heat coming from a closed stove, and stretched upon a sofa by its side was the emaciated figure of a man wrapped in a dressing gown. His throat was so skinny that its cords seemed to stand out almost singly. His deep-sunken eyes were unnaturally large, brilliant with an uncanny light. His white face was disfigured by many days' growth of black and stubbly beard; his fingers were yellow with the stain of nicotine. By the side of his couch was a small table and a miniature roulette board. Close to it was the seat from which the woman had risen. By the side of the roulette board was a strip of paper and a pencil. The man spoke to the woman in a language of which Mr. Billingham knew nothing, and pointed to her seat. She replied soothingly. He shook his head and broke out once more. Then he coughed. She leaned over and patted his shoulder.

HE IS *"Only a Kid"* *But* HE GOT THERE

By WILLIAM KROHN





On the bench, and off, but not trying to set up an alibi

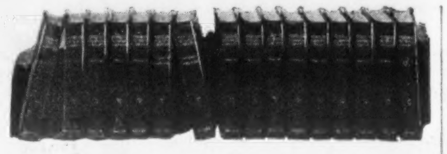
WHEN James C. Mathers chucked his sombrero into the political arena some there were who smiled. "Why, he's only a kid!" they said. "And he wants to be county judge!" It was amusing.

They were right about one thing: James C. Mathers *was* only a kid. He was shockingly young—only twenty-two! But when the votes were counted the skeptics received a surprise. Love County, Okla., had a new judge, and his name was James C. Mathers.

"Judge Jimmie" is, of course, a lawyer. Less than a year ago he was graduated from the law school of Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tenn., and he promptly hung out his shingle in Marietta, Okla. Also, he is a cowboy—which doesn't make them hate him in Oklahoma.

During the war all of the cowboys were called from his father's ranch. There was but one thing to do and Mathers did it. He took charge of the vast property. With one aide, he labored for months—plowing, farming, feeding cattle and performing a thousand-and-one man's size tasks. In addition, he supervised the trading, buying and selling of all stock—a big achievement for a boy of his age.

To-day, when he isn't busy with hearings, he is still a cowboy. *On* the bench he is a dignified judge. *Off* the bench, astride his favorite horse and wearing a broad-brimmed hat, wide-checkered shirt, studded chaps and high-heeled boots—would you ever be able to guess his calling?



At last—

The Whole Story of Science and Invention

FROM Hero's tiny steam engine, invented in Greece more than a hundred years before Christ, to the giant turbines that drove the Majestic across the Atlantic in five days, six hours and 53 minutes—

From Gilbert's first groping experiments with electricity in the sixteenth century to the miracles of modern scientists, which carry music and the human voice into your home by radio—

From the very beginnings of scientific research, almost before recorded history, to wonderful inventions that will be perfected next week and next year—

The whole story of science and invention has at last been told in a fascinating readable style in the sixteen beautiful volumes that make up the new

POPULAR SCIENCE LIBRARY

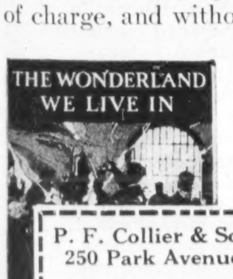
Edited by Garrett P. Serviss

Published and sold only by P. F. Collier & Son Company

Sixteen great authorities have written it for you. Each one has made a whole book on his own subject, then the library has been edited and put together by one of the most celebrated scientific writers.

It is a constant and competent guide to the questions that arise in the daily life of everyone. It is a stimulating aid to growing child and grown-up person; to the business and professional man alike.

But we do not ask you to buy it, or any other Collier book, without full information. Learn all about it before you decide to give your family, and yourself, the happiness and profit that come from owning it. Every reader of this magazine is cordially invited to have this information; the coupon brings it, free of charge, and without obligation.



Send the coupon for this descriptive free booklet.

P. F. Collier & Son Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Without placing me under any obligation whatever, send me a copy of "The Wonderland We Live In." Also please advise how I may secure the Popular Science Library by small monthly payments.

Name { Mr. / Mrs. / Miss ....

Address ....

.... 3275-PSE-L

The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children.

"You had better wait for a moment," she said, turning to Mr. Billingham. "Every day we do this," she went on, pointing to the board. "We spin twenty numbers. I take the results down and go to the Casino and back the same numbers in the same order. It is the only thing which distracts his thoughts since he cannot go himself. We have finished seventeen. Will you wait?"

"I will wait," Mr. Billingham agreed.

The woman resumed her seat, threw in the ball, and turned the wheel. The man leaned over, watching it eagerly. He took note of the number with a little air of satisfaction and muttered something, while the woman scribbled it down in pencil upon her list. Twice the operation was repeated. Then the man leaned back. He spoke a few faint words, apparently in Russian. The woman appeared to assent and he closed his eyes. She drew Mr. Billingham a little to one side.

"He wants me to hurry off down to the Casino," she explained. "He says if I do so, he will let you examine him."

Mr. Billingham opened his mouth and closed it again. There were tears streaming down the woman's terrible face; a sob choked in her throat.

"I am afraid—" Mr. Billingham began.

HE STOPPED short. The door was opened. A man stood there; corpulent, unprepossessing. He wore only a pair of black trousers and a flannel shirt. He was the man who had closed the gate. He spoke to the woman; again in that incomprehensible jargon. She listened and turned toward Mr. Billingham. Her face had hardened, her tone was suspicious.

"There is a man here who says that he is the doctor," she announced.

"He is probably right," Mr. Billingham admitted.

"Who are you, then?" she demanded.

"I came to see who fired the shot from this villa which killed Bruntingford," Mr. Billingham declared, keeping his hand near his hip pocket and his eyes wandering from the woman to the man.

The woman's face had been terrible before, but something of real fury gave it for a moment almost a diabolical expression. Her lips were parted. She remained, however, unexpectedly silent. There was a moan—a low moan but ending in a still more terrible sound—from the man upon the couch.

"The doctor!" Mr. Billingham exclaimed.

She called out something to the servitor. A little dark man with a black bag entered. She pointed to the couch.

"Go out and wait," she ordered Mr. Billingham.

He went out into the dirty hall and sat upon a crazy cane chair. The atmosphere of the place stifled him. Presently he withdrew the bolts from the big door and found his way out into the tangled wilderness of garden which still remained beautiful. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead and waited.

It was probably half an hour before anything happened. Then the woman came out. She advanced slowly toward him, and Mr. Billingham—who had never known fear—was conscious of a strange new sensation in his veins; a feeling that the sun had passed from the heavens and that there was sulphur in the air.

"You came to find out who fired that shot," she said. "I did."

"Why?" he demanded.

"That he should end his days a free man," was the solemn answer. "That has arrived. Are you of the police? I am ready!"

Mr. Billingham shook his head. "The police do not know," he assured her hoarsely. "What about him?"

"He is dead," she announced. "He died—just then."

Mr. Billingham twirled his hat in his hand. It was so sordid, incomprehensible, amazingly unreal. Through a little clump of olive trees he saw that the gate remained open.

"My affair here is finished," he said. "I will go."

"Go!" she assented. . . . "You are fortunate," she added, a moment or two later, "that you did not come a few days ago with your question."

"You know, of course, that there was a great reward for information about him?"

"I have known it for years," she admitted. "Nevertheless I kept him hidden. We had always two foes to fight —spies and starvation."

"And now what about yourself?" he asked.

She stared at him. Another button of her dress had given way. She seemed more ragged than ever.

"Myself!" she repeated. "What does it matter? He is dead!"

Another story by E. Phillips Oppenheim about the adventures of Mr. Billingham, the marquis and Madelon will appear in next week's Collier's.

Who Paints Those Billboards?

Continued from page 12

famous French painter Benjamin Constant, one of whose works hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Monsieur Constant was once a teacher at Julien's in Paris, probably the best known art school in the world. On Mr. Streetor's photograph of Monsieur Constant are these words, written in the Frenchman's own hand:

"To my best pupil, Streetor."

Needless to say, Mr. Streetor didn't study sign-painting with Constant in Paris. In that *atelier* in the Latin Quarter, where so many men of genius have studied, he was taught the high purpose of art, something even higher than a billboard on a skyscraper. However, he had worked his way to Paris over a sea of signboards. He had painted signs until he saved enough money to go to Paris. That was in 1888.

A year went by, and Mr. Streetor returned to America to make more money—painting signs—to go back to Paris and Julien's. Meanwhile three of his portraits in oil and a figure painting were exhibited here by the Society of American Artists and the Academy of Design. . . . But there was money in sign painting. Mr. Streetor went into a business partnership.

"Pounce" and "squaring up" were technical expedients first adopted by Mr. Streetor, and he saw advertising outgrow wooden banners nailed to ferryboats and "rainbow letters," the letters which were painted in various shades of the prism and then outlined against a dark background. And then he sold out his share of the sign business and went back to Paris. He stayed abroad a year. It was his third and last trip, and he came back here to resume painting signs.

There are other former art students among the sketch men of advertising companies to-day, just as there are some young men in the business who will one day get out of billboards into art. So they are of two classes—blighted Sargents or beginning Whistlers.

Seymour Stone, portrait painter who has done King George and the royal family, began washing brushes on a scaffold for $8 a week. He was considered "a queer one." He had "ideas." Another, Vincent Nesbert, got a helper's job on a scaffold when he first came here from Russia. His genius got him off it. He has since exhibited at the Carnegie Galleries and at the International Exhibition at Pittsburgh.

Mr. Streetor remembers these younger men.

"If I had it to do over again," he said, and paused bitterly, "if I had it to do over again—I'd tell billboards to go to hell!"

After exercise, a rubdown with

MIFFLIN ALKOHOL

the external tonic

MIFFLIN ALKOHOL

will give you renewed energy. It will refresh you, lessen fatigue, soothe and relieve tired muscles.

At all good drug stores

MIFFLIN CHEMICAL CORPORATION
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

—and Humors of Wars

Continued from page 11

grounds. Here, he explains, the relative openness of the space would be sure to produce a disappointing result involving perhaps nothing more than the destruction of the New York and Chicago baseball teams.

General Rochambeau states further that he thinks that the Next War will be directed largely against civilization. The experience of the late war, he says, has shown conclusively that bombing soldiers is too slow.

NEW YORK, April—Admirable Breezy, who represents the jolliest type of the hearty British fighter, and who makes a delightful impression everywhere, is of the opinion that the Next War will be fought not only on land but on sea and in the sky and also under the sea. "It will be fought all over the shop," said the Admirable, "but I do trust that the navy will have its fair share." The big battleship, he says, is, after all, the great arm of defense. We are carrying guns now forty feet long with an effective range of twenty-five miles. "Give me a gun ten feet longer," said the Admirable, "and I will stand off New York and knock down your bally city for you." He offered further, if given a gun sixty feet long, to reach Philadelphia, and that if he were given the right gun platform he could perhaps hit Pittsburgh. "I don't despair even of Chicago," said the Admirable. "We are moving forward in naval gunnery every year. It is merely a matter of size, length and range. I could almost promise you that in ten years I could have a smack at St. Louis and Omaha. Canada, unfortunately, will most likely be on our side, otherwise one might have a bang at Winnipeg."

The Admirable expressed his keenest admiration of the United States battleships which he had seen at Newport and Brooklyn. "Your ships," he said, "are first class, and you fellows certainly make good gunners. I feel sure that when the right time comes they will want to come over and have a crack at London."

Admirable Breezy said that while he was warmly in favor of peace, he felt that a sea war between England and the United States would certainly make for good fellowship and mutual understanding between the two navies. "We don't know one another," he complained, "and under present circumstances I don't see how we can. But if our fellows could have a smack at your fellows and your fellows have a smack at our fellows, it would make for a good understanding all round." The Admirable concluded by damning the diplomats and the politicians. In his opinion they did nothing but harm. "I don't know," he said, "whether you have a House of Commons over here, but I suppose you have, and if so you are probably as bally well fed up with them as we are. But I want to say," he concluded, "that your President (I forget his name) is a splendid fellow."

The Admirable is to speak in Carnegie Hall to-night on what *England Owes to the United States.* A large attendance (of financial men) is expected.

NEW YORK, April—Professor Gottlos Schwefeldampf, the distinguished German chemist who is at the head of the German Kriegschemiefabrik at Stinken in Bavaria, arrived in New York yesterday on the Hydrophobia and is at the Commodore Hotel. The professor, who is a man somewhat below middle stature, is extremely shortsighted and is at present confined to his room from the effects of a fall down the elevator shaft. When interviewed in his room by representatives of the Metropolitan News press Professor Schwefeldampf, whose voice is somewhat enfeebled by his having caught a cold in last Thursday's rainstorm, gave very briefly his opinion on the prospects of a chemical offensive in the Next War. The professor speaks with the greatest optimism on the prospects of chemical warfare.

He considers that it has a wonderful future before it. "We were only beginning. We have developed now a gas which will easily obliterate the population of a whole town."

He regretted that unfortunately he had none of the gas in a condition for instant use. "But we shall not rely alone on gas," continued Professor Schwefeldampf; "in the Next War we expect to make a generous use of poison. Our poison factories are developing methods whereby we can poison the crops in the ground a hundred miles away. If our present efforts reach a happy conclusion, we shall be able to poison the live stock of an entire country. I need not dilate," he said, "on the favorable results of this—"

The professor at this point was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing, after which he sank back so exhausted that the members of the press were unable to prod any more copy out of him, and left.

* * *

THERE! That's about the picture, not a bit exaggerated, of where we are letting this poor old world drift to. Can we manage, my dear people, to do something to stir up a little brotherly love all round? We ought to do it even if we have to send hundreds of people to jail to get it. As for me, I intend to start toward it right away. The very next time I see on the street a Russian Bolshevik with black whiskers like an eclipse of the sun, I shall go right up to him and kiss him and say: "Come, Clarence, let us forget the past and begin again."

Reciting Nursery Crimes

Continued from page 10

skates an' wavin' dollar bills. Clarence, however, developed a species of low cunnin' that I didn't give him credit for. Never once did I succeed in lurin' him away from his home so that I could take him some place where his cries wouldn't be heard.

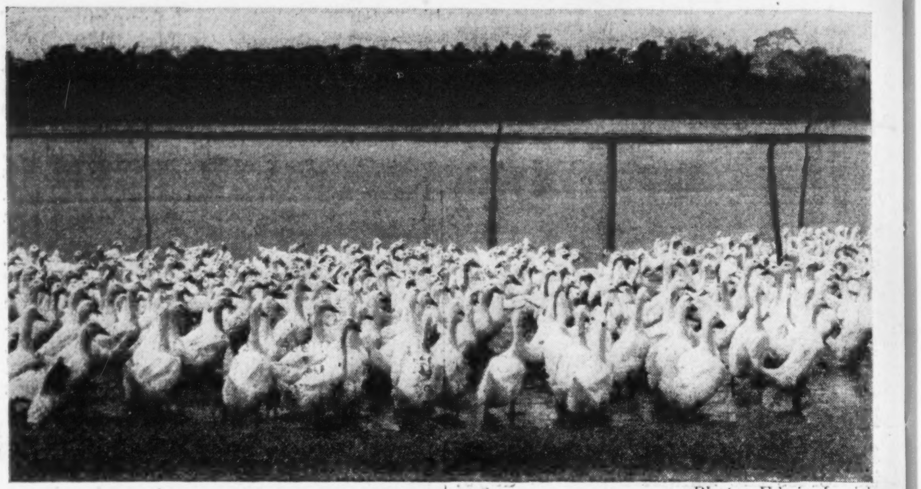
"The other mornin' my little grandson decided he didn't like his cereal an' refused to eat it, an' after some minutes of persuasion his mother stopped tryin' to make him. I left the house at once an' wrote a letter askin' the reason—it's always safest to take up such matters by correspondence—an' she wrote that in child raisin' nothin' was more to be avoided than a clash of wills.

"Her victory, she said, would simply mean superior brute strength, an' what she had to do was to find out what was goin' on in the child's mind. Had I ever been made to eat anything when I didn't want it? Was she right in rememberin' that I had on a red tie at the time? Only a week before the boy'd had nosebleed, an' maybe there was a chain of suggestion there.

"Perhaps they're right, 'Lonzo, an' it's me that's all wrong, but before I admit it, there are one or two things I want made clear. The average millionaire's children get plenty of self-expression, don't they? Their spirits are never broken by spankin' or correction of any kind, nobody ever clashes wills with 'em, an' they come pretty close to doin' what they want. Then why is it that none of 'em turns out any better? Accordin' to the new theories of child raisin', a rich man's son ought to be the last word in virtue."

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Stubbs, "never havin' had any, but it seems to me parents ought to train their children better."

"They haven't got the time," said Uncle Henry. "They're too busy studyin' 'em."



Photos Edwin Levick

Putting Over A CELEBRATED BIRD

By GEORGE HERBERT

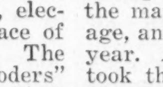
FARMERS have been much advised by city "experts" to diversify their crops. The farmers I tell of here *specialized.* They stuck to *one* thing—the duck. They stuck to it till they *standardized* it. Finally, they *got together to sell it.*

As a result, their duck went to the top of the American trade. To-day, like gold in the money market, it is the standard of duck value. It traverses the continent—from Boston to Los Angeles, from Minneapolis to Galveston and Palm Beach. It crosses the Atlantic on the famous liners. You eat it in London. It goes on round-the-world tours. It is the most traveled duck in the world.

No "business geniuses" did it—just a few farmers, from one county, who got together and followed their noses, guided by mother wit and business common sense. What they did with the Long Island duckling is worth looking at.

The Long Island duckling is the swiftest weight-maker on wings. It chips the shell, feeds, fleshes, feathers, fattens, and goes to pot, all in eleven weeks, increasing its weight during that period, by actual calculation, about 2,640 per cent. And it is *factory-built*, a result of modern, scientific, high-speed *quantity production.*

The birds go through, as on a traveling belt, by the thousand. At one end raw material is fed to the "breeders." Eggs are emitted. The eggs go to a set of incubating machines—in effect a kind of huge, multiplex, mechanical hen bird, sitting on 38,000 eggs at once, with hot-water pipes, carefully measured, electrically controlled, taking the place of mother love. Ducklings emerge. The ducklings pass to successive "brooders" —mechanical hen birds of another kind, similarly manufactured and regulated; and each with its "hover"—a kind of maternal annex, under which the duckie can creep for a warm snooze. Next through successive growing pens and fattening pens, each with a swimming pool attached. Then to the killing shed, the plucking room, the cooling tank, the cracked-ice barrel, and the market.

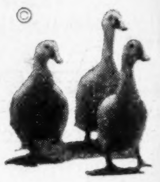


Feeding those ducks is a big job. The object is to grow the biggest possible frame and then fill that frame with the utmost possible fat *in eleven weeks.* Because then the first moult begins and food goes into feathers instead of flesh, while weight-making stops for six weeks and the birds begin to grow tough.

Growth, then fat; both to the limit, and at top speed. This program means proteids first; then carbohydrates, with count of calories like a modern restaurant bill of fare! The menu I saw (I am describing the large farm I visited) included oatmeal, cornmeal, bran, wheat flour, wafer clippings, cracker crumbs, ground ice-cream cones, chopped green vegetables and beef scrap; all duly measured, run through electric dough mixers, distributed by light railway, and fed by the clock three times a day, on metal-top dining tables.

What assures the market is that the delicacy has been standardized and trade-marked, so that it can be sold by the barrel and the package accepted by dealers, *unopened.*

In creating the marketing mechanism, the farmers were favored. Nine out of ten Long Island ducklings are grown in one county. The industry just naturally grew up there among the neighbors, each contributing to the tricks in the trade. The land slopes gently down to Great South Bay. Fresh-water streams are there—the sandy soil is a naturally sanitary feeding floor, and the greatest market in the world—New York City—is only five hours away—by motor truck.



But the proceeds of a farm commodity have a way of sticking to the pockets of marketing middlemen, who (broadly) take two thirds of every dollar the consumer pays.

The Long Island duck farmers just reversed the figures. It is they who are now getting the sixty-five cents, the middlemen the thirty-five. They did not ask government help. They lifted their own wagon wheels out of the mud.

Duck farming is *seasonal.* The hatch is from May to September, the peak in July. Killing must come at eleven weeks. This means a summer surplus, so huge that if dumped at once it breaks the market. Salvation is in cold storage, and spread of sales throughout the year. At first the farmers dumped and took the loss. They had no recourse. They were unorganized, the fattening pens were disgorging surplus ducks by thousands, with the storage plants of the middlemen the only outlet.

The Long Island duck growers, however, saw clearly. They organized the Farmers' Commission House, a stock company, grower-owned exclusively; they put up the money for storage facilities; they employed a capable marketman as manager; and set up in New York City to sell their ducks.

They succeeded remarkably. The company, now in its tenth year, has averaged ten per cent dividends from the outset. It is now restricted to dressed ducks.

Success drew in outsiders with little experience. To reach these people the Long Island Duck Growers' Coöperative Association, Inc., was organized and got the live duck trade. The two bodies work harmoniously, a majority in each belonging to the other also, and a remarkably well-united front is presented to middlemen.

They have of course an advertising bureau, which does effective work; but the fame of Long Island ducklings is spread chiefly by their loving friends.

At the Rum Row War

Continued from page 9

rum-chasing business; the war is young; Captain Bryan and the other Coast Guard commanders must take headquarters and other things as they can find them; in this respect, also, it is like any other war I've ever seen—on the Mexican border, in Vera Cruz or Europe.

The men, too, are very new. The Coast Guard needs men for the Rum Row war. It must advertise for them with posters; it must take them as it finds them, good and bad. The officers may be old Coast Guard men, with the 139-year-old traditions of the Coast Guard behind them, trained as carefully as any West Pointer or any Annapolis man, but the rank and file of the men must be picked up, by recruiting from the sidewalks of the great cities or from country districts. The first enlistments were for only a year.

Bribe Offers Plentiful

THE young commanders of the rum chasers are as clean-cut a lot of young men as you could wish to see. They remind you of war. Some of them have short, stubby mustaches, war-fashion. Some wear their caps atilt, like Admiral Beatty and the Prince of Wales. Others are slender youths, ideal flying men. They must know the sea. Half of their examination results depends upon previous experience on the sea; the other half on academic subjects. There isn't one of these young boatswains—though they are usually called "captains" as soon as they set foot aboard their 75-foot boats—who doesn't think he's lucky to have such a job in these days of peace. Most of these young men have been offered bribes. A few of them have fallen and have been sent to jail.

It's out of a group of these young men that Mr. John Kinnaly picks your "captain." Mr. Kinnaly is himself a newcomer; he has charge of the running of these boats, under Captain Bryan. Mr. Kinnaly could make a lot of money, perhaps. All he would have to do would be *not* to have any of the chasers out in the Narrows at a certain hour on some dark night; he could "play" his boats, no matter how honest his men might be, like checkers, to permit the "enemy" to get through.

I don't know how touchy these big rum dealers really are about losing, say, a third of a million dollars' worth of the finest imported booze and a $150,000 boat.

I don't suppose they would shoot a man in mere revenge *after* he had been partly responsible for their losing a piece of property like that, though some of them have shot men, beforehand, to *prevent* the loss of much less than that. It would have paid someone to shoot me that one particular morning in Mr. Kinnaly's office on the stone boat.

They say it was 48,000 bottles of real Scotch, real liquors and real champagne that young John Reeder, in his spick-and-span uniform, picked up in that single-handed haul he made before we got in from this trip to Rum Row.

Here was how I had a hand in it:

That morning in Mr. Kinnaly's office he said to me:

"You're to go out on the 115. She's waiting over there at the pier."

Just at that minute into the office stepped one of the brightest of the young chaser commanders, John Reeder. I knew him, and I knew that his boat was laid up with twisted propeller blades. He was famous among his fellows for having caught the Dick, one of the fastest rum runners off the Atlantic coast. His father is an upholsterer in Brooklyn.

The idea that came into my head the next moment cost some mysterious person almost half a million dollars.

"I wonder if Reeder may go out with me to keep me company?" I asked Mr. Kinnaly.

"Want to go?" asked Mr. Kinnaly.

"I'd like to go," answered Reeder.

"All right," said Mr. Kinnaly. "You won't be in command of the boat. It's O'Brien's boat. Let him run her. But if anything comes up you take a hand."

But what Reeder did on this trip comes in a later article.

These are long, narrow needle boats, these 75-foot chasers; they are made in three sections, separated by steel bulkheads, and to go below into the engine-room, amidships, or the dining-room and captain's quarters, aft, or the crew's quarters, forward, you climb down steel ladders through trap doors. To go from one section to another it is necessary to come on deck, even in the wildest weather, and make your way to the proper hatchway. The pilot house is level with the deck. In it are Lewis machine guns and rifles and a stock of ammunition. On the deck, in front of the pilot house, is a long one-pounder rifled gun, on a leg breast-high to a man.

We did that fifty miles to Rum Row in about four hours. The Row is so far from the shore that they can't even see the Navesink lights, explained one of the seamen. That's pretty far out; it is by the gleam of the Navesink lights, the longest gleam in the world, they say, that the captains of the great liners make their first landfalls on the way to America.

We had run out in a hurry so that I could get a chance with my cameras before sundown; after that the boat would take on its job of rum chasing if any turned up.

On the horizon in different directions were several ships, small as postage stamps. Two of them were plowing along, at a speed less than ours. One of them, a black ship, showed no smoke.

"Those two ships are headed for Bermuda or Charleston," explained Reeder, "but that big black fellow is a rum carrier."

"Is that Rum Row?" I asked.

"That's its edge," explained Reeder. "They've spread out so that from one boat you can barely see another. I suppose they do that," he added, "to save the rum runners from having to head for the same spot. It makes it harder for us."

Chasing a Runner

THERE'S a great difference, as I have already said, between the Rum Row, off Sandy Hook, so near to shore that Sunday autoists could see the ships lying end to end, and that small boats could reach, after a three-mile run on a smooth, protected sea, and this scantily populated stretch of high seas, with ships lying from four to six miles apart.

The big black ship grows in size as we near her. I'm trying to make out men on her deck, with my glasses.

"There's a runner! There's a runner!"

A seaman up forward shouts these words at the top of his voice. He's a young fellow. He trembles with excitement. There it is, a little speck on the water, almost lost, now and then, between the waves. Is it heading toward the big black ship or is it heading away?

"Full speed," shouts Captain O'Brien. Bells ring below. The two engines explode into a roar. We jump forward like an aëroplane running for a takeoff.

Two things these Coast Guard men always do when they see a rum runner: put on full speed and put a one-pounder shell into their long, rifled cannon. They may blow a siren to order the boat to stop, but, if it is too far away, the captain or someone else puts his shoulder to that giant, breech-loading rifle, takes aim to send a warning shell, near the boat, pulls the lanyard and fires.

Reeder fired, this time. We waited, it seemed, over a minute, to see the shell hit the water. It came close to the little boat. Would it stop, after this signal? We saw now that it had been heading away from the black steamer. It changed its direction. It headed straight away from us. We were using all the speed we had.

Reeder sent another shell; it fell behind the little boat. A seaman stood beside Reeder now, and handed him shells, one at a time. Three, four, five,

(Continued on page 40)

He bought chairs upside-down

TOLD us most office chairs looked alike to him right side up... but he wanted to see how they were made. Good idea... and good business, too.

Over 80% of the cost of Milwaukee Chairs goes into honest and rugged construction. Fine designs, selected woods and handsome finishes attract you first; but the workmanship *underneath* is what determines their long service.

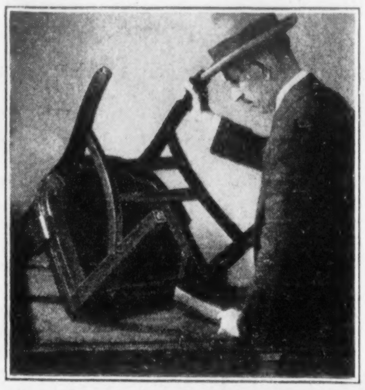
We are always glad to go over Milwaukee Chairs, point by point, with careful buyers. For then, they understand why over 4,000,000 Milwaukee Chairs are in service; and why the Hale Desk Co., largest desk concern in the world, and sticklers on quality for forty years, is the leading distributor of Milwaukee Chairs.

Cost? No higher than other good chairs. Upon request, we will send to interested executives a complete catalogue, showing Milwaukee Chairs for every office use.

MILWAUKEE CHAIR COMPANY, *Milwaukee, Wis.*
Distributors in all Principal Cities

MILWAUKEE
Office Chairs

Largest Distributors
HALE DESK COMPANY
15 Stone Street NEW YORK *16 East 44th St.*



W. L. DOUGLAS
$6 $7 and $7.50 SHOES

IN the selection of the leather, the workmanship and finish nothing has been left undone which will add to the style, fit and quality of W. L. Douglas Shoes. The result is, good-looking, good-fitting and good-wearing shoes at reasonable prices.

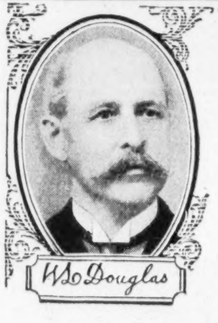
We have many smart styles for Spring and Summer wear, designed especially for young men, also styles for men of conservative tastes.

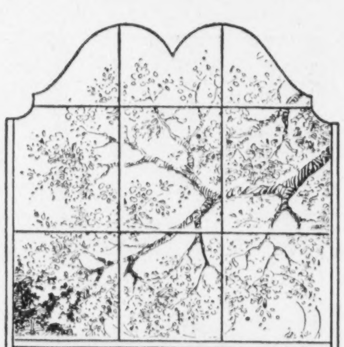
A new broad-toe model in Tan Calf, medium light shade, with black eyelets and fittings.

Our Women's Shoes combine style with good wearing qualities, at moderate prices.

Our Boys' Shoes look well, fit well and wear well. $4.00 & $5.00

The Name and retail price stamped on each pair at the factory.
W·L·DOUGLAS SHOE CO. Brockton, Mass.





At the Rum Row War

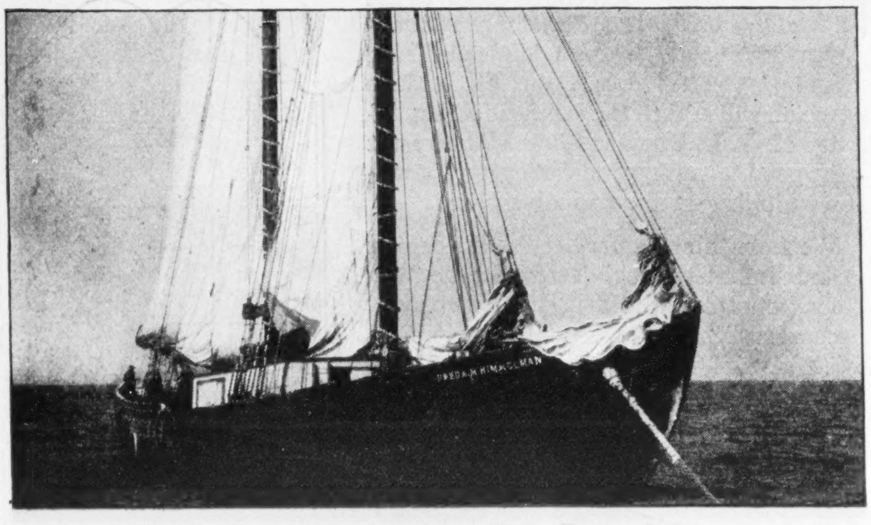
Continued from page 39

six, seven shells he fired at the boat. That thing on the sea dwindled to less size than that of a postage stamp in my glasses, within three or four minutes. It must have been a forty-mile-an-hour boat. It scorned shells. That looked like bravery to me—and it was.

But it was also utter foolhardiness. Under the Act of Congress approved March 2, 1799, whenever "any vessel liable to seizure or examination does not bring-to, on being required to do so, or on being chased by any Coast Guard cutter or boat which has displayed the pennant and ensign prescribed for Coast Guard vessels, the commanding officer may fire at or into such vessel which does not bring-to, after the pennant and ensign has been hoisted, and a gun has been fired by such cutter as a signal, and whenever any person is killed or wounded by such firing, and the commanding officer is prosecuted or arrested therefor, he shall be forthwith admitted to bail."

Here is a situation requiring the exercise of the best judgment, for, although empowered *by law* to stop this vessel by gunfire, the press of the country has carried legal opinions to the effect that if any man, even though he be a lawbreaker, is killed by such action on the part of a Coast Guard craft, the commanding officer may be tried for first-degree murder. In the darkness of the night and in situations requiring instantaneous decision, the skipper of a patrol boat must take his choice between inefficiently performing the duty with which he is charged and the possibility of facing a trial which may send him to the gallows. Before firing at or into a vessel trying to escape, the Coast Guard cutter hoists its pennant and ensign, and at night time these flags are illuminated so as to be easily distinguishable. Repeated blasts of the whistle are first sounded to attract attention, and if these go unnoticed or unheeded, warning shots are fired. In practically every case the rum runner ignores these signals and warnings and utilizes the precious moments consumed by them in outdistancing or escaping from the Coast Guard cutter before the cutter resorts to the more drastic action of employing gunfire.

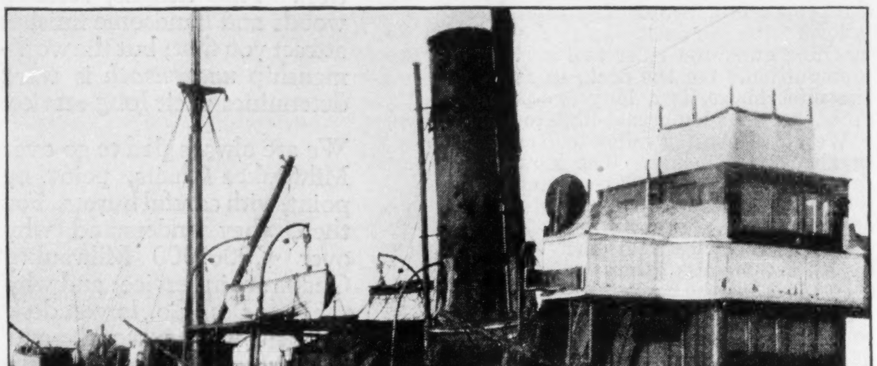
During the chase we passed the black steamer. Even in the midst of the excitement, I looked at her when we were within two hundred feet of her side. At least fifty men were leaning over her rails watching the chase. Only a few minutes before the men in that little boat had been on their deck with them; now right under their eyes those same men were being fired at with shells that might blow the small speed boat to pieces with a single hit.



Rear sails are always set on Rum Row schooners, converting them into safe wind-facing weather vanes

It was a British boat, that first ship I saw on Rum Row. After we had given up the chase, because we lost sight of the tiny speeder and Reeder no longer knew where to aim, we turned back to the steamer. The men on her deck ran over to the side where we were passing. We slowed down, while my camera clicked. The deck was too high above us, but if I could have snapped the faces of those Englishmen my camera would have shown them all smiling or laughing. It was funny enough, I suppose, for them to see Americans shooting at other Americans over what Britishers had to sell.

They were glad enough to see their customer get away.



The City of Cork with freshly cut Jersey tree trunks as lowering arms

"The City of Cork, Hull," were the words on her prow.

I had a sense of utter silliness as I looked up at her; I yearned for some joke to play on the British, or on any other nation whose ships lie off our coasts in a smuggling conspiracy, as ridiculous as the trick these Englishmen were playing on us.

We stopped our engines.

A man in a spick-and-span uniform came along the deck.

"What's your position, Captain?" asked O'Brien.

"Twenty-six and a half miles southeast of Ambrose lightship," answered the captain amiably. He was at a safe distance from shore.

"What are you charging to-day?" I asked. "I'm just a reporter asking questions."

"Oh, about eighteen dollars a case."

"What have you?" I asked.

He named half a dozen well-known brands of whisky.

"Have you any iolene?" I asked him.

"No," he replied, "we don't carry it."

Over the sides of the ship from the main deck hung ropes from pulleys which swung out from arms free of the ship. These arms were freshly cut pine trees, with the limbs lopped off.

They were undoubtedly New Jersey trees brought out to the City of Cork by Jersey rum runners who, in the recent storm, with its high waves, found it safer to remain at a distance from the sides of the big ship during loading. "Loading" at sea is a desperate job in a storm.

"They have nets which carry twenty cases," explained one of the crew. "They lower a net, the rum runner runs his boat under it and twenty cases are dropped into his boat. They weigh about forty pounds to the case. About five netfuls make a load. A fellow can fill his boat in about ten minutes. They carry the nets to shore with them and bring them back the next trip."

There were no good-bys or hand-waving as we started off. The civility had been cold and formal.

Away off on the horizon we saw a small sail. We headed for it.

"That's a storm spanker," explained O'Brien. "It holds the ship with her nose into the wind, like a weather vane, when she's at anchor. This is almost record deep-sea anchoring out here."

We looked at the chart to see the depth of water; it was over 200 feet. The anchor of this schooner—her name was the D. D. McKenzie and her port was Lunenburg, Nova Scotia—was held by rope, not chain.

"The rope is springy," said a young Scandinavian sailor in our crew. Two hundred feet of iron chain would break the nose of a schooner in a storm.

A bell began to ring on the deck. Men came popping out of doorways and up the hatches; it was an alarm signal. But smiles came over their faces as they saw we were only the Coast Guard patrol. Pirates have come out to this Row and have boarded schooners like this one, locked up the crew, killed those who tried to fight and gone ashore with the cargo. Crews have seized captains and have run loaded schooners into New York harbor because they were hungry, or drunk, or tired of tossing in a storm. Chinamen, part of the contraband cargo of one of these ships, were murdered and thrown overboard to save the captain from a charge of smuggling human beings. There's no law out here. This is a place where a man really has to be a man—or go down.

Don't make any mistake about it—fiction writers and play writers and movie writers for the next half century will be telling us of things that happened along Rum Row in these present days—some of the strangest, weirdest things that ever happened in the history of America.

The captain, a grim man, unshaven, in a cap and a checkered shirt, answers Reeder's question as to his position.

"Twenty-seven miles off Ambrose lightship." He's safe. The British flag is protecting him.

They always try to be friendly, these men on Rum Row. In the first place, when they are old-time seamen, they know about the Coast Guard; it has been the friend of seamen through more than a century. In the second place, they want—newspapers and magazines.

Their customers seem to overlook these mental necessities. They bring food and supplies out to these ships, but, seemingly, very little literature. There was a studious-looking gentleman, in overalls, on the deck of this schooner. His hair was long and tousled and he wore horn-rimmed spectacles. He did not smoke a pipe, like most of the others, but rolled long shredded tobacco into a cigarette. Perhaps he is a literary man, the first to discover this gold mine of romance and adventure.

We rolled up a bunch of newspapers, during much talk about the weather and much discussion as to where other ships lie along the Row, and I tossed them across to the schooner's deck. This was like throwing pennies to newsboys. There was a terrific scramble on deck. The man with the glasses seemed more desperate than the others. He seemed mentally hungry. He almost upset the grim old captain, who stood in dignity at one side, while the rush was on. I tried to see what he got out of the mess. He had my copy of Collier's, for one thing, in one hand and a crumpled mass of newspapers in the other. He handed some of the newspapers to the captain. Only the French cook, the tallest man on deck, with a little white cap hugging his head, refused to be interested.

They thanked us with a crash. From somewhere aloft a bottle of Scotch struck our deck.

"Get that off of this boat," ordered O'Brien and Reeder, almost at the same instant. It was easy enough to get it off; a sailor used a broom. The bottle had broken.

"They do that to tease us, I think," said O'Brien. "They call it baptizing our deck. If you get too close they'll always try to toss a bottle over on your deck. Sometimes they say, 'How do you like that smell?' "

But we were to have more talk before we left that schooner's side. I saw barrels on her deck, beside cases of whisky.

"What's that?" I asked a man of the crew.

"Scotch mash," he answered. That's a nickname in Rum Row jargon. I knew that we had discovered that new thing on Rum Row, product of the latest European trick to feed alcohol to Americans—"iolene." I had been advised, at the Coast Guard base, to seek for iolene out on the Row and here was my find.

Up to the time of this writing no iolene has been captured for analysis in the prohibition laboratories, but some rum runner, sooner or later, will be found with a small barrel of the strange stuff aboard and the mystery that has been puzzling the Coast Guard and the United States Treasury Department officials for several months will be solved.

One rum runner that we caught later on this trip—but that is a later story—tried to tell me about iolene, while he was a prisoner on our boat. "They call it 'Scotch mash,' " he told me, "but it isn't mash. It's some sort of chemical. It comes in six, twelve and eighteen gallon casks or barrels. I've never bought any, but they say it costs $10 a gallon. I don't know where it's made. Some say it's made in Germany and that it's alcohol made out of house slops. But it isn't alcohol. You take one gallon of iolene and nine gallons of water and industrial alcohol and you've got Scotch whisky. Some of the runners take it ashore and make 'White Horse' or 'Dewar's' or any other kind of whisky out of it. All you need is labels and iolene and alcohol and you can make any kind of Scotch booze you want. The color and the smoky taste is in the iolene, they say."

On the horizon was another sail and we headed for it. It took us thirty minutes, over the smooth, lazy sea, to reach it at half speed; that meant a distance of perhaps six miles. But as we neared this schooner, the Marie Celeste of St. Pierre, we lost interest in her. Over on the horizon we saw, through our glasses, a steamer. She was standing still. That meant she was part of the Row. But sails and masts showed against the sky line, together with her smokestacks and upper works.

"They're loading over there," shouted Reeder suddenly. "Let's hurry over."

We speeded up past the schooner. By my watch it took us twenty-five minutes to reach one of the rarest spectacles on Rum Row, the daylight loading of whisky from one boat to another on the high seas. You might wait out here for weeks, like an African hunter waiting for animals to come to a water hole, to catch a sight like this. Scores of the Coast Guard men have never witnessed the operation; those who have tell others of the picture.

The men on the two ships were not alarmed by our approach. As we drew near we saw that a schooner was tied up alongside a big black tramp steamer. From a distance we heard the squeaks of pulleys and ropes and could see packages being lowered to the schooner's deck. But all hands "laid off" when we came up within fifty feet of the schooner. There must have been thirty men on the two boats; our coming was like a noon-hour whistle. Men threw themselves down here and there to rest. Other men came to the rails of the steamer to look at us.

The men on the schooner were not particularly interested in our boat; they were old-timers on the Row; their schooner, the Alicante, is an all-the-year-round French habitué of Rum Row. But the men on the steamer are different. They have come from Europe. A glimpse of the American Coast Guard patrol is something for them to tell about when they get back home. They are men of "brave little Belgium." Their steamer is the Ava Capelle of Antwerp, and they are protected by that black, yellow, and red flag that we Americans know so well.

There was nothing these Coast Guard men could do to prevent this conspiracy under two flags.

"We could sink 'em both with one-pounder shells," said O'Brien, "but there's no law against their doing this that we know of."

Britain Worst Offender

IT IS easy enough, out here on the Row, with this spectacle in view, to see how simple it was for Secretary of State Hughes to persuade the British Government to sign a treaty that gave America the right to search and seize British rum ships that came so near our shores that American automobilists might see the British flag flying over them. It's better to have things like this happen far out at sea. Great Britain would not wish Americans to connect the British flag with any such incident as this. Her wisdom in signing the "twelve-mile" treaty is apparent.

"Wet" or "dry," this sight would have made any red-blooded American angry. Yet this conspiracy is going on twenty-four hours a day.

The United States Coast Guard, up to the time of this writing, has seized, within American waters, steamers or schooners flying under the flags of Norway, Italy, France, Great Britain and Costa Rica. Britain is the worst offender; France comes next.

When the Norwegian Government was notified by Washington that ten ships, flying Norwegian colors, were regular habitués of Rum Row the Norwegian Government issued a statement denying diplomatic aid to any ship caught on Rum Row.

"I'd like to cut loose on those ——," said one of the two captains. I think every man on the Coast Guard boat had that feeling.

Up on the deck of the steamer an officer in uniform called down to us:

"Shall I toss you over a case?"

"No, damn you," answered someone.

"How'd you like some fish?" asked a man at the steamer's rail. He was drawing a long rope out of the water. Tied to it were bottles of beer. He and another man, both, evidently, from the schooner, untied bottles, broke off their tops by striking the rail, and proceeded to drink. This string and others dangling in the ocean led to the stevedore's "ice cellar."

We tried to figure out how big a job the men on these two boats had taken on in loading the schooner. Five thousand cases was the probable load of the schooner. With each case weighing about forty pounds that meant transferring one hundred tons. We estimated that thirty men on the two boats, loading and unloading, might require ten hours for the job.

All Look Alike

ONE schooner along the Row was much like another. We went alongside seven of them. Many of them were named for women. There is the Marie Celeste of St. Pierre; the Jeanne Louise of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia; the Ruth Adams of Yarmouth. Five of the schooners gave Lunenburg as home port. Several of them are said by the Coast Guard men to be owned by a syndicate of men in New York City. Other schooners which frequent the Row carry the names of women: the Katherine Mary of Nova Scotia; the Lucille M. Smith of Nassau; the Marion Mosher of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia; the Madeline E. Adams of Halifax; the Dorothy Stuart of Lunenburg; the Edith M. Cavell of Lunenburg, and others.

We were waiting for evening, when, in the darkness, the rum runners from shore were sure to come to the Row. We had run over fifty miles in going from ship to ship. As darkness began to settle down the ships began to signal among themselves with small electric lights, fastened to yard arms or masts. In all that space of ocean, seven miles wide, perhaps, and about thirty miles long, this strangest company of ships that ever gathered on the sea were talking in a code we could not understand. They were talking to each other—and to fast little boats hiding in the darkness; perhaps telling of the presence, in their midst, of us, the enemy. Along the whole Atlantic Coast that night, clear down to Florida, there lay, according to the land telephone, seventy rum ships.

How the Rum Row battle went in other sectors I do not know, but darkness brought, on our sector, one of the most exciting nights of my life, a night of chasing, firing and danger; a night of one of the biggest single-handed captures on Rum Row.

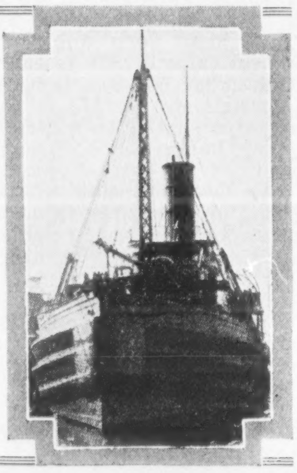
Note—William G. Shepherd's next article, "The Biggest Catch on Rum Row," includes a one-hour face-to-face interview with a captured rum runner, and a story of single-handed bravery on the part of young Reeder unequaled in rum-chasing annals.

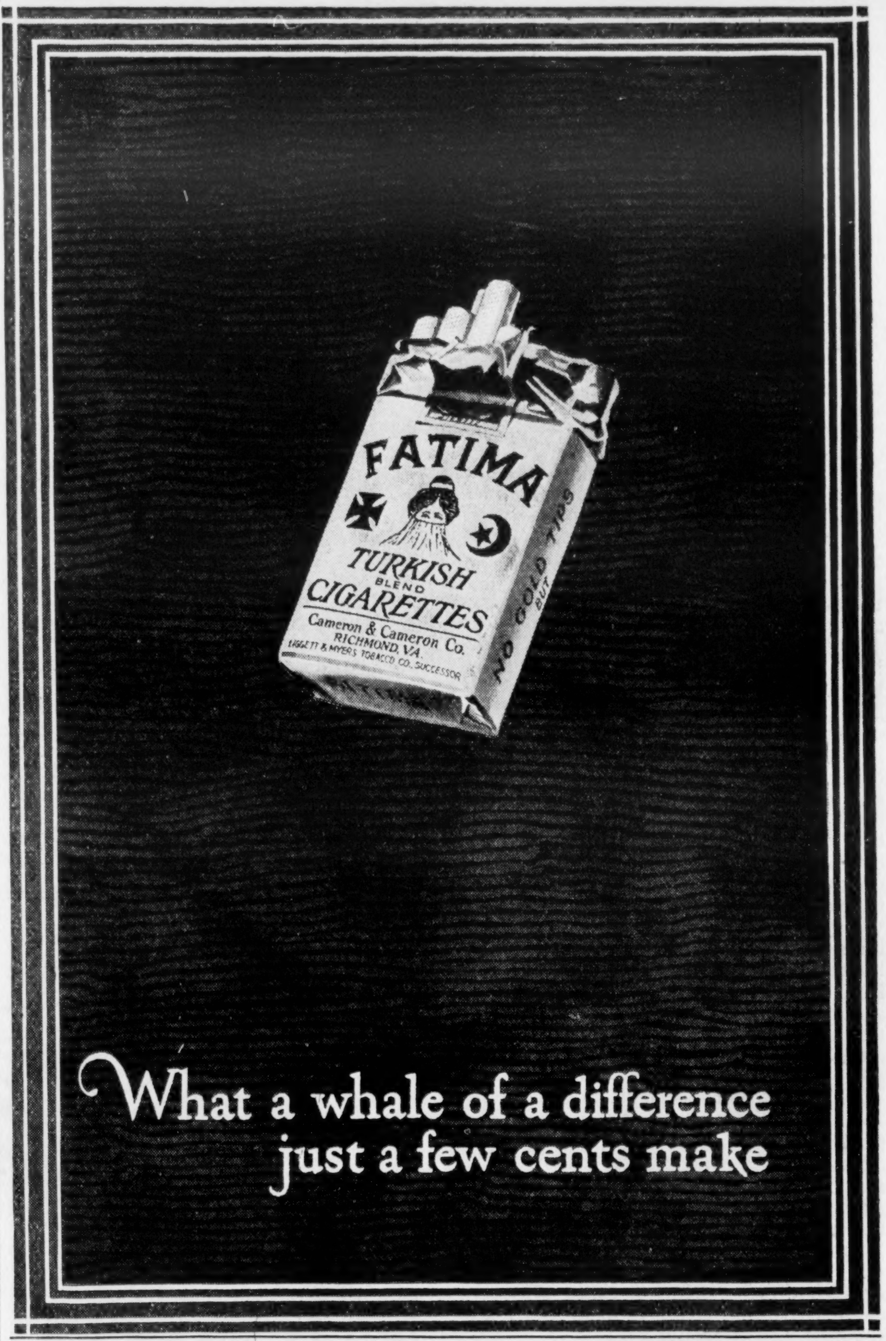
A Big Catch on Rum Row

Captain John Reeder, with a crew of one, was bringing in a captured boat when he ran across the "Robert C. Clowry" (right) with a drunken crew and nearly a half-million dollars' worth of booze. How Reeder captured the ship single-handed and overnight became a hero is told by William G. Shepherd

in next week's

Collier's




FATIMA
TURKISH
BLEND
CIGARETTES
Cameron & Cameron Co.
RICHMOND, VA
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSOR
NO GOLD TIPS
BUT
What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make

What is he reading?

NOW he needs your guidance!

In every child's life there comes a turning point. That is when your child begins to read of its own accord.

The reading habit formed then will largely determine the literary preferences of a lifetime. It will develop taste for the good or the bad.

WILL that taste be for the great inspiring books to which Lincoln, Lloyd George and so many other great men owe so much? Or for the trashy fiction which never inspires, always harms?

The free book offered on this page is of vital interest to thoughtful parents. It tells the story of the Young Folks' Shelf of Books, how and why they were compiled, what they can be made to mean to your child, and how you can have them in your own home on terms to suit your convenience.

The Young Folks' Shelf of Books

The contents of the Young Folks' Shelf of Books (Junior Classics) selected by President Neilson, of Smith College, and Dr. Eliot, editor of the famous Five-Foot Shelf and former President of Harvard University.

They are works that fire the imagination as they instruct the young mind. Open a volume at any page, and the child's interest is aroused. A standard of literary taste is then and there established, such as the best boys' and girls' schools strive to impart.

You should know more about these books—and you can, easily. The free booklet offered below answers every question a parent would ask. Send for this booklet now. Just clip the coupon—no obligation.

Parents, clip this coupon now!

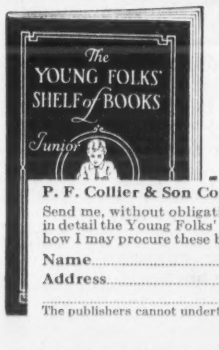
P. F. Collier & Son Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

Send me, without obligating me in any way, the free book which describes in detail the Young Folks' Shelf of Books, and gives full particulars as to how I may procure these books by small monthly payments.

Name..

Address..

The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children. 3279 JCM L



The Long Distance Train

Continued from page 7

face, your heart, and your graceful limbs, together with your wonderful, flaming, instinctive certainty that it would be in your power to open the gates of heaven for anyone you really loved? Twenty-eight years old too, already. And a foggy morning. And those damned blue vase. Oh, dear; oh, dear! I'm sorry for you, Nellie."

In the view from the upper floor the most prominent features were the clock tower, the peaked roofs of the part of the station they called the junction, whence started the trains for the underground and tube railways, with the glass-screened passenger bridge over what they termed the through lines, but across all this she used to stare at the dull haze that obscured the eastward sky and spoke to her of London itself, vast, mysterious, near at hand, and yet playing as little part in her life as if it had been a city of dreams or a place surmised to exist in another planet.

It was almost impossible to believe in it as multitudinously alive, full of bright faces and high hopes, full of loves, joys, wickednesses. The little electric trains were always running to it and returning from it, restarting another ten-mile journey as soon as they had completed the last one, and these trumpery trains seemed to her like her own thoughts, always going to and fro over the same dull ground and never getting clear away. The so-called through trains merely ran out into the valley, made a loop, and were driven back to the great terminus. These balked, thwarted steam trains were like one's sentimental and romantic ambitions, cut short and brought to nothing by the narrow limits of one's monotonous existence.

BUT toward the end of March a tremendous event was announced. For the first time in history a long-distance express train was coming through the station. It would start from a Channel port, skirt round London, and go racing away to the north. It would be the longest-distance train in the United Kingdom. It would come up one day and go down the next, three journeys each way for the week, and on the seventh day it would rest.

The station master came bounding upstairs to tell Mrs. Read all about it. His hands were full of the pink railway bills, and he stammered from excitement as he explained how, because of its geographical position and its connecting links with all parts of the metropolis, Tudor Green had been selected as a stopping place.

"How long will it stop?"

"Two minutes—not a second more. Yes, I shall have to push her through inside of two minutes. Oh, Nellie dear, this means a great deal to me."

It was his chance. He recognized it at once. Here was an opportunity of impressing himself on the world and solidifying himself with the company. The long-distance train must raise the prestige of the whole place, and with the growing fame of his station he would become famous too. He made great preliminary efforts—efforts that included a letter to the local newspaper.

"As and from March thirty-one," wrote Mr. Read, "and linking as it does the north and south of our island without change of compartment, this achievement of railway enterprise fires the imagination. . . ."

There was no doubt that it fired the imagination of Mrs. Read. She could think and talk of nothing else.

She was on the platform to see its first arrival. Everything had been swept and garnished; porters were lined up like soldiers; Inspector Hankinson, stung to rapid motion by excitement, flitted here and there; her poor little husband, with fresh gold lace on his cap, was marching about or standing in a Napoleonic attitude.

"Stand back there! Stand back!"

No one was standing forward, but all felt the strain.

The gigantic black shining engine towered high above them; the huge coaches glided past with an unbroken scarlet name board above the windows; the restaurant car glittered like a small Crystal Palace; then the vast overwhelming thing came to rest.

Mrs. Read watched and glowed. Four or five people got out of the train. Nobody got into it. A man at a compartment window shouted for a newspaper, and Smith's boy with his tray ran to him.

"Take your seats. Take your seats." The porters were calling the new words they had learned. Take your seats for Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, for Durham—for impossibly remote places. It seemed to her that they were crying "Take your seats for novelty, for freedom, for paradise." A whistle, a white cloud of exhaust steam, then the tremendous puffs, each puff like a thud against one's heart, and the train was moving again. It was gliding past her. It had been panting to get away from this dead suburban world, and it seemed to give a long shiver of relief. She shivered too.

She watched it every day, dressing herself for it in her best clothes, as if she were going to church. Those two minutes had more life in them than the whole of the twenty-four hours. They *were* the day.

Sometimes she sat on a bench all the time gazing with ardent eyes, noticing and absorbing every minute detail of its passage. Always, always, there was interest, excitement. Such wonderful people got out of it and changed to the other lines—strong sunburnt people utterly unlike anæmic residents of the suburb; people with magnificent hand bags, aristocrats; people that she knew must be Americans; tall, elegant women with colored veils and gray male companions in tortoise-shell spectacles; once policemen with a terrible prisoner in handcuffs, a murderer perhaps.

ALMOST at once she noticed the man in the train, the man who had shouted for a newspaper. He came up on Monday and went down on Saturday every week. He traveled in the Sheffield coach.

For the first two or three times that he looked at her and smiled at her so boldly she lowered her eyes. Then he kissed the tips of his fingers to her. She rose from the bench and walked away in a dignified manner. But all that evening she thought of him; in imagination seeing the train as it dashed across dark moorlands or through deep, wild ravines near to its destination; seeing the brightly lit compartment, with him in it smoking a cigar or reading a book in the corner by the corridor. He was big and strong, inclined to be stout even, with smooth red-brown cheeks and a fierce reddish mustache. How old? Forty-five—forty-three at the lowest. With surprising correctness she guessed that he was a commercial traveler of some large firm.

On the following Monday he stood as usual at the door of the compartment, and he made a sign to her as if inviting her or ordering her to approach. She looked up and down the platform to see if her husband or anybody else was observing her, and then went to the carriage.

"What is it?" she asked quietly. "Do you want a newspaper?"

"No, I wanted to speak to you."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Read, flushing and using words that she felt were utterly inadequate to so portentous an occasion. "Then I consider it great cheek, your beckoning to me like that. Yes, I do."

" 'He either fears his fate too much!' You're acquainted with the quotation;" and leaning out of the compartment window as if trying to get his face close to hers, he talked in a way that almost took her breath away. He had the glib eloquence that belongs to his profession and was able to lighten it with the half-facetious tone that will sometimes obtain an order when argument is exhausted. "O sweet and mysterious lady, who and what are you? As you are beautiful, be kind. I have named you the Duchess of Tudor Green. That is who you are, isn't it?"

"Certainly not," she said, still inadequately.

"A countess. A countess at the least?"

"Nothing of the sort."

"Then what has this dust heap, this back yard of the universe, done to deserve your constant presence?"

She could not help smiling at this, and she told him that she was the wife of the station master, "if you must know."

"But your name?"

"Why should I tell you my name?"

"Because I am going to write to you."

"Oh, no."

"Oh, yes. And I want to address my letter properly. If you don't tell me, I shall address it to The Entrancing Wife of the Tudor Green Station Master."

"How can you be so silly? No, indeed."

She was frightened. She looked at him with an appeal in her eyes and spoke like a child. "You'd get me into an awful row if you did that."

"Then give me your name."

"Take your seats, take your seats," cried the porters. "Next stop Leicester."

"Your name?"

"Read," she said weakly. "R-E-A-D."

Then as the train glided out of the station, she went with slow, heavy footsteps up the stairs to the booking hall, and up again to the house. Two minutes! It seemed incredible that her husband had dispatched the train within the prescribed time. The train seemed to have been there for hours.

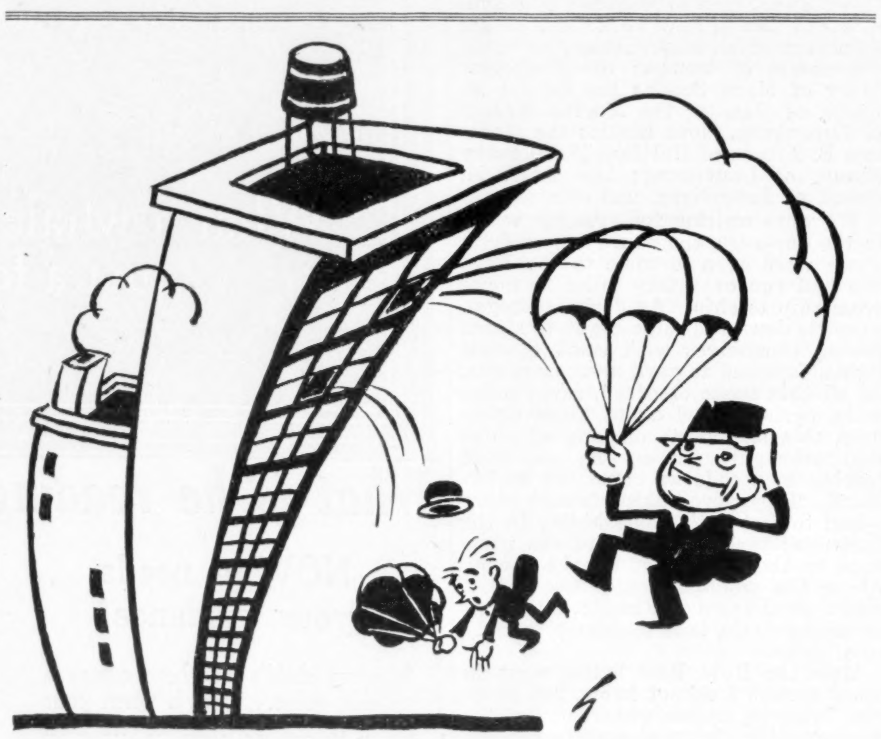
ALL that evening she was thrilled, excited, but angry with herself. Next morning she woke with a sense of some queer, unexplained sort of happiness, like the memory of a dream; and then, also inexplicably, this gave place to a feeling of even greater blankness and dullness than she had experienced in the past. By ten-thirty she understood and, worse still, mentally acknowledged what was the matter with her. She wanted to see that man again, and the trouble was that between now and the possibility of seeing him there stretched the appalling stream of empty routine made up by five interminable days. She could not see him till six o'clock on Saturday.

It was mere nonsense his saying he intended to write to her. Of course he would not write.

But he did. The letter was a declaration of love; and she answered it, reproving him. And after this, although they talked to each other so often, they exchanged many letters.

Passengers for the train were more numerous, lots of people got in and out, sometimes the two minutes were all bustle and confusion. Thus everything was favorable to the progress of their flirtation. She told herself thousands of times that it should never be anything more than that. Yet she knew it was very dangerous.

As soon as Mr. Read's back was



Why They Don't Build 'Em HIGHER

By EARLE C. REEVES

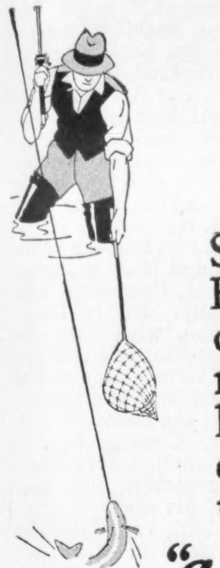
CLEVELAND talks of a great Union Station building, almost rivaling the Woolworth "Cathedral of Commerce."

The skyscraper kings of New York, including the managers of the Woolworth estate, shake their heads. At least two one-thousand-foot buildings have been designed. The designer of one told me the stresses would be so great that battleship steel would be required to carry the load. But no one has offered to build such giants. The top thirds, at least, of the Woolworth and Metropolitan towers do not pay.

The reason is not so much cost of construction as it is *transportation.*

When we go about our business in the city you and I refuse to wait for elevators. One must leave each floor every thirty seconds or oftener, or tenants move out. This is the hardest problem a skyscraper architect has to face. It is not merely that installation and operation of elevators are so expensive—I know of a building where the electric power cost is one thousandth of a cent a passenger—but that our split-second impatience necessitates such a huge transportation system. In any major city the space occupied by an elevator shaft on a single floor has a rental value of \$20 to \$30 a month. One dollar per day, per floor, is the approximate rental-loss cost of an elevator shaft. In a certain thirty-story building the "transportation system" *occupies* space that would have a rental value of \$100,000 a year, or a capital value of nearly three quarters of a million. This despite an express system of cars running 600 feet a minute.

Cleveland's proposed building would be a good deal like a rum runner's boat—big engines and little cargo space. That's why they don't build 'em higher.



Steady!
Beeman's
quiets
nerves-
keeps you
calm-its
use is
"a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum
AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

This is the actual house built by the Flagg method

Build a Home—Save 33⅓%

The man who Designed the Famous Singer Building in New York Tells You How to Save Money

The house above was built at an actual saving of one-third by following Ernest Flagg's new system of building. It has six rooms, two baths, a garage, hot-water heat, a real open fireplace and many unique features. It has walls of solid masonry, fire-proof partitions, composition floors, such as fine hotels use. It will be standing five hundred years from now unless torn down intentionally.

You can build a home like it and save a third if you follow Flagg's methods. Harold Cary tells you how he built his, and gives complete plans, costs and illustrations in his book, "BUILD A HOME AND SAVE A THIRD."

This book can save you hundreds, perhaps thousands of dollars, if you contemplate building. Get your copy today.

Price One Dollar—At all bookstores or direct

Reynolds Publishing Company, Inc. New York
Address Dept. B. H. 3276, 250 Park Avenue

WIDEWEB
Boston
Garter
Velvet Grip
Quality
First

Insist on Bostons
for the extra comfort of:

—The Velvet Grip
—The Pad Without a Pucker
—The Oblong Rubber Button
—The Extra Fine Webbing

All dealers, 25c to $1.00
Knicker Boston for Sport Wear
GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON
Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for Women, Misses & Children

turned she used to go swiftly to the carriage door and stand there, watchful and alert, while their light talk continued. She made it as light as she possibly could.

"What you had better do," said the man, "is to come with me one day."

"Oh, that's likely, isn't it?"

"Why not? Run up north and back next day."

"Thank you; much obliged," and she laughed.

Then one day Mr. Read saw that she was talking to somebody in the train and asked who it had been.

"So funny," she said. "A friend of my cousins—the Lamberts—up at Sheffield."

"Cousins — Sheffield — Lamberts. I never knew that you had relations up there."

"Oh, yes—two families. The Lamberts and the Balls. Mother's people, you know."

He did not know, but he believed her. He had not the faintest suspicion that she was lying.

BUT thence onward she was more careful. The man, however, had no care; he did reckless, mad things.

"Do look out," she said anxiously. "Oh, let me go."

He had seized her hand and he held it.

"Stop struggling. If you struggle, I'll pull you inside and carry you off with me." His face was hot and red, and the glib words poured from him. "Say you love me. I'll make you say it. I'll hold your hand till you say it."

"Let me go." She was scared, trying to laugh, almost ready to cry. "Of course I don't love you. Duchesses don't fall in love with strange men in trains."

"Be quiet. Nobody's looking. Listen. I shall be off the circuit soon. I shan't come south at all. I'm going to Belgium. Say you like the feel of my hand, really. You want me as much as I want you."

"I don't. Let me go. Oh, I'll never speak to you again."

"All right." He had released her. He stood a little way from the door with his hands plunged in his pockets, and he glared at her. "You needn't worry. I never want to speak to you again either." And he seated himself in the furthest corner of the carriage, and sat there with his back toward her. He did not even turn round when the train moved.

That evening she wrote a letter to him, the doubly fatal letter that women always write on such occasions. First, it is fatal to write at all; and, second, it is fatal to say the things they say. But they all seem to do it, employing nearly the same words always. One could write the letter for them.

"It has made me wretchedly miserable," wrote Mrs. Read, "to know that you are so angry with me. But it is not my fault. You must surely see my point of view. It is all very well for you, but—" And so on and so forth.

Next day she looked as she had described herself, miserable; white, limp, and dejected, as she used to look in the dull, long winter before the train started running. She told old Emma she must do the work unaided. Then, two days later, the post brought her comfort. He was not inexorably angry. She helped Emma, she laughed and sang on the stairs, and from that day she abandoned the famous "point of view," she thought no more of whether things were right or wrong, wise or foolish, cheap or prodigiously costly. She had determined to tear out of the heart of life all that it can yield before it grows cold and changes to unthrobbing, unfeeling death.

When she told her husband that she would like to go up north, spend a night with her cousins, and come back next day, he made no objection. It seemed to him so natural that she should want to have a trip in the splendid train.

"I suppose," she said, "you could get me a free pass, couldn't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so. . . . Oh, no doubt I can," said Mr. Read hopefully; and he added that he would go up to the terminus and ask them at the traffic manager's office this very afternoon.

But they refused to grant the favor. Both mortified and indignant, Mr. Read bought a first-class return ticket. He told her that it was a pass, and looked for her delight at seeing that it entitled her to travel first-class. However, she said nothing, until presently, observing that it seemed like an ordinary ticket, she questioned him. Then he was forced to admit that he had bought and paid for it with his own money.

"Oh, but that's too good of you—much too good." And after a pause she said meditatively, "Suppose I changed my mind and didn't go, would they give you back your money?"

"I doubt it."

Why had she asked? She knew that she was going, really.

On the morrow he saw her into the train himself, hurrying her along, seeking a suitable compartment.

"Here, this will do," she said, and she turned the handle of a door.

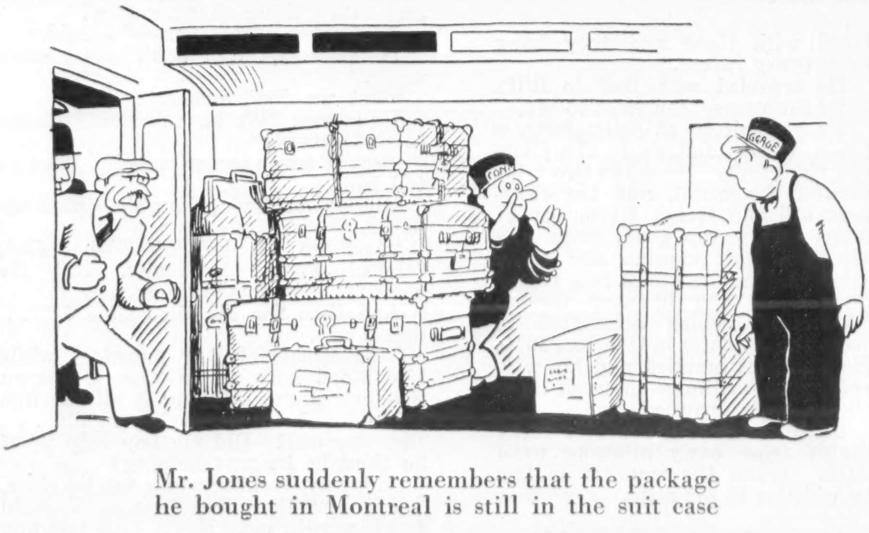
The compartment was empty except for a large man in the far corner. The station master hesitated. On principle he liked to put ladies with other ladies. But this was a corridor coach. Moreover, Mrs. Read had already got in. He handed in the dressing case after her. The big man took no notice of them, not even looking up from his paper.

"By-by," whispered the station master; "take care of yourself." And he hurried off to his duties.

She did not come back next day. She wrote to say she was never coming back.

MR. READ showed the world a stiff, if rather jerky, sort of dignity in his misfortune and disgrace. Except for a few words with Emma and Inspector Hankinson he refused to speak of the matter, giving out to everybody that his wife would be returning before long. Stupid as was old Emma, she had had suspicions, and in spite of confusion and excitement Hankinson had seen things and thought about them. For one thing he had seen the man in the train. He would know him anywhere.

(*Continued on page 44*)



Mr. Jones suddenly remembers that the package he bought in Montreal is still in the suit case

SAVE Building COSTS

You can save materially on building costs and eliminate future repair bills by using Natco Hollow Building Tile for the walls of your new home. Natco units are large and can be quickly laid. Moreover the hollow passages in Natco walls form a protective blanket of air that insulates the interior against discomfort in all seasons. Write for a copy of "Natco Homes" containing many pictures of attractive, fire-safe and comfortable dwellings. It's free.

National Fire Proofing Company
1417 Fulton Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

NATCO
HOLLOW BUILDING TILE

AT LAST—Walter Camp's Daily Dozen COMPLETE!

JUST OFF the press—a handsome new big book, enduringly bound in cloth. Contains full directions for doing the famous Daily Dozen, including a new chart of exercises to hang on your wall. Also Walter Camp's own suggestions for diet, other forms of exercise, and his vigorous, manly philosophy of life.

Nearly half a million copies of the Daily Dozen pamphlet have been sold. Learn health and success from Walter Camp. At your bookstore—or just send $1 to us, and we will mail.

Reynolds Publishing Co., Inc., 248 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

New-Better-Simple Lawnmower

Direct from factory
Thousands of Satisfied Users.
Weighs only 7½ lbs.
Trims close to walls and trees. Cuts tall and short grass, dandelions, weeds.

MONTAMOWER

Quiet. Ideal for terraces. Strong, guaranteed mechanically perfect. Saves hand trimming. Costs less than ordinary heavy lawnmower.

Montague Mfg. Co., C
148-154 Louis St.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Send MontaMower circular and special reduced price offer.

Name..
Address......................................

The Long Distance Train

Continued from page 43

"You'd know him yourself," he said. "You must have spotted him."

"If you ever see him in the train again, you tell me," said Mr. Read. "Tell me that instant."

But the man was never seen again.

One night as Mr. Read sat at supper Emma's stupid affection compelled her to touch upon the forbidden subject.

"You don't eat, sir, like you did—and that ain't right with all your work and responsibility. If I may say it, sir, you'd far best stop fretting for her. And, b'lieve me, there's as good fish in the sea as ever come out of it."

The station master thanked her for her faithful kindliness; but next day he paid her her wages, gave her a present, and dismissed her. He engaged an even older woman, who came for an hour in the morning and in the evening. He pigged it thus as well as he could.

Once, too, Hankinson spoke to him in the gentle, kindly voice of genuine commiseration.

"You know, I am sorry this should have happened."

"Nothing has happened," said the station master, flushing and trembling. "Mrs. Read has gone away for change of air, and will be back soon."

Throughout the summer he nourished a sort of superstitious belief that his wife would come back to him, but he was unable to prepare or even think of the attitude he should adopt in such an event, although he could see himself and hear himself all day long in imagined scenes when brought face to face with the man. He knew about that all right. He or the man should die.

Nowadays he hated the train. It sickened him and set him trembling as it smoothly crept in; the imagined noise of it when far away filled his brain; the sheer deadly weight of it swung with remorseless force through his dreams. In the torment of his thoughts the train and the man had become all one. Brutal and overwhelming both of them, together they symbolized destiny, destiny that for years ignores you, then comes from afar, knocks you down, passes over you, crushing you like a worm. Sometimes as he stood on an almost empty platform all alone, thinking, he had what the French call an *éblouissement*. Although the signals had not been taken off, although no electric bell had rung, a visionary train was bearing down upon them; it seemed to come tearing and rending space; it flashed past, an invisible whirlwind of iron, steel, woodwork, glass, and steam. Mr. Read put a shaky hand to his forehead and shaded his eyes. The whole world was shaking.

He was glad that the train itself had failed to attract. Of course everything in the slightest way connected with him must turn out badly, but in this case he did not mind. He felt pleased. With the beginning of the regular tourist season passengers for the train grew less, Tudor Green people never used it, its coaches became emptier and emptier. By the end of September all the line knew that the allied companies had decided to abandon their experiment. Then soon came the definite announcement that "as and from November first" the train would cease to run.

The station master watched one of his staff pasting on the bills.

ON THE 30th of October the long-distance train passed through on its last northward journey. It was a wretched, foggy day, with the fog outside clearing toward evening, but still filling the station, and about seven the station master, standing on the down platform, had the worst of his *éblouissements*. A miserable, bedraggled woman, getting out of a third-class carriage of a train from London, suddenly emerged upon him like a ghost in shrouds of vapor and touched his arm. It was his wife.

"Step upstairs," said Mr. Read shakily. "The door's unlocked. I'll follow you soon as I can. . . . Yes, sir, this is Tudor Green. No, you don't change anywhere for Tide End."

Her aspect was that of the guilty wife in a melodrama. Her garments were shabby, her face was white, her eyes seemed dark, tragically hollow. As she sat crouching by the fire that the old woman had lighted for her in the living-room and as Mr. Read stood looking at her and making vague gestures with his hands, he had a clear vision of her as she used to be not very long ago; so fresh and healthy, when he came to the gate of her mother's house and she was waiting for him in the little garden among the country flowers, a country flower herself, waiting for *him*, her sweetheart. Pity welled up from his tortured heart, flooding him, drowning him. It was his fault, truly. They would say so at the Day of Judgment. She had put herself and her life into his hands, and he had been unable to hold them or protect them. He was a failure.

She confessed that she had been with the man all this while, in Belgium. Now he had cast her off. She wanted her husband to forgive her.

Mr. Read said that he would do so.

While she told her tale he was compelled to leave her once or twice and run downstairs to attend to business. When he came back she went on with it again. As soon as she had done she began to cry.

"There, that's enough," cried Mr. Read, gulpingly and huskily. "We'll make the best of things, not the worst. I've told you I'm prepared to—let bygones—let bygones. . . . A fresh start together, if—if you'll loyally—" But he could not continue. Suddenly he sat down at the table and wept much more loudly than she. "Oh, God! All my life! Yet I've tried—never, never have I ceased trying. Oh, my God."

The old woman came in, laid the table, brought the supper; and later on, when they sat at their meal, they were able to talk quite naturally. In the lamplit peace of the room, with only the noises and tremblings that did not disturb either of them, it was almost like old times. She asked him questions—even a question about the train.

"No, not a success. Coming off. . . . Yes, to-morrow we shall see her last trip." And he scratched his side whiskers and blinked his eyes.

Then that same night, very late, she made a further confession. She was going to have a child.

This finished him. It was more than he could contend against—this notion of her having a baby and of his not being the father.

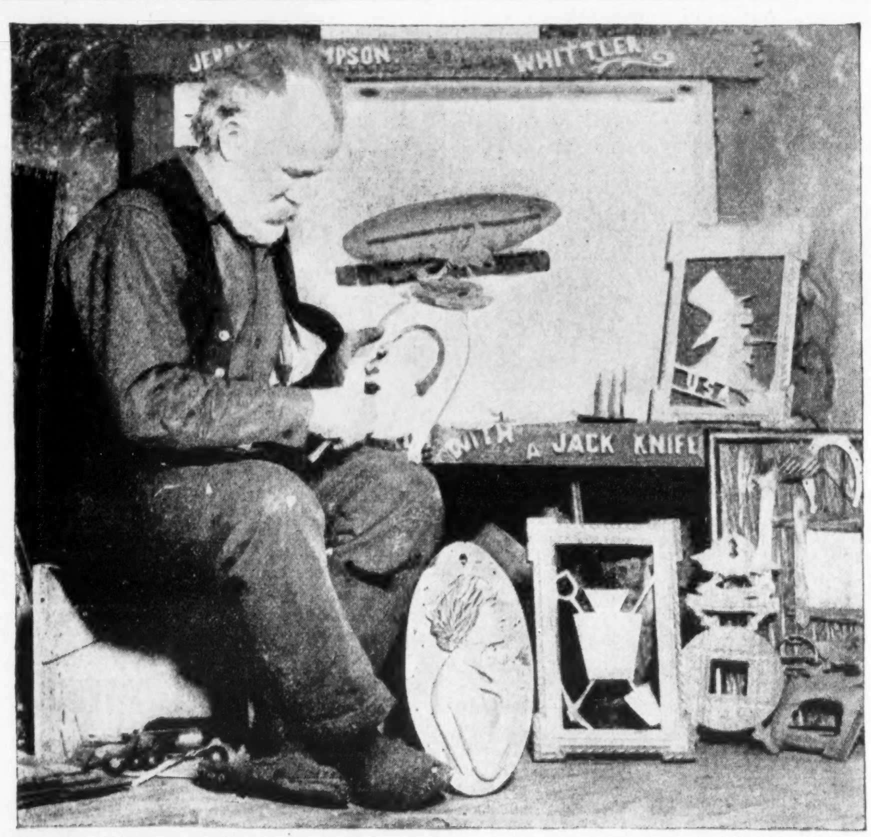
Next day the fog had gone. At six o'clock the night was dark and still, with approaching frost in the air. A little interest was displayed when the long-distance train came in for the last time. Ticket collectors descended the steps for the last look; the two barmaids were in the doorway of the refreshment-room; Smith's boys peered into its empty restaurant car. The station master was there, of course, but he did not so much as glance at it. As the enormous engine loomed up under the footbridge he called to Inspector Hankinson.

"Hankinson, take charge. Hold her the full two minutes. Then shove her off. I'm wanted."

And he hurried along the platform and disappeared. He had gone down to the path that leads to the southern signal cabin.

TWO minutes. The train glided out of the station for the last time. But it stopped again about four hundred yards further on and stood there in the darkness, with its tail lamps glowing like luminous blood, people shouting from the signal cabin, the rear guard coming back between the metals, and passengers putting their heads out of windows and asking if there had been an accident.

At the inquest they said it was an accident; and the coroner expressed great sympathy with the widow, who, as he understood, was about to become a mother.



He Tells His Story with a KNIFE

By CY PETERMAN

A LITTLE, white-bearded man resembling Santa Claus recently glided first over the finish mark in a New Jersey skating carnival. To Jerry Thompson the victory was just another incident in a life full of adventure.

Born in 1856 at Pawnee, Okla., Thompson in his youth became a cowboy and scout.

"While with the Indians I learned how to carve in wood," he says, leading the way to the attic of his home, 104 Linden Avenue, Collingswood, N. J.

One by one he brings forth a surprising collection—a history in wood.

There are wooden plaques of Lincoln, of Buffalo Bill; tiny ships fully rigged, miniature tools, Indian war implements—the floor is littered with them and they hang from every rafter.

He traveled with Buffalo Bill's show for years, then went to sea.

He specialized at sailmaking, a trade he still follows in the Camden shipyards. He made two trips around the world, and the carvings tell the story: likenesses of kings and pagan gods, ships and mosques, luck charms and other trinkets. In the group is a reproduction of the ill-fated airship "America," which attempted to cross the Atlantic in October, 1910. He was just married and his wife refused to let him go. Most of those aboard were drowned.

On Sundays in the winter Jerry skates from early morning until dusk. When the weather is bad he whittles in his attic.

The Mother of the Unknown Soldier

Continued from page 5

night he got home I looked up and saw his father in my front doorway. He shouted at me with his rough voice:

"God A'mighty, what's the idea? Is this war business all it's cracked up to be, or ain't it? And if it ain't, why don't we throw it out, the way we'd throw out any other thing that's rotten?"

"But when war comes—" I said.

He shouted, "War don't come, war's made."

"But we don't understand—"

He swore: "We haven't the right not to understand!"

"But it saves the world—" I tried to tell him.

His big, bellowing laughter filled my house.

"Are we all half-wits?" he cried, "Dolts! Fools! Half-wits. . . ." He went off shouting those names.

And then for the first time I wondered. . . .

This Memorial Day morning, while I've stood here above the Unknown Soldier's grave thinking it all through I couldn't help wondering again. . . . Did war end? Did my boy help what he thought he was helping?

Suddenly, looking away to the river, I felt him there beside me. I could feel him with me. Not a little boy any more, nor a schoolboy, and not a soldier. Just somebody near me, in me, almost as much a part of me as he was before he was born. I couldn't cry out to him—I didn't need to.

And then I knew that was it. *He was I.* He was here with me this morning, nearer than I ever knew the dead could be. Whether he is the Unknown Soldier—*oh, and he might be!*—or whether his young body is three thousand miles away, he himself was here with me.

When, after a while, I said to him softly, "Son, speak to me—speak to me," nothing came back but my own words. But nothing needed to. Because it was just as though I was thinking his thoughts. His thoughts, or those of the Unknown Soldier that might not be he:

"I slaughtered in the name of God, as I was ordered to do. But it is all of us in our graves who give the orders now: End war, end war, end war! Keep your faith with us, in the name of God!"

I stood there for a long time, looking down on the river getting bright with the bright east, and away to the city where the white dome is, and to the west where the nation was sleeping.

To know these men is a liberal education

The ten greatest educators of all time

ARISTOTLE

Born B. C. 384. The Greek philosopher in Athens, who wrote on logic, rhetoric, natural science, ethics and politics. The greatest of his work appears in Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

GALEN

Living in the second century, A. D., he was the first physician who felt the pulse of his patients. Some of his remedies are used to this day. Several of his writings, with explanatory notes, are in the Five-Foot Shelf.

DA VINCI

Born 1452. The Italian artist whose famous painting of "The Last Supper" is known throughout the world. He was also an engineer, and his sculpture is of the highest excellence. Interesting details of his life and work are in the Five-Foot Shelf.

SHAKESPEARE

This sixteenth century literary figure needs no introduction. Besides many of his immortal plays and poems, you will find interesting commentaries on the great poet by many authorities in the Five-Foot Shelf.

MILTON

The seventeenth century poet, who was Cromwell's secretary, a champion of a free press and of religious liberty, and the writer of "Paradise Lost," as well as many masterpieces of noble verse. His finest writings have been selected for you by Dr. Eliot.

BACON

Lord Chancellor, philosopher, master of worldly wisdom. He presented to the world, in the Elizabethan Era, a judgment of phenomena which was completely scientific in our own modern sense of that word. Read about him in the Five-Foot Shelf.

LOCKE

The philosopher—born 1632, was one who, like Dr. Eliot himself, sought, in a contentious age, to apply to all the problems of life a clear light of reason. His classic "Essay on Human Understanding" is included in the Five-Foot Shelf.

NEWTON

Born 1642. Newton formulated the laws of motion under gravity, separated the colors in light by means of the prism, and made other far-reaching contributions to science. He tells about his discoveries in the Five-Foot Shelf.

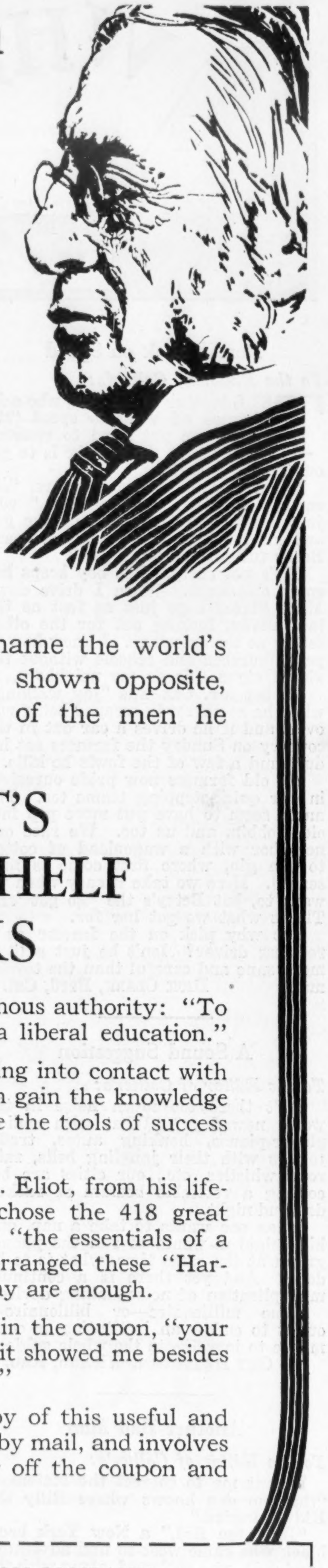
KANT

Born in East Prussia, 1724. He analyzed with abstruse insight the mysteries of mental perception. His work is made clear to you by Emerson and others in the Five-Foot Shelf.

EMERSON

Born in 1803. For seventy years he was the apostle of liberalism in religion, philosophy and statesmanship. He lectured, preached, wrote, always profoundly yet always with a popular appeal. Many poems, essays and some of his finest public utterances are available to you in the Five-Foot Shelf.

FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY



How YOU can know them is told in the most famous Free Booklet in the world. Your copy is waiting for you to mail the coupon below.

FIFTEEN years ago Dr. Eliot of Harvard undertook to gather into one handy library the greatest writings of the greatest thinkers of history.

His choice has been accepted as supremely authoritative, since Dr. Eliot is himself America's greatest scholar. In those fifteen years, has *he* changed his mind? No.

Recently Dr. Eliot was asked to name the world's ten greatest educators. His list, shown opposite, was sensational. But every one of the men he named is represented in

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

Read the column on the left. Says a famous authority: "To know these, humanity's aristocracy, is a liberal education."

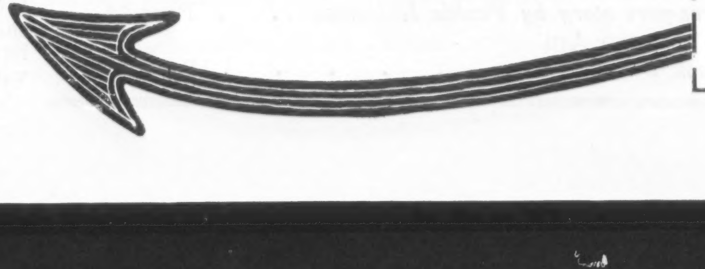
You, too, can know these men. By coming into contact with their brilliant, fascinating minds, *you* can gain the knowledge of life, the cultivated viewpoint, that are the tools of success in modern life.

The free book tells all about it—how Dr. Eliot, from his lifetime of reading, study and teaching, chose the 418 great masterpieces that contain what he calls "the essentials of a liberal education," and how he has so arranged these "Harvard Classics" that even 15 minutes a day are enough.

"For me," wrote one man who had sent in the coupon, "your free book meant a big step forward, and it showed me besides the way to a vast new world of pleasure."

You are cordially invited to have a copy of this useful and entertaining book. It is free, will be sent by mail, and involves no obligation of any kind. Merely tear off the coupon and mail it today.

Every ambitious, clear-thinking man and woman should at least know something about this epoch-making library. Mail the coupon for the interesting FREE book *now.*



P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the guide book to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard. Also please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

Name Mr. Mrs. Miss } ....

HCR-L

Address ....

The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

Demon Dick on Speed

To the Editor of Collier's:

TELL brother W. G. Cox, who asks why we all want to speed "the minute we put hand to steering wheel," that the answer is to get our money's worth.

I am one of those farmers, "old enough to have grandchildren," who just must let 'er out, step on the gas and hit the high places when I board Betsy full of "laughing gas."

She's not rusty. The boy keeps her spick and span. When I drive down Main Street I go just as fast as the law allows, looking out for the other fellow at the crossings. I know how to pass churches and schools without the aid of signs. So do my neighbors.

I'll bet Mr. Cox was "jay walking" when he so narrowly escaped being run over, and if he drives a car out in the country on Sunday the farmers eat his dust and a few of the fowls he kills.

We old farmers now pride ourselves in our quick-stepping teams too. The autos seem to have put more pep into old Dobbin, and us too. We race our neighbor with a wagonload of cotton to the gin, where first come is first served. Here we take it easy when we want to, but Betsy's the "go get 'er." That's what we got her for.

But why pick on the farmer as a reckless driver? Isn't he just a little more sane and careful than the townsman? DICK CLARK, Bard, Cal.

A Sound Suggestion

To the Editor of Collier's:

Isn't there too much noise in the world nowadays? What with radios, player-pianos, honking autos, traffic towers with their jangling bells, railroad whistles, etc., our cities are becoming a veritable bedlam of racket, day and night.

When one wants to take a nap, and his neighbor wants to run the phonograph at the same time, what is to be done? And yet there is a continual multiplication of noise-making devices.

Some millionaire—or billionaire—ought to endow an institution or committee to investigate the whole subject.

GUY HAYTHORN, Wichita, Kan.

Another Bad Man

To the Editor of Collier's:

Permit me to correct the statement "that no one knows where Billy the Kid is buried."

"Billy the Kid," a New York bootblack who came west to find adventure (and did), was outlawed, along with the rest of Joe Chrisholm's cow-punchers, by the territorial governor of New Mexico, for obeying their bosses' orders, which were illegal.

After posses, sheriffs and deputies, with rifle, shotgun, handcuff and shackle, failed to halt the wild career of this misguided loyal youth, he was ambushed in the hallway of the Maxwell Ranch house at Maxwell, N. M. by Pat Garitt, Dodge City deputy, who had been specially appointed for this purpose, and "Billy the Kid" was buried there on the Maxwell Ranch.

This information came to me through Dick Rodgers, who punched cattle with "Billy the Kid."

Dick Rodgers was shot down from behind the stone wall of the courthouse at Springer, N. M., by a sheriff and his deputies as Rodgers came up the walk to the courthouse with hands in the air to surrender as had been agreed.

J. FRED NOWE,
Gary, Ind.

It's Always Summer Somewhere

To the Editor of Collier's:

We all have heard how plant life is nature's great air purifier.

The leaves of the tree absorb carbon dioxide and give off oxygen, which is in turn breathed by animals and they emit the poisonous carbon dioxide, which is taken up again by the plants, and the cycle goes on indefinitely.

No, not indefinitely either. The process stops in the fall when the vegetation is killed by the frost. The leaves drop off. Winter comes and there is no method of absorbing carbon dioxide and replenishing the air with oxygen as in the warm months.

Result: a prevalence of grip, influenza, deaths.

Will some of our "*sciencestiffs*" step forward and explain the relation of winter epidemics to dead plants.

If it is shown there is a definite relation between the decay of vegetation, wherein it ceases to perform this purifying process, and grip, flu, and other winter ailments, then California and Florida will have a strong argument for increasing their population.

So in answering this conundrum the gentlemen will want to look up the health records of Florida and California to see if they are immune to the epidemics with which the balance of the country is infested during the winter months.

S. W. MARECINA, Madison, Ind.

Some Do

To the Editor of Collier's:

I read an article in Collier's not long ago under the title "Why Men Won't Marry," by William Johnston.

Mr. Johnston might write an article on "Why Men Won't Stay Married;" if he could explain how to solve this problem, I believe that the marriage question would take care of itself.

W. S. B., Oregon City, Ore.

IN - THIS - ISSUE -

THE MOTHER OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER
By Zona Gale . . . . Page 5

THE LONG DISTANCE TRAIN
W. B. Maxwell's newest short story . . . Page 6

AT THE RUM ROW WAR
The second article from Collier's special correspondent at "the front"—by William G. Shepherd Page 8

RECITING NURSERY CRIMES
By Uncle Henry . . . . Page 10

—AND HUMORS OF WARS
Surprising revelations by Stephen Leacock . . Page 11

WHO PAINTS THOSE BILLBOARDS?
By Charles Divine . . . . Page 12

BLOOD MONEY
By E. Phillips Oppenheim . . . . . . Page 13

WHERE ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN
By Grantland Rice . . . . Page 15

REAL FIGHTING MEN
Heroes who have made good . . . . . Page 16

NOW THEY'RE FARMING FISHES
By Robert L. Duffus . . . . Page 18

THE CAVE OF THE BEAR
A short story by Samuel Scoville, Jr. . . . . Page 20

EDITORIALS . . . . Page 22

ARE THE BEST SELLERS GETTING BETTER?
By George P. Brett . . . . Page 23

NOBODY WANTS TO LEAVE THIS TOWN
By Gertrude Mathews Shelby . . . . . Page 26

THE EDUCATION OF SALLIE MAY
A three-part story by Fannie Kilbourne . . Page 28

PICKED OUT OF THE AIR
By Jack Binns . . . . Page 35

He'd Like to Be American

To the Editor of Collier's:

Although I am living under the Star and Stripe for twenty-three years now, still am Japanese. It is quite natural that I read with much interest whenever any article concerning Japanese published in the newspapers or magazines.

When Mr. Elbert H. Gary's "Remember Japanese are Human" appeared in Collier's, I've read with much respect and admired his fair-mindedness. I believe most intelligent people on both sides, United States and Japan, would agree that the relationship between the two nations will be cultivated and kept up as friendly as it has been for last three quarters of a century and perhaps ever closer, regardless the minor difficulty caused by few of the states around the Pacific coast.

True, indeed, I have always respected majority of Americans for their fair-mindedness. But, at the same time, I cannot help feeling disappointed, for within my knowledge no one ever spared a word "What to do with the Japanese whose entrance were legally admitted and are living here in this country now."

Why is it, I have not a least of idea. I hope not that because most of the Americans are in belief as Mr. Rosenberg has "Japanese are inassimilable" (refer to his letter in April 4th issue). Indeed we are, if one takes little pain and investigates the Japanese from any angle, there is no difficulty finding out that such notion has no ground whatever, but mere result of discrimination and hasty conclusion. And convince himself that Japanese are as "inassimilable" as any other nationality.

It might not be the matter of importance for you but it is vital question for us Japanese. And remember there are hundreds of us Japanese longing to become American citizens, if the opportunity affords to do so. But I, rather most of Japanese, realize the privilege of this nature should not be demanded but give and take affair.

I'm of opinion, since you have hundreds of Americans of Japanese strain at present, would not make very much difference even if you take handful more of original Japanese into your family. For the sake of humanity won't you let us call this country our home land? Remember, "We are Japanese not because we want to remain to be."

PHILIP T. KOSHI,
Agate, Col.

The Debts of Our Fathers

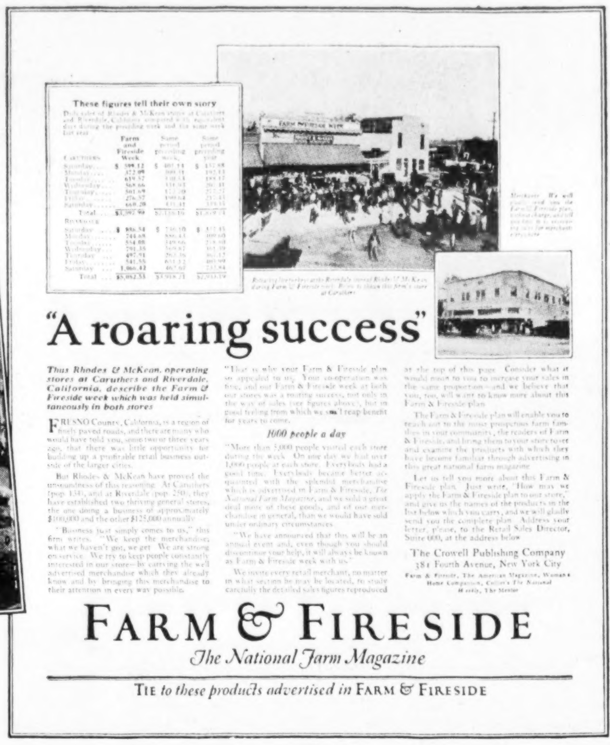
To the Editor of Collier's:

I have never seen any American defense for her treatment of the British investor after the Civil War. Is there none? If there be any I would like to see it. If the amount owing by the different states were $300,000,000 in 1884 as shown by the North American Review, what would it be now, forty-one years later? It would make a big hole in our debt to you. I do hope that no such defense as "outlawed by time" will be urged—that would be too petty. I am inclined to think that very few Americans are aware that the British investor received a mighty raw deal at their ancestors' hands or they would hardly demand such a strict accounting with a friendly country.

HENRY RICKARDS, Canada.

FARM & FIRESIDE EXHIBITION

Farm & Fireside advertised products were prominently displayed in both stores



These figures tell their own story

"A roaring success"

Thus Rhodes & McKean, operating stores at Caruthers and Riverdale, California, describe the Farm & Fireside week which was held simultaneously in both stores

FRESNO County, California, is a region of finely paved roads, and there are many who would have told you, some two or three years ago, that there was little opportunity for building up a profitable retail business outside of the larger cities.

But Rhodes & McKean have proved the unsoundness of this reasoning. At Caruthers (pop. 134), and at Riverdale (pop. 250), they have established two thriving general stores, the one doing a business of approximately $100,000 and the other $125,000 annually.

"Business just simply comes to us," this firm writes. "We keep the merchandise; what we haven't got, we get. We are strong on service. We try to keep people constantly interested in our store—by carrying the well advertised merchandise which they already know and by bringing this merchandise to their attention in every way possible.

"That is why your Farm & Fireside plan so appealed to us. Your co-operation was fine, and our Farm & Fireside week at both our stores was a roaring success, not only in the way of sales (see figures above), but in good feeling from which we shall reap benefit for years to come.

1000 people a day

"More than 5,000 people visited each store during the week. On one day we had over 1,000 people at each store. Everybody had a good time. Everybody became better acquainted with the splendid merchandise which is advertised in Farm & Fireside, *The National Farm Magazine*, and we sold a great deal more of these goods, and of our merchandise in general, than we would have sold under ordinary circumstances.

"We have announced that this will be an annual event and, even though you should discontinue your help, it will always be known as Farm & Fireside week with us."

We invite every retail merchant, no matter in what section he may be located, to study carefully the detailed sales figures reproduced at the top of this page. Consider what it would mean to you to increase your sales in the same proportion—and we believe that you, too, will want to know more about this Farm & Fireside plan.

The Farm & Fireside plan will enable you to reach out to the most prosperous farm families in your community, the readers of Farm & Fireside, and bring them to your store to see and examine the products with which they have become familiar through advertising in this great national farm magazine.

Let us tell you more about this Farm & Fireside plan. Just write, "How may we apply the Farm & Fireside plan to our store," and give us the names of the products in the list below which you carry, and we will gladly send you the complete plan. Address your letter, please, to the Retail Sales Director, Suite 600, at the address below.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

FARM & FIRESIDE
The National Farm Magazine

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

This coupon for merchants only

Retail Sales Director, Suite 2-B-1
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send your new book, *To Help You Get More Farm Trade*, without cost to me.

Name..

Address..

Business..

The advertisement reproduced at the left featured Rhodes & McKean's profitable Farm & Fireside week of last year

Opportunity knocked *twice* at these stores!

How a retail firm found a plan for winning farm trade so profitable they used it again—with even better success

LAST year the Farm & Fireside plan for winning more farm trade brought thousands of dollars of extra business to Rhodes & McKean, operating stores at Caruthers and Riverdale, California.

They wrote us at that time: "We have announced that this will be an annual event. It will always be known as Farm & Fireside Week with us."

For they saw that this plan was so basically sound that it would work in their stores year after year—just as it has worked in hundreds of other stores the country over—just as it will work in *your* store.

Nor was their confidence misplaced. Their second Farm & Fireside Exhibition, held recently, was even more successful than the first!

It brought a 30% increase in business over the corresponding week of last year—an 85% gain over the previous week—and bigger sales day for day than their first Farm & Fireside event. More than 2000 people visited their two stores each day—although Caruthers is a town of only 134 people, and Riverdale of 250.

Their real volume of sales came from the neighboring farmers. Here, just as around your town, the farm families represent a big, rich market. A market which you, and every merchant, can reach easily.

A sure way to win this trade

You can get this extra business with the Farm & Fireside plan. A plan so simple, so practical, that any merchant can profit by it.

This plan puts at work for *you* the tremendous selling influence of Farm & Fireside, *The National Farm Magazine*. This great magazine is read in more than 1,000,000 leading farm homes—many of them in your community. And these readers of Farm & Fireside represent a selected list of the best farm buyers in every locality.

Because of this, because these families look upon Farm & Fireside as a guide to better farming methods and better living, a Farm & Fireside Week will pay in your town. It will pay *you*, just as it has paid Rhodes & McKean and progressive merchants in every section of the country.

The secret of its success

What makes the Farm & Fireside plan so effective is the fact that Farm & Fireside, The National Farm Magazine, *influences the purchases of more than 1,000,000 leading farm families.*

This plan directs them to the stores of merchants who handle Farm & Fireside advertised products

The Farm & Fireside plan is a tested plan that brings these buyers into your store—to examine, and purchase, the goods they have become familiar with through advertising in Farm & Fireside.

This book tells how you can use the plan

Our new 36-page book, *To Help You Get More Farm Trade*, tells how to win this extra business.

It shows you definitely the results hundreds of other merchants have secured with the Farm & Fireside plan—and how you can equal them.

We will gladly send this book free to any responsible merchant.

Just mail the coupon above, or write us on your business letter-head, saying you would like to get your share of this extra profit.

Please address your letter to The Retail Sales Director at the address below.

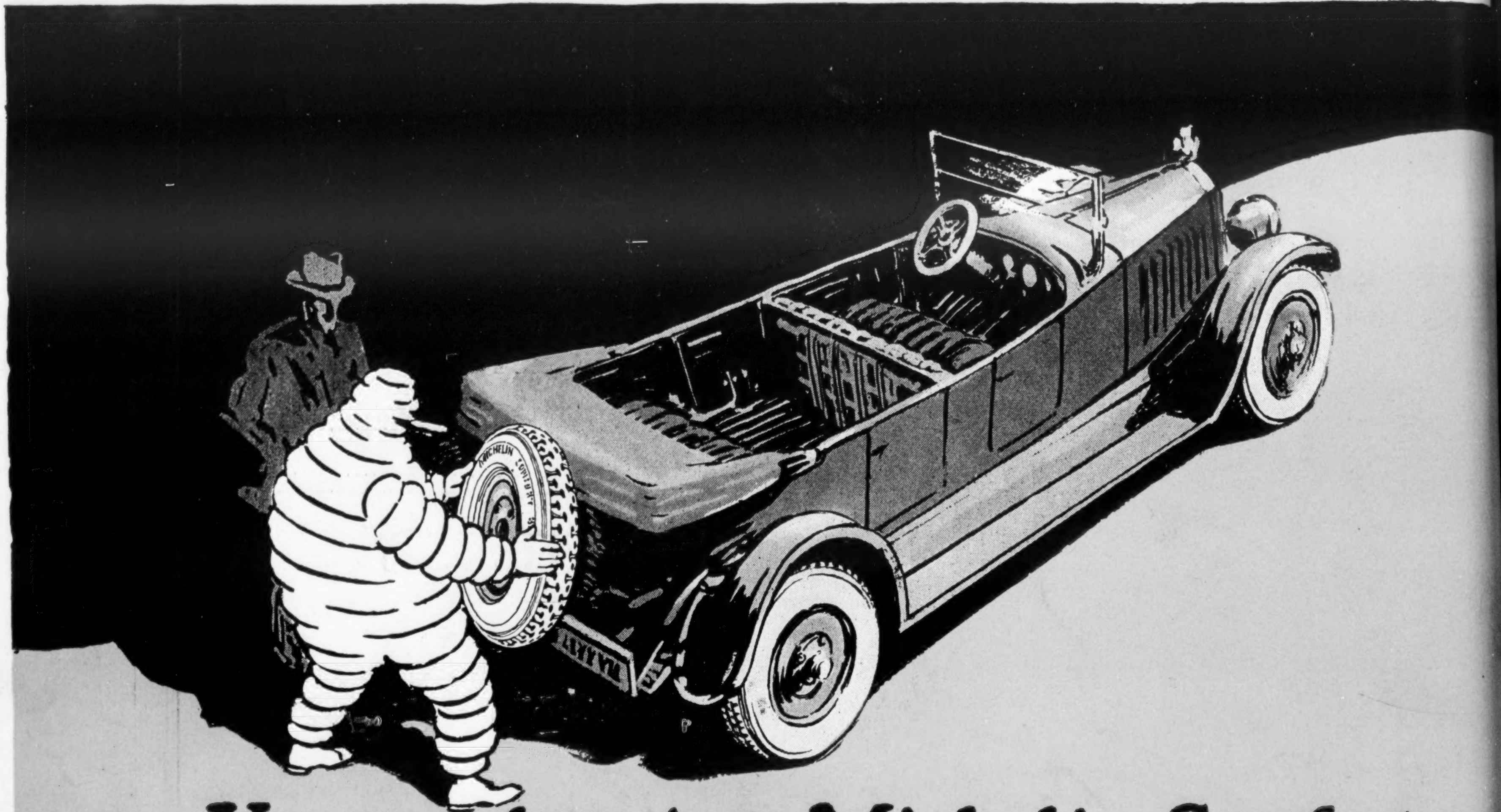
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City
Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine · Read in more than a million homes

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Aermotor Company (Auto-Oiled Windmills)
Agricultural Gypsum
American Fence
American Saw Mill Machinery Co.
American Sheet & Tin Plate Co.
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
American Tobacco Company (Tuxedo)
Anthony Fence
Bag Balm
Boncilla Clasmic Beautifier
Boss Stoves and Ovens
Boston Garters
Brown's Beach Jackets
Buckeye Incubators
Buescher Band Instruments
Burpee's Seeds
Burroughs Adding Machines
Californians, Inc.
Canadian Government (Dept. of Immigration & Colonization)
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
Certo (Surejell)
Chesebrough Products (Vaseline)
Chilean Nitrate of Soda
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Collis Process Pure Dried Buttermilk
Congoleum Rugs
Conn Band Instruments
Corn Products Refining Co. (Karo)
Crescent Tools
Crosley Radio
Crown Overall Mfg. Co., The
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators & Milkers
Delco-Light Farm Electric Plants
Delco-Light Pump
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Dietz Lanterns
Dodge Automobiles & Trucks
Douglas, W. L., Shoes
Dr. Clark's Purity Milk Strainers
Dunlop Tires
Durant Cars
Durham-Duplex Razor Company
Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco
Enterprise Meat Choppers and Sausage Stuffers
Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlights
Eveready Radio Batteries
Federal Farm Loan Bonds
Ford Automobiles and Trucks
Fordson Tractors
Forhan Company (Forhan's for the Gums)
General Electric Company
General Motors Corporation
Glastenbury Underwear
Glover's Mange Remedies
Hall, Hartwell & Co., Inc. (Collars, Shirts & Underwear)
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles
Hart-Parr Company (Tractors)
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Harvey Hickory Single-trees
Harvey Ride Rite Automobile Springs
Henderson Seeds
Hinds Honey & Almond Cream
Hudson Cars
Ingersoll Watches
Instant Postum
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Jell-O
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Kelly-Springfield Tires
Kow Kare
Landers, Frary & Clark (Universal)
Le Page's Glue
Lee Union-Alls and Overalls
Letz-Dixie Feed Grinders
Louisville & Nashville Ry.
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
"Lysol" Disinfectant
Mellin's Food
Midwest Radio Company (Miraco)
Monarch Ranges
Multibestos Brake Lining
Multibestos Clutch Lining
Multibestos Transmission Lining
Natco Hollow Tile Silos & Farm Buildings
National Fence
Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove
Nesco Royal Granite Enamel Ware
New Perfection Oil Ranges
Oshkosh B'Gosh Overalls
Paramount Ranges
Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Postum Cereal
Quaker Oats Company (Oats)
Radiola
Remington Arms Co., Inc. (Firearms, Ammunition and Cutlery)
Reo Speed Wagons
Rowles Red Pepper Rub
Royal Fence
St. Jacobs Oil
Savage Firearms
Schwarze Motor Horns
Si-monds Saws
Smith Brothers Cough Drops
Stark Bros. Fruit Trees
Stearns Electric Paste and Roach Exterminator
Stevens' Firearms
Sun-Maid Raisins
Swift Products
United States Fence
United States Tires
Vellastic Underwear
Victor Talking Machines
Whiting-Adams Co. (Brushes)
Wright's Bias Fold Tape



You can change to Michelin Comfort Balloons *without* any extra expense

One tire at a time—

Next time you need a tire buy just one Michelin Comfort Balloon. It will cost you no more than you have been paying for high-pressure tires—and it will fit your present rims without any change whatsoever.

Mount this first of your balloon tires as a spare. Then when another of your old tires is worn out, buy a second Michelin Comfort Balloon and mount the two balloons on your rear wheels. Repeat the process on front wheels.

If, in the meantime, you must run with a Michelin Comfort Balloon and a high-pressure tire opposite one another, you can do so temporarily without any harm or inconvenience.

90.4% of all the cars at the last New York Automobile Show were balloon equipped. The balloon era is *here*. You, too, should be using balloon tires.

Michelin Balloons fit practically all rims, the new small sizes as well as the old. Michelin also makes high-pressure tires and the famous Michelin Ring-Shaped Tube.

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, New Jersey

MICHELIN